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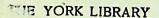
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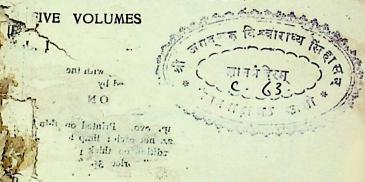
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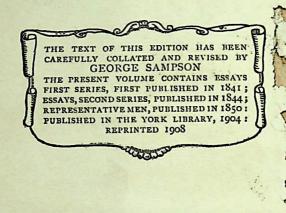
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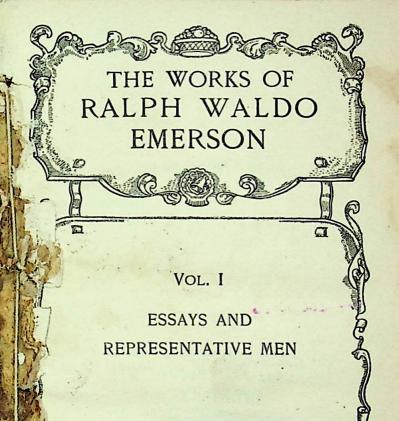
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ESSAYS.

I.—HISTORY.

There is no great and no small To the Soul that maketh all: And where it cometh, all things are: And it cometh everywhere.

I am owner of the sphere, Of the seven stars and the solar year, Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain, Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain.

HERE is one mind common to all individual men.
Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the me. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is ade a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has ought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; hat at any time has befallen any man he can understand. The hath access to this universal mind is a party to that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign ent.

Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its mind is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man explicable by nothing less than all his history. Without rest, the human spirit goes forth means the beginning to embody every faculty, every mought, every emotion, which belongs to it, in appropriate events. But the thought is always prior to the ct; all the facts of history pre-exist in the mind as ws. Each law in turn is made by circumstances preminant, and the limits of nature give power to but me at a time. A man is the whole encyclopædia of the cts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn; and Egypt Greece Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie ded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, you. I.

kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely application of his manifold spirit to the manifold wo This human mind wrote history, and this must it The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the wh of history is in one man, it is all to be explained for individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As i air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories 1 nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star-hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my bo depends on the equilibrium of centrifugal and cent petal forces, so the hours should be instructed by ages, and the ages explained by the hours. Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarre tion. All its properties consist in him. Each new fain his private experience flashes a light on what gre-bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life reto national crises. Every revolution was first a though in one man's mind, and when the same thought occuto another man it is the key to that era. Every refor was once a private opinion, and when it shall be private opinion again, it will solve the problem of t age. The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. We as we read mu become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, mart and executioner, must fasten these images to some real in our secret experience, or we shall learn nothing right What befel Asdrubal or Cæsar Borgia is as much an illu tration of the mind's powers and depravations as wh has befallen us. Each new law and political movement has meaning for you. Stand before each of its table and say, "Under this mask did my Proteus nature hi itself." This remedies the defect of our too great nearne This throws our actions into perspective and as crabs, goats, scorpions, the balance, and the water pot lose their meanness when hung as signs in the zodia so I can see my own vices without heat in the dista persons of Solomon, Alcibiades, and Catiline.

It is the universal nature which gives worth to patieular meanward things eculluman life as containing this mysterious and inviolable, and we hedge it round with

enalties and laws. All laws derive hence their ultimate ason; all express more or less distinctly some command this supreme, illimitable essence. Property also olds of the soul, covers great spiritual facts, and ininctively we at first hold to it with swords and laws. nd wide and complex combinations. The obscure onsciousness of this fact is the light of all our day, the aim of claims; the plea for education, for justice, charity; the foundation of friendship and love, and of he heroism and grandeur which belong to acts of selfliance. It is remarkable that involuntarily we always ad as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, ne romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures—in the cerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will of genius—anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make feel that we intrude, that this is for better men; at rather is it true, that in their grandest strokes we el most at home. All that Shakespeare says of the king, onder slip of a boy that reads in a corner feels to be ue of himself. We sympathize in the great moments history, in the great discoveries, the great resistances, ne great prosperities of men,—because there law was nacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or e blow was struck for us, as we ourselves in that place ould have done or applauded.

We have the same interest in condition and character. We honour the rich, because they have externally the sedom, power, and grace which we feel to be proper to an, proper to us. So all that is said of the wise many Stoic, or oriental, or modern essayist, describes to ach reader his own idea, describes his unattained but tainable self. All literature writes the character of the wise man. Books, monuments, pictures, conversation, are portraits in which he finds the lineaments he forming. The silent and the eloquent praise him and the cost him, and he is stimulated wherever he moves as a personal allusions. A true aspirant, therefore, never the eds look for allusions personal and laudatory in distance. He hears the commendation, not of himself, at, more sweet of that character he seeks in every ord that is said concerning character; yea, further, in

every fact and circumstance—in the running river was the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tenderer love flows from mute nature, from the mountains ig

the lights of the firmament.

These hints, dropped as it were from sleep and night let us use in broad day. The student is to read histing actively and not passively; to esteem his own life taxt, and books the commentary. Thus compelled, the Muse of history will utter oracles, as never to the who do not respect themselves. I have no expectate that any man will read history aright, who thinks the what was done in a remote age, by men whose name have resounded far, has any deeper sense than which he is doing to-day.

The world exists for the education of each man. Thio is no age, or state of society, or mode of action in histon to which there is not somewhat corresponding in le life. Everything tends in a wonderful manner toil breviate itself and yield its own virtue to him. should see that he can live all history in his own person He must sit solidly at home, and not suffer himself be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is great, than all the geography and all the government of t world; he must transfer the point of view from whi history is commonly read, from Rome, and Ather and London, to himself, and not deny his convicti that he is the court, and if England or Egypt have an thing to say to him, he will try the case; if not, them for ever be silent. He must attain and maintain the lofty sight where facts yield their secret sense, and poe and annals are alike. The instinct of the mind, purpose of nature, betrays itself in the use we may of the signal narrations of history. Time dissipato shining ether the solid angularity of facts. No anch no cable, no fences, avail to keep a fact a fact. Babyl Troy, Tyre, Palestine, and even early Rome, are pass already into fiction. The Garden of Eden, the sun sta ing still in Gibeon, is poetry henceforward to all nation Who cares what the fact was, when we have mad constellation of it to hang in heaven an immortal sig London and Paris and New York must go the sa what is history," said Napoleon, "but a fable red upon?" This life of ours is stuck round with pt, Greece, Gaul, England, War, Colonization, Church, and Commerce, as with so many flowers and wild aments grave and gay. I will not make more account hem. I believe in Eternity. I can find Greece, Asia, ly, Spain, and the Islands—the genius and creative piciple of each and all eras in my own mind.

We are always coming up with the emphatic facts history in our private experience, and verifying them re. All history becomes subjective; in other words, are is properly no history, only biography. Every and must know the whole lesson for itself—must go over whole ground. What it does not see, what it does to live, it will not know. What the former age has atomized into a formula or rule for manipular connience, it will lose all the good of verifying for itself, means of the wall of that rule. Somewhere, sometime, will demand and find compensation for that loss by

ing the work itself. Ferguson discovered many things

astronomy which had long been known. The better him.

History must be this or it is nothing. Every law which e state enacts indicates a fact in human nature; that all. We must in ourselves see the necessary reason of ery fact—see how it could and must be. So stand fore every public and private work; before an oration Burke, before a victory of Napoleon, before a martyrom of Sir Thomas More, of Sidney, of Marmaduke binson, before a French Reign of Terror, and a Salem nging of witches, before a fanatic Revival, and the nimal Magnetism in Paris or in Providence. We sume that we under like influence should be alike fected, and should achieve the like; and we aim to aster intellectually the steps, and reach the same height the same degradation, that our fellow; our proxy, has one.

All inquiry into antiquity—all curiosity respecting to Pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the hio Circles, Mexico, Memphis—is the desire to do away is wild Canagamand prospersion Themson Themson

introduce in its place the Here and the Now. Belzdigs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramof Thebes, until he can see the end of the difference tween the monstrous work and himself. When he I satisfied himself, in general and in detail, that it v made by such a person as he, so armed and so motiviand to ends to which he himself should also have workthe problem is solved; his thought lives along the whiline of temples, and sphinxes, and catacombs, passthrough them all with satisfaction, and they live aga-

to the mind, or are now.

A Gothic cathedral affirms that it was done by and not done by us. Surely it was by man, but we first it not in our man. But we apply ourselves to the history of its production. We put ourselves into the place are state of the builder. We remember the forest-dwellers the first temples, the adherence to the first type, and the decoration of it as the wealth of the nation increased the value which is given to wood by carving led to carving over the whole mountain of stone of a cathedrawhen we have gone through this process, and added there the Catholic Church, its cross, its music, its procession its Saints' days and image-worship, we have, as it were been the man that made the minster; we have seen he it could and must be. We have the sufficient reason.

The difference between men is in their principle association. Some men classify objects by colour as size and other accidents of appearance; others by trinsic likeness, or by the relation of cause and effect the progress of the intellect is to the clearer vision causes, which neglects surface differences. To the post of the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friend and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all midivine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slightly the circumstance. Every chemical substance, even plant, every animal in its growth, teaches the unity cause, the variety of appearance.

Upborne and surrounded as we are by this all-creatinature, soft and fluid as a cloud or the air, why show we be such hard pedants, and magnify a few form wing should we make account of the or of magnitudes.

of figure? The soul knows them not, and genius, beying its law, knows how to play with them as a young ild plays with greybeards and in churches. Genius udies the casual thought, and, far back in the womb of ings, sees the rays parting from one orb, that diverge e they fall by infinite diameters. Genius watches the onad through all his masks as he performs the metemychosis of nature. Genius detects through the fly, rough the caterpillar, through the grub, through the g, the constant individual; through countless inviduals, the fixed species; through many species, e genus; through all genera, the steadfast type; rough all the kingdoms of organized life, the eternal nity. Nature is a mutable cloud, which is always and ever the same. She casts the same thought into troops forms, as a poet makes twenty fables with one moral. brough the bruteness and toughness of matter, a abtle spirit bends all things to its own will. The adaant streams into soft but precise form before it, and, hilst I look at it, its outline and texture are changed gain. Nothing is so fleeting as form; yet never does quite deny itself. In man we still trace the remains hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the wer races; yet in him they enhance his nobleness and race; as Io, in Æschylus, transformed to a cow, fends the imagination; but how changed, when as is in Egypt she meets Osiris-Jove, a beautiful woman, ith nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar orns as the splendid ornament of her brows!

The identity of history is equally intrinsic, the diver-

The identity of history is equally intrinsic, the diverty equally obvious. There is at the surface infinite riety of things; at the centre there is simplicity of use. How many are the acts of one man in which recognize the same character! Observe the sources our information in respect to the Greek genius. It have the civil history of that people, as Herodotus, hucydides, Xenophon, and Plutarch have given it; very sufficient account of what manner of persons were, and what they did. We have the same ational mind expressed for us again in their literature, epic and lyric poems, drains, and prints of property and trains, and prints of property and trains.

very complete form. Then we have it once more in the architecture, a beauty as of temperance itself, limit to the straight line and the square,—a builded geomethem we have it once again in sculpture, the "tone on the balance of expression," a multitude of for in the utmost freedom of action, and never transgress the ideal serenity; like votaries performing some religion dance before the gods, and, though in convulsive performing to break the figure and to the senses what more unlike than an ode of Pinda a marble centaur, the peristyle of the Parthenon, at the last actions of Phocion?

Every one must have observed faces and forms whit without any resembling feature, make a like impression the beholder. A particular picture or copy of versif it do not awaken the same train of images, will a superinduce the same sentiment as some wild mounts walk, although the resemblance is nowise obvious to a senses, but is occult and out of the reach of the und standing. Nature is an endless combination a repetition of a very few laws. She hums the old we

known air through innumerable variations.

Nature is full of a sublime family likeness throughout her works; and delights in startling us with resemblan in the most unexpected quarters. I have seen the he of an old sachem of the forest, which at once remine the eye of a bald mountain summit, and the furrows the brow suggested the strata of the rock. There men whose manners have the same essential splende as the simple and awful sculpture on the friezes of Parthenon, and the remains of the earliest Greek a And there are compositions of the same strain to found in the books of all ages. What is Guido's Ros gliosi Aurora but a morning thought, as the horses in are only a morning cloud. If any one will but take pa to observe the variety of actions to which he is equa inclined in certain moods of mind, and those to wh he is averse, he will see how deep is the chain of affini A painter told me that flobody could draw tree wi aut in some sort becoming a tree; or draw a child by studying the outlines of its form merely—but, by watching for a time his motions and plays, the painter enters into his nature, and can then draw him at will nevery attitude. So Roos "entered into the inmost nature of a sheep." I knew a draughtsman employed not a public survey, who found that he could not sketch he rocks until their geological structure was first explained to him. In a certain state of thought is the common origin of very diverse works. It is the spirit and not the fact that is identical. By a deeper apprehention, and not primarily by a painful acquisition of many manual skills, the artist attains the power of awakening other souls to a given activity.

It has been said, that "common souls pay with what hey do—nobler souls with that which they are." And why? Because a profound nature awakens in us by its actions and words, by its very looks and manners, the same power and beauty that a gallery of sculpture or

of pictures addresses.

Civil and natural history, the history of art and of iterature, must be explained from individual history, r must remain words. There is nothing but is related ous, nothing that does not interest us-kingdom, college, ree, horse, or iron shoe, the roots of all things are in man. anta Croce and the Dome of St. Peter's are lame copies fter a divine model. Strasburg Cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach. rue poem is the poet's mind; the true ship is the shipbuilder. In the man, could we lay him open, we should ee the reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work; as every spine and tint in the sea-shell preexist in the secreting organs of the fish. The whole of eraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine nanners shall pronounce your name with all the ornanent that titles of nobility could never add.

The trivial experience of every day is always verifying some old prediction to us, and converting into things the words and signs which we had heard and seen without need. A lady, with whom I was riding in the forest, and to me that the words and again to the that the words and again to the that the words and again to the that the words and the control of the words are the control of the contr

as if the genii who inhabit them suspended the deeds until the wayfarer has passed onward; a though which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairly which breaks off on the approach of human feet. The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the cloud at midnight has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world. I remember of summer day, in the fields, my companion pointed of to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter a mile parallel to the horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches—a round blos in the centre, which it was easy to animate with eye and mouth, supported on either side by wide-stretched symmetrical wings. What appears once in the atmos phere may appear often, and it was undoubtedly tiarchetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen is the sky, a chain of summer lightning which at onshowed to me that the Greeks drew from nature whel they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. have seen a snow-drift along the sides of the stone wa which obviously gave the idea of the common arcl tectural scroll to abut a tower.

By surrounding ourselves with the original circum stances, we invent anew the orders and the ornamen of architecture, as we see how each people merel decorated its primitive abodes. The Doric temple pre serves the semblance of the wooden cabin in which th Dorian dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tarts tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betrae the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathert "The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock," says Heeren, in his 'Researches on the Ethica pians, "determined very naturally the principal chas acter of the Nubian Egyptian architecture to the coloss form which it assumed. In these caverns, already propared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell og huge shapes and masses, so that, when art came to th assistance of nature, it could not move on a small scalt without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings have been, associate i with the segan associate i with the segan associate i ould sit as watchmen, or lean on the pillars of the

terior ? "

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptaion of the forest trees with all their boughs to a festal r solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars till indicate the green withes that tied them. No one an walk in a road cut through pine woods without being truck with the architectural appearance of the grove, specially in winter, when the barrenness of all other rees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin f the stained glass window, with which the Gothic athedrals are adorned, in the colours of the western ky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the orest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles f Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that he forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that is chisel, his saw, and plane still reproduced its ferns; its pikes of flowers, its locust, elm, oak, pine, fir, and spruce. The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man.

nountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with he lightness and delicate finish, as well as the aerial pro-

portions and perspective, of vegetable beauty.

In like manner, all public facts are to be individualized, Il private facts are to be generalized. Then at once listory becomes fluid and true, and Biography deep and ublime. As the Persian imitated in the slender shafts nd capitals of his architecture the stem and flower of he lotus and palm, so the Persian court in its magnificent ra never gave over the nomadism of its barbarous ribes, but travelled from Ecbatana, where the spring was pent, to Susa in summer, and to Babylon for the winter. In the early history of Asia and Africa, Nomadism nd Agriculture are the two antagonistic facts. eography of Asia and of Africa necessitated a nomadic fe. But the nomads were the terror of all those whom he soil, or the advantages of a market, had induced to uild towns. Agriculture, therefore, was a religious njunction, because of the perils of the state from nomad-m. And in these late and civil countries of England

and America, these propensities still fight out the battle in the nation and in the individual. The nomal of Africa were constrained to wander by the attack of the gad-fly, which drives the cattle mad, and so con pels the tribe to emigrate in the rainy season, and to drill off the cattle to the higher sandy regions. The noma of Asia follow the pasturage from month to month In America and Europe the nomadism is of traff and curiosity; a progress, certainly, from the gad-fly Astaboras to the Anglo- and Italo-mania of Boston Ba Sacred cities, to which a periodical religious pilgrima was enjoined, or stringent laws and customs, tending to invigorate the national bond, were the check on the o rovers; and the cumulative values of long resident are the restraints on the itineracy of the present day The antagonism of the two tendencies is not less activ in individuals, as the love of adventure or the love repose happens to predominate. A man of rude healt and flowing spirits has the faculty of rapid domestication lives in his waggon, and roams through all latitud as easily as a Calmuc. At sea, or in the forest, or in t snow, he sleeps as warm, dines with as good appeti and associates as happily, as beside his own chimne Or perhaps his facility is deeper seated, in the increase range of his faculties of observation, which yield h points of interest wherever fresh objects meet his ey The pastoral nations were needy and hungry to despeand this intellectual nomadism, in its exce bankrupts the mind, through the dissipation of pow on a miscellany of objects. The home-keeping w on the other hand, is that continence or conti which finds all the elements of life in its own soil; a which has its own perils of monotony and deterioration if not stimulated by foreign infusions.

Everything the individual sees without him correspor to his states of mind, and everything is in to intelligible to him, as his onward thinking leads h truth to which that fact or ser

The primeval world—the Fore-World, as the Germa say—I can dive to it in myself as well as grope for

vith researching fingers in catacombs, libraries, and the

oroken reliefs and torsos of ruined villas.

What is the foundation of that interest all men feel n Greek history, letters, art, and poetry, in all its periods, rom the Heroic or Homeric age down to the domestic ife of the Athenians and Spartans, four or five centuries ater? What but this, that every man passes personally hrough a Grecian period. The Grecian state is the ra of the bodily nature, the perfection of the sensesof the spiritual nature unfolded in strict unity with he body. In it existed those human forms which supplied the sculptor with his models of Hercules. Phœbus, and Jove; not like the forms abounding in the streets of modern cities, wherein the face is a conused blur of features, but composed of incorrupt, harply defined, and symmetrical features, whose eveockets are so formed that it would be impossible for such eyes to squint, and take furtive glances on this side and on that, but they must turn the whole head. The manpers of that period are plain and fierce. The reverence xhibited is for personal qualities, courage, address, selfcommand, justice, strength, swiftness, a loud voice, a proad chest. Luxury and elegance are not known. parse population and want make every man his own alet, cook, butcher, and soldier, and the habit of supplyng his own needs educates the body to wonderful perormances. Such are the Agamemnon and Diomed of Homer, and not far different is the picture Xenophon gives of himself and his compatriots in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. "After the army had crossed the river Teleoas in Armenia, there fell much snow, and the troops ay miserably on the ground covered with it. Kenophon arose naked, and, taking an axe, began to plit wood; whereupon others rose and did the like." Throughout his army exists a boundless liberty of speech. They quarrel for plunder, they wrangle with the generals on each new order, and Xenophon is as sharp-tongued s any, and sharper-tongued than most, and so gives as good as he gets. Who does not see that this is a gang of great boys with such a code of honour and such lax liscipline as great boys have?

The costly charm of the ancient tragedy, and indeof all the old literature, is, that the persons speak simp -speak as persons who have great good sense withe knowing it, before yet the reflective habit has becon the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of t natural. The Greeks are not reflective, but perfe in their senses and in their health, with the fine physical organization in the world. Adults act with the simplicity and grace of children. They may vases, tragedies, and statues, such as healthy sens should—that is, in good taste. Such things have contained to the sense of the sense tinued to be made in all ages, and are now, wherever a healthy physique exists; but, as a class, from the superior organization, they have surpassed all. The combine the energy of manhood with the engaging u consciousness of childhood. The attraction of the manners is that they belong to man, and are known to every man in virtue of his being once a child; sides that there are always individuals who retain the characteristics. A person of childlike genius and born energy is still a Greek, and revives our love of t Muse of Hellas. I admire the love of nature in Philoctetes. In reading those fine apostrophes to sleto the stars, rocks, mountains, and waves, I feel ti passing away as an ebbing sea. I feel the etern of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek hit seems, the same fellow-beings as I. The sun a moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as the meet mine. Then the vaunted distinction between Greek and English, between Classic and Roman schools, seems superficial and pedantic. When a though of Plato becomes a thought to me-when a truth the fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no mo When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that of two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do, as were, run into one, why should I measure degrees latitude, why should I count Egyptian years?

The student interprets the age of chivalry by loven age of chivalry, and the days of maritime adventional circumnavigation of the days of maritime adventional circumnavigation of the days of maritime advention of the days of maritime advention of the days of maritime advention of the days of t

periences of his own. To the sacred history of the world he has the same key. When the voice of a prophet out of the deeps of antiquity merely echoes to him a sentiment of his infancy, a prayer of his youth, he then pierces to the truth through all the confusion of tradition and the caricature of institutions.

Rare, extravagant spirits come by us at intervals, who disclose to us new facts in nature. I see that men of God have from time to time walked among men, and nade their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer. Hence, evidently, the tripod, the priest, the priestess, inspired by the divine afflatus.

Driest, the priestess, inspired by the divine afflatus.

Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people.

They cannot unite him to history, or reconcile him with themselves. As they come to revere their intuitions and aspire to live holily, their own piety explains every

act, every word.

How easily these old worships of Moses, of Zoroaster, of Menu, of Socrates, domesticate themselves in the mind. I cannot find any antiquity in them. They are mine as

nuch as theirs.

I have seen the first monks and anchorets without rossing seas or centuries. More than once some individual has appeared to me with such negligence of abour and such commanding contemplation, a haughty beneficiary, begging in the name of God, as made good to the nineteenth century Simeon the Stylite, the

Thebais, and the first Capuchins.

The priestcraft of the East and West, of the Magian, Brahmin, Druid, and Inca, is expounded in the individual's private life. The cramping influence of a hard formalist on a young child in repressing his spirits and courage, paralyzing the understanding, and that without producing indignation, but only fear and obedience, and even much sympathy with the tyranny,—is a familiar act explained to the child when he becomes a man, only by seeing that the oppressor of his youth is himself a child tyrannized over by those names and words and forms, of whose influence he was merely the organ to the south. The fact tracker him the was being was weekinged, and how the Pyramids were built, better than the dis-

covery by Champollion of the names of all the works and the cost of every tile. He finds Assyria and Mounds of Cholula at his door, and himself has laid courses.

Again, in that protest which each considerate permakes against the superstition of his times, he repestep for step the part of old reformers, and in the sear after truth finds like them new perils to virtue. learns again what moral vigour is needed to supthe girdle of a superstition. A great licentious treads on the heals of a reformation. How many time in the history of the world has the Luther of the dead to lament the decay of piety in his own household "Doctor," said his wife to Martin Luther, one day "how is it that, whilst subject to papacy, we pray so often and with such fervour, whilst now we pray wo the utmost coldness and very seldom?"

The advancing man discovers how deep a proper he has in literature—in all fable as well as in all histon. He finds that the poet was no odd fellow who described as trange and impossible situations, but that universal man wrote by his pen a confession true for one and to for all. His own secret biography he finds in line wonderfully intelligible to him, dotted down before was born. One after another he comes up in his private adventures with every fable of Æsop, of Homer, Hafiz, of Ariosto, of Chaucer, of Scott, and verifies the

with his own head and hands.

The beautiful fables of the Greeks, being proper creations of the imagination and not of the fancy, are unversal verities. What a range of meanings and who perpetual pertinence has the story of Promethem Beside its primary value as the first chapter of the history of Europe (the mythology thinly veiling authenfacts, the invention of the mechanic arts, and the migration of colonies), it gives the history of religion wis some closeness to the faith of later ages. Prometheis the Jesus of the old mythology. He is the friend of man; stands between the unjust "justicated of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all Malings of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all Malings of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all Malings of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all Malings of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all Malings of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all Malings of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals.

departs from the Calvinistic Christianity, and exbits him as the defier of Jove, it represents a state mind which readily appears wherever the doctrine. Theism is taught in a crude, objective form, and nich seems the self-defence of man against this unuth, namely, a discontent with the believed fact that God exists, and a feeling that the obligation of reverence onerous. It would steal, if it could, the fire of the eator, and live apart from him and independent of m. The Prometheus Vinctus is the romance of epticism. Not less true to all times are the details that stately apologue. Apollo kept the flocks of dmetus, said the poets. When the gods come among en they are not known. Jesus was not; Socrates d Shakespeare were not. Antæus was suffocated the gripe of Hercules, but every time he touched his other earth his strength was renewed. Man is the oken giant, and, in all his weakness, both his body d his mind are invigorated by habits of conversation th nature. The power of music, the power of poetry unfix, and, as it were, clap wings to solid nature, terprets the riddle of Orpheus. The philosophical erception of identity through endless mutations of rm makes him know the Proteus. What else am who laughed or wept yesterday, who slept last night ke a corpse, and this morning stood and ran? And hat see I on any side but the transmigrations of oteus? I can symbolize my thought by using the me of any creature, of any fact, because every creare is man agent or patient. Tantalus is but a name you and me. Tantalus means the impossibility drinking the waters of thought which are always eaming and waving within sight of the soul. The ansmigration of souls is no fable. I would it were; it men and women are only half human. Every imal of the barn-yard, the field and the forest, of e earth and of the waters that are under the earth, s contrived to get a footing and to leave the print his features and form in some one or other of these pright, heaven-facing speakers. Ah! brother, stope ebb of thy angular and the control of VOL. I.

into whose habits thou hast now for many years. As near and proper to us is also that old fable co-Sphinx, who was said to sit in the road-side and riddles to every passenger. If the man could answer she swallowed him alive. If he could the riddle the Sphinx was slain. What is our life. an endless flight of winged facts or events! In sples variety these changes come, all putting question the human spirit. Those men who cannot answer a superior wisdom these facts or questions of time, 5c Facts encumber them, tyrannize over the and make the men of routine, the men of sens t whom a literal obedience to facts has extinguished e I spark of that light by which man is truly man. o if the man is true to his better instincts or sentim-o and refuses the dominion of facts, as one that comea a higher race, remains fast by the soul and sees principle, then the facts fall aptly and supple into the places; they know their master, and the means it them glorifies him. -i

See in Goethe's Helena the same desire that word should be a thing. These figures, he would we these Chirons, Griffins, Phorkyas, Helen, and II are somewhat, and do exert a specific influence on mind. So far then are they eternal entities, as to-day as in the first Olympiad. Much revolving the writes out freely his humour, and gives them II to his own imagination. And although that poens as vague and fantastic as a dream, yet is it much rattractive than the more regular dramatic piecel the same author, for the reason that it operates a worm ful relief to the mind from the routine of custor images—awakens the reader's invention and fancy the wild freedom of the design, and by the unceas succession of brisk shocks of surprise.

The universal nature, too strong for the petty nation of the bard, sits on his neck and writes through his has that when he seems to vent a mere caprice and it romance, the issue is an exact allegory. Hence Pesaid that "poets utter great and wise things will they do any the strong cannot be forced."

the Middle Age explain themselves as a masked or ic expression of that which in grave earnest the d of that period toiled to achieve. Magic, and all t is ascribed to it, is a deep presentiment of the powers cience. The shoes of swiftness, the sword of sharps, the power of subduing the elements, of using the et virtues of minerals, of understanding the voices pirds, are the obscure efforts of the mind in a right ection. The preternatural prowess of the hero, gift of perpetual youth, and the like, are alike the eavour of the human spirit "to bend the shows

hings to the desires of the mind."

n Perceforest and Amadis de Gaul, a garland and a rose om on the head of her who is faithful, and fade on the w of the inconstant. In the story of the Boy and the ntle, even a mature reader may be surprised with a glow irtuous pleasure at the triumph of the gentle Genelas; , indeed, all the postulates of elfin annals—that the ies do not like to be named; that their gifts are cast not speak; and the like-I find true in Concord,

vever they might be in Cornwall or Bretagne.

s it otherwise in the newest romance? I read the de of Lammermoor. Sir William Ashton is a mask a vulgar temptation, Ravenswood Castle a fine name proud poverty, and the foreign mission of state only Sunyan disguise for honest industry. We may all ot a wild bull that would toss the good and beautiby fighting down the unjust and sensual. Lucy ton is another name for fidelity, which is always atiful and always liable to calamity in this world.

ut along with the civil and metaphysical history of n, another history goes daily forward—that of the rnal world—in which he is not less strictly implicated. is the compend of time; he is also the correlative ature. His power consists in the multitude of his ities, in the fact that his life is intertwined with whole chain of organic and inorganic being. In Rome the public roads beginning at the Forum ceded north, south, east, west, to the centre of every province of the empire, making each market-to-Persia, Spain, and Britain pervious to the soldier the capital: so out of the human heart go, as it highways to the heart of every object in naturreduce it under the dominion of man. A man bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower fruitage is the world. His faculties refer to na out of him, and predict the world he is to in as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exis the wings of an eagle in the egg presuppose air-cannot live without a world. Put Napoleon in an i prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat air and appear stupid. Transport him to large count dense population, complex interests, and antage power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, boun that is, by such a profile and outline, is not the vir-Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow:

> His substance is not here, For what you see is but the smallest part, And least proportion of humanity; But were the whole frame here, It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch, Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Henry

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course a Newton and Laplace need myriads of ages and the strewn celestial areas. One may say a gravit solar system is already prophesied in the natural Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Daw of Gay-Lussac, from childhood exploring the affirmand repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of or zation. Does not the eye of the human embryo properties of the ear of Handel predict the witch of harmonic sound? Do not the constructive for fusible, hard, and temperable texture of metals, properties of stone, water, and wood? Do not lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the finements and decorations of civil society?

In definition of the desired desired and more self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach in a day. Who knows himself before he has been alled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard eloquent tongue, or has shared the throb of thousands a national exultation or alarm? No man can edate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling ew object shall unlock, any more than he can draw day the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow the first time.

will not now go behind the general statement to lore the reason of this correspondency. Let it ice that in the light of these two facts, namely, that mind is One, and that nature is its correlative.

fory is to be read and written.

Thus in all ways does the soul concentrate and reduce its treasures for each pupil. He, too, shall s through the whole cycle of experience. He shall ect into a focus the rays of nature. History no ger shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in ry just and wise man. You shall not tell me by guages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have d. You shall make me feel what periods you have d. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall k, as the poets have described that goddess, in a e painted all over with wonderful events and exiences; -his own form and features by their exed intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I e of Gold, the Apples of Knowledge, the Argonautic pedition, the calling of Abraham, the building the Temple, the Advent of Christ, Dark Ages, Revival of Letters, the Reformation, the discovery new lands, the opening of new sciences, and new ions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring h him into humble cottages the blessing of the mornstars and all the recorded benefits of heaven and th.

s there somewhat overweening in this claim? Then eject all I have written, for what is the use of preding to know any walk hold the condition of the condition

fault of our rhetoric that we cannot strongly state fact without seeming to belie some other. I hold actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under the lichen on the log. What do I know sw thetically, morally, of either of these worlds of As old as the Caucasian man,-perhaps older,-1 creatures have kept their counsel beside and there is no record of any word or sign has passed from one to the other. What connec do the books show between the fifty or sixty chem elements, and the historical eras? Nay, what history yet record of the metaphysical annals of m What light does it shed on those mysteries which hide under the names Death and Immortality? every history should be written in a wisdom wi divined the range of our affinities and looked at fa as symbols. I am ashamed to see what a shallow will tale our so-called History is. How many times went say Rome, and Paris, and Constantinople! What Rome know of rat and lizard? What are Olymp and Consulates to these neighbouring systems of beil Nay, what food or experience of succour have they the Esquimaux seal-hunter, for the Kanaka in his ca for the fisherman, the stevedore, the porter?

Broader and deeper we must write our annals,—in an ethical reformation, from an influx of the ever sever sanative conscience,—if we would trulier expour central and wide-related nature, instead of this chronology of selfishness and pride to which we have long lent our eyes. Already that day exists for shines in on us at unawares, but the path of science of letters is not the way into nature. The idiot, Indian, the child, and unschooled farmer's boy, snearer to the light by which nature is to be read,

and all the recorded borofits of heaven and

here somewhat everweening in this clother? There

the dissector or the antiquary.

II.—SELF-RELIANCE.

Ne te quæsiveris extra.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man, Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

Cast the bantling on the rocks,
Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat;
Wintered with the hawk and fox,
Power and speed be hands and feet.

READ the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. e soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let e subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is more value than any thought they may contain. To lieve your own thought, to believe that what is true you in your private heart is true for all men,-that genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be e universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes e outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as e voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we cribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is, that they set at ught books and traditions, and spoke not what men t what they thought. A man should learn to detect d watch that gleam of light which flashes across his ind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice s thought, because it is his. In every work of genius recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come ck to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great orks of art have no more affecting lesson for us than is. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous imession with good-humoured inflexibility then most nen the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else -morrovca-ostrangerwavilMathyCvritchiom autorized goodasease precisely what we have thought and felt all the tand we shall be forced to take with shame our own opin

from another. There is a time in every man's education when arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; 1 imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for bet for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universely is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can com him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of growhich is given to him to till. The power which resi in him is new in nature, and none but he knows w that is which he can do, nor does he know until he tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, fact, makes much impression on him, and another no This sculpture in the memory is not without pestablished harmony. The eye was placed where ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashame of that divine idea which each of us represents. It was be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issue so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have work made manifest by cowards. A man is relice and gay when he has put his heart into his work done his best; but what he has said or done otherw shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance we does not deliver. In the attempt his genius des him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron str. Accept the place the divine providence has found you, the society of your contemporaries, the connect of events. Great men have always done so, and fided themselves childlike to the genius of their betraying their perception that the absolutely transcription worthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And are now men, and must accept in the highest mind same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invariant a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revision, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the December of the place of the plac

the face and behaviour of children, babes, and even ates! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the ength and means opposed to our purpose, these have the training the proposed to our purpose, these have the training the proposed to our purpose, these have the training the proposed to our purpose, these have the training the proposed to our purpose, these have the concerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all content to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or e out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So do has armed youth and puberty and manhood not with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has not be put by itself. Do not think the youth has not because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and ematic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemaries. Bashful or bold, then, he will know how to

ke us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, d would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. boy is in the parlour what the pit is in the playhouse; lependent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences m on their merits, in the swift summary way of boys, good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. cumbers himself never about consequences, about erests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. u must court him: he does not court you. But man is, as it were, clapped into jail by his consciouss. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with it, he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now er into his account. There is no Lethe for this. , that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who thus avoid all pledges, and having observed, observe in from the same unaffected, unbiassed, unbribable, affrighted innocence, must always be formidable. would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which ng seen to be not private, but necessary, would sink a darts into the car of men, and put them in tear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against manhood of every one of its members. Society joint-stock company, in which the members agree the better securing of his bread to each shareho to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. virtue in most request is conformity, Self-reli is its aversion. It loves not realities and crea but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconform He who would gather immortal palms must not hindered by the name of goodness, but must exp if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the tegrity of your own mind. Absolve you to your and you shall have the suffrage of the world. remember an answer which when quite young I prompted to make to a valued adviser, who was no to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the Char On my saying, What have I to do with the sacred of traditions, if I live wholly from within? my fr suggested,—" But these impulses may be from be not from above." I replied, "They do not seem me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me that of my nature. Good and bad are but names readily transferable to that or this; the only is what is after my constitution, the only wrong is against it. A man is to carry himself in the pres of all opposition, as if everything were titular ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how e we capitulate to badges and names, to large soci and dead institutions. Every decent and well-sp individual affects and sways me more than is righ ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude t in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coaphilanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and Co to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why slh I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy w ace: and never varnish your hard, uncharitable abition with this incredible tenderness for black folk thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." ough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth handsomer that the affectation of love. Your goodess must have some edge to it,—else it is none. The octrine of hatred must be preached as the countertion of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. shun father and mother and wife and brother, when y genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the or-post, Whim. I hope it is somewhat better than him at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. xpect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good an did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men good situations. Are they my poor? I tell thee, ou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the me, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to e and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of rsons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought d sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but our miscellaneous popular charities; the education at allege of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the in end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and e thousand-fold Relief Societies; -though I confess th shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it a wicked dollar which by-and-by I shall have the mauod to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exption than the rule. There is the man and his virtues. en do what is called a good action, as some piece of urage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in piation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their orks are done as an apology or extenuation of their ring in the world,—as invalids and the insane pay a gh board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower rain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and reet, and not to need that and breeding. I ask primary

evidence that you are a man, and refuse this all from the man to his actions. I know that for mys makes no difference whether I do or forbear those ac which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consempay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right, and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and not need for my own assurance or the assurance of

fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinct between greatness and meanness. It is the hard because you will always find those who think they k what is your duty better than you know it. It is a in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is a in solitude to live after our own; but the great man he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect.

sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have come dead to you is, that it scatters your force. It le your time and blurs the impression of your character if you maintain a dead church, contribute to a Bible Society, vote with a great party either for government or against it, spread your table like housekeepers,—under all these screens I have diffic to detect the precise man you are: and, of conso much force is withdrawn from your proper life. do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, you shall reinforce yourself. A man must cons what a blindman's-buff is this game of conform If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument hear a preacher announce for his text and topic expediency of one of the institutions of his church. not know beforehand that not possibly can he sa new and spontaneous word? Do I not know # with all this ostentation of examining the ground the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I know that he is pledged to himself not to look bu one side,—the permitted side, not as a man, but parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and tails of an are well that a retained attorney, and tails of an area and the control of the co jost men have bound their eyes with one or another andkerchief, and attached themselves to some one f these communities of opinion. This conformity akes them not false in a few particulars, authors of few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every uth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, heir four not the real four; so that every word they say hagrins us, and we know not where to begin to set them ght. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the rison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We ome to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire y degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is mortifying experience in particular, which does not il to wreak itself also in the general history; I ean "the foolish face of praise," the forced smile which e put on in company where we do not feel at ease answer to conversation which does not interest us. he muscles, not spontaneously moved, but moved y a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about he outline of the face with the most disagreeable ensation.

For nonconformity the world whips you with itsispleasure. And therefore a man must know how estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance n him in the public street or in the friend's parlour. this aversation has its origin in contempt and resistance ke his own, he might well go home with a sad countennce; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their weet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off s the wind blows, and a newspaper directs. Yet is he discontent of the multitude more formidable than hat of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the ultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, r they are timid as being very vulnerable themselves. ut when to their feminine rage the indignation of the eople is added, when the ignorant and the poor are roused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at he bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs he habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is consistency; a reverence for our past act or we because the eyes of others have no other data for puting our orbit than our past acts, and we are load

disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your should. Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest contradict somewhat you have stated in this or public place? Suppose you should contradict yours what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom neverely on your memory alone, scarcely even in action pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new In your metaphysics you have denied personality the Deity; yet when the devout motions of the come, yield to them heart and life, though they she clothe God with shape and colour. Leave your they as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and fig.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little madered by little statesmen and philosophers and divility with consistency a great soul has simply nothing to the may as well concern himself with his shadow on wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard wagain, though it contradict everything you said to-da "Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood."—Is bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was understood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luand Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton; and e pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be

is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his be as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insicant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it me how you gauge and try him. A character is like acrostic or Alexandrian stanza;—read it forward, ward, or across, it still spells the same thing. It pleasing, contrite wood-life which God allows me, let the contribution of the c

trical, though I mean it not, and see it not. My ok should smell of pines and resound with the hum of ects. The swallow over my window should interave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my b also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches over our wills. Men imagine that they communicate it virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

There will be an agreement in whatever variety of ions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. r of one will, the actions will be harmonious, hower unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One dency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. See the line from sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the erage tendency. Your genuine action will explain elf, and will explain your other genuine actions. our conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and at you have already done singly will justify you now. eatness appeals to the future. If I can be firm enough day to do right, and scorn eyes, I must have done much right before as to defend me now. Be it how will, do right now. Always scorn appearances, and u always may. The force of character is cumulative. the foregone days of virtue work their health into is. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the nate and the field, which so fills the imagination? e consciousness of a train of great days and victories hind. They shed a united light on the advancing tor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels. at is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, d dignity into Washington's port, and America into lams's eye. Honour is venerable to us because it no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue. We orship it to-day because it is not of to-day. We love and pay it homage, because it is not a trap for our ve and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, d therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if own in a young person with holestich Digiting has Corpoda.

formity and consistency. Let the words be gain and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Sparta Let us never bow and apologize more. A great is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to I him: I wish that he should wish to please me. stand here for humanity, and though I would ma kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and mand the smooth mediocrity and squalid content of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and t and office, the fact which is the upshot of all his that there is a great responsible Thinker and working wherever a man works; that a true man be to no other time or place, but is the centre of the Where he is, there is nature. He measures you, all men, and all events. Ordinarily, everybody in so reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other per Character, reality, reminds you of nothing eler-takes place of the whole creation. The man man so much, that he must make all circumstances inc ent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and am requires infinite spaces and numbers and time ful accomplish his design; -and posterity seem to f his steps as a train of clients. A man Cæsar is and for ages after we have a Roman empire. Ch born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave genius, that he is confounded with virtue and the po An institution is the lengthened shade one man; as, Monachism, of the Hermit Antony Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Metho of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton "the height of Rome;" and all history resolves very easily into the biography of a few stout and e

Let a man then know his worth, and keep under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or sky and down with the air of a charity-boy, a basta an interloper, in the world which exists for him, the man in the street, finding no worth in himself corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculp a marrial world, are is less than a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an

I forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem say like that, "Who are you, sir?" Yet they all his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties t they will come out and take possession. The ture waits for my verdict : it is not to command me. I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular le of the sot who was picked up dead drunk in the et, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed l laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated h all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured t he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact t it symbolizes so well the state of man who is in the rld a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exers his reason, and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history, imagination plays us false. Kingdom and lord p, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than vate John and Edward in a small house and common y's work; but the things of life are the same to both; sum total of both is the same. Why all this erence to Alfred, and Scanderbeg, and Gustavus? pose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? great a stake depends on your private act to-day, as owed their public and renowned steps. When private n shall act with original views, the lustre will be asferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlen.

he world has been instructed by its kings, who have magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which h have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or great proprietor to walk among them by a law of own, make his own scale of men and things, and erse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but h honour, and represent the law in his person, was hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified r consciousness of their own right and comeliness, right of every man.

he magnetism which all original action exerts is ex-ned when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who

is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self, on a universal reliance may be grounded? What is nature and power of that science-baffling star, will parallax, without calculable elements, which s, a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure ac if the least mark of independence appear? The inleads us to that source, at once the essence of good virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity stinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuwhilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that force, the last fact behind which analysis canno all things find their common origin. For, the of being which in calm hours rises, we know not in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, light, from time, from man, but one with them, proceeds obviously from the same source whence life and being also proceed. We first share the life . which things exist, and afterwards see them as an ances in nature, and forget that we have shared cause. Here is the fountain of action and of the Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth wisdom, and which cannot be denied without im and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intellig which makes us receivers of its truth and organs activity. When we discern justice, when we di truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a pa to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we to pry into the soul that causes, all philosophy fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can a Every man discriminates between the voluntary of his mind and his involuntary perceptions, and that to his involuntary perceptions a perfect fa due. He may err in the expression of them, but he that these things are so, like day and night, not disputed. My wilful actions and acquisitions ar roving :- the idlest reverie, the faintest native em command my curiosity and respect. Thoughtless contradict as readily the statement of percepti of opinions, or rather much more readily; for, th Computadistinguishathetweenpergaption and apportion. fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. By tion is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, children will see it after me, and in course of time, mankind,—although it may chance that no one has a it before me. For my perception of it is as much

ct as the sun.

the relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so e, that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It st be that when God speaketh he should communicate. one thing, but all things; should fill the world with voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, ls, from the centre of the present thought; and date and new create the whole. Whenever a d is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, old things s away,-means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it s now, and absorbs past and future into the present r. All things are made sacred by relation to it,as much as another. All things are dissolved to ir centre by their cause, and, in the universal miracle, ty and particular miracles disappear. If, therefore, nan claims to know and speak of God, and carries backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered ion in another country, in another world, believe not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is fulness and completion? Is the parent better than child into whom he has cast his ripened being? ence, then, this worship of the past? The centuries conspirators against the sanity and authority of soul. Time and space are but physiological colours ich the eye makes, but the soul is light; where it is day; where it was, is night; and history is an pertinence and an injury, if it be anything more than heerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming. Ian is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some nt or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass the blowing rose. These roses under my window ke no reference to former roses or to better ones; y are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. ere is no time to them. There is simply the rose; s perfect in sycam was pure to be its existence, earlier eaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the fullblown flower there is no more; in the leafless root is no less. Its nature is satisfied, and it satisfies may in all moments alike. But man postpones or remembe does not live in the present, but with reverted laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surn him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He can be happy and strong until he too lives with nature.

the present, above time. This should be plain enough. Yet see what 5 intellects dare not yet hear God himself, unless he the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jere or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price few texts, on a few lives. We are like children repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors as they grow older, of the men of talents and charthey chance to see,-painfully recollecting the words they spoke; afterwards, when they come the point of view which those had who uttered sayings, they understand them, and are willing the words go; for, at any time, they can use won good when occasion comes. If we live truly, we see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be sit as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murm

the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this suremains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. thought, by what I can now nearest approach to sis this. When good is near you, when you have in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed you shall not discern the foot-prints of any control you shall not see the face of man; you shall not any name;—the way, the thought, the good, she wholly strange and new. It shall exclude example experience. You take the way from man, not to All persons that ever existed are its forgotten mim.

CEcarand hope are alike beneath it by There is some low even in hope. In the hour of vision, there is n

can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The raised over passion beholds identity and eternal sation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right. calms itself with knowing that all things go well. t spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean, the South —long intervals of time, years, centuries,—are of no ount. This which I think and feel underlay every ner state of life and circumstances, as it does undermy present, and what is called life, and what is called

th.

ife only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of asition from a past to a new state, in the shooting he gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the ld hates, that the soul becomes; for that for ever rades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all repuon to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, wes Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why, then, we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is sent, there will be power not confident but agent. talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking. ak rather of that which relies, because it works and Who has more obedience than I masters me, though

should not raise his finger. Round him I must reve by the gravitation of spirits. We fancy it rhetoric, en we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see t virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of n, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations,

gs, rich men, poets, who are not. This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach this, as on every topic, the resolution of all into the r-blessed One. Self-existence is the attribute of Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of d by the degree in which it enters into all lower ms. All things real are so by so much virtue as y contain. Commerce, husbandry, hunting, whaling, , eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and age my respect as examples of its presence and pure action. Jalosawath man condition would be continued to conservation and growth. Power is in nature the essential measure of right. Nature suffers nothin remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. genesis and maturation of a planet, its poise and the bended tree recovering itself from the strong with the vital resources of every animal and vegetable demonstrations of the self-sufficing, and therefore

Thus all concentrates: let us not rove; let us at home with the cause. Let us stun and aster the intruding rabble of men and books and institute by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid invaders take the shoes from off their feet, for Galace within. Let our simplicity judge them, and docility to our own law demonstrate the poverti

nature and fortune beside our native riches.

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in of man, nor is his genius admonished to stay at ho to put itself in communication with the internal we but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the un other men. We must go alone. I like the silent ch before the service begins, better than any preac How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! S us always sit. Why should we assume the faults o friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit ar our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? men have my blood, and I have all men's. No that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be tion. At times the whole world seems to be in consp to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, c child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at on thy closet door, and say,-"Come out unto us." keep thy state; come not into their confusion. power men possess to annoy me, I give them by a curiosity. No man can come near me but the my act. "What we love that we have, but by we bereave ourselves of the love."

and faith, let us at least resist our temptations;

er into the state of war, and wake Thor and Woden. rage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. eck this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceivpeople with whom we converse. Say to them, O her, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have ed with you after appearances hitherto. ward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that nceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. vill have no covenants but proximities. I shall enyour to nourish my parents, to support my family, be the chaste husband of one wife,-but these reions I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I not break myself any longer for you, or you. can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. vill not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust t what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me, and the art appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if a are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypotical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same th with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek own. I do this not selfishly, but humbly and truly. s alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however g we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this and harsh to-day? You will soon love what is dictated your nature as well as mine, and, if we follow the th, it will bring us out safe at last.—But so you may these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all sons have their moments of reason, when they look into the region of absolute truth; then will they tify me, and do the same thing.

The populace think that your rejection of popular ndards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antimianism; and the bold sensualist will use the name of losophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciouss abides. There are two confessionals, in one of the

other of which we must be shriven. You may your round of duties by clearing yourself in the or in the reflex way. Consider whether you have fied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neightown, cat, and dog; whether any of these can upyou. But I may also neglect this reflex standard absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claim perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to offices that are called duties. But if I can discits debts, it enables me to dispense with the percode. If any one imagines that this law is lax, leskeep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him has cast off the common motives of humanity, am ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. Highis heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to him that a simple purpose may be to him as strong

necessity is to others!

If any man consider the present aspects of what is by distinction society, he will see the need of these or the sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out we are become timorous, desponding whimperers are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and pressons. We want men and women who shall remark in the solvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, has ambition out of all proportion to their practical and do lean and beg day and night continually. housekeeping is mendicant; our arts, our occupation our marriages, our religion, we have not chosen society has chosen for us. We are parlour soldiers shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is but if our young men miscarry in their first enter-

If our young men miscarry in their first enter they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at our colleges, and is not installed in an office with year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Bost New York, it seems to his friends and to himsel the is right that the life dished the is right complete.

rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who ms it, farms it, peddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits ewspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so th, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He lks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not tudying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, t lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred inces. Let a Stoic open the resources of man, and men they are not leaning willows, but can and must ach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, w powers shall appear; that a man is the word made h, born to shed healing to the nations, that he should ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolaes, and customs out of the window, we pity him no re, but thank and revere him,—and that teacher shall tore the life of man to splendour, and make his name ar to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in ir religion; in their education; in their pursuits; ir modes of living; their association; in their prop-

y; in their speculative views.

In what prayers do men allow themselves! That ich they call a holy office is not so much as brave d manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some eign addition to come through some foreign virtue, a loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supertural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that wes a particular commodity,—any thing less than good,—is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the ts of life from the highest point of view. It is the iloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the rit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer a means to affect a private end is meanness and theft, supposes dualism and not unity in nature and concusness. As soon as a man is at one with God, he had a man and the concept of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it,

the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, the for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's Bonduca, admonished to inquire the mind of the god Aureplies,—

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavours;
Our valours are our best gods."

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. content is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmi will. Regret calamities, if you can thereby help sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and all the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and down and cry for company, instead of imparting to truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting once more in communication with their own reason, secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcommore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For all doors are flung wide: him all tongues green honours crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our goes out to him and embraces him, because he did need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress celebrate him, because he held on his way and so our disapprobation. The gods love him because hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zorom the blessed Immortals are swift."

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, see their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us, led die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and wo obey." Everywhere I am hindered of meeting Gomy brother, because he has shut his own temple and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's God. Every new mind is a new classific of it prove a mind of uncommon activity and por Locke, a Lavoisier, a Hutton, a Bentham, a For it imposes its classification on other men, and new system. In proportion to the depth of the the and so to the number of the objects it touches and within reach of the pupil, is his comparation." But of

his apparent in creeds and churches, which are also sifications of some powerful mind acting on the eletal thought of duty, and man's relation to the hest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgism. pupil takes the same delight in subordinating everyg to the new terminology, as a girl who has just ned botany, in seeing a new earth and new seasons jeby. It will happen for a time, that the pupil will his intellectual power has grown by the study of master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds, the sification is idolized, passes for the end, and not for peedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the em blend to their eye in the remote horizon with walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem them hung on the arch their master built. They not imagine how you aliens have any right to see,—
y you can see; "It must be somehow that you stole light from us." They do not yet perceive, that light, ystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, n into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it ir own. If they are honest and do well, presently ir neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will ck, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, young and joyful, million-orbed, million-coloured, will m over the universe as on the first morning.

It is for want of self-culture that the superstition Travelling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, and its fascination for all educated Americans. They made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the gination, did so by sticking fast where they were, an axis of the earth. In manly hours, we feel that y is our place. The soul is no traveller; the wise a stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign dis, he is at home still, and shall make men sensible by expression of his countenance, that he goes the sionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet. have no churlish objection to the circumnaviga-

of the globe, for the purposes of art of study, and evolence, so that the man is first domesticated,

or does not go abroad with the hope of finding swhat greater than he knows. He who travels it amused, or to get somewhat which he does not contravels away from himself, and grows old even in manning among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will mind have become old and dilapidated as they carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. Our first jour discover to us the indifference of places. At hor dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxic with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trembrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled I seek the Vatican, and the palaces. I affect to intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

3. But the rage of travelling is a symptom deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellection action. The intellect is vagabond, and our system education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imi and what is imitation but the travelling of the m Our houses are built with foreign taste; our sh are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opin our tastes, our faculties, lean, and follow the Pasit the Distant. The soul created the arts wherever have flourished. It was in his own mind that the sought his model. It was an application of his thought to the thing to be done and the condition be observed. And why need we copy the Dori the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, gram of thought, and quaint expression are as near to to any, and if the American artist will study with and love the precise thing to be done by him, cons ing the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the w of the people, the habit and form of the government he will create a house in which all these will find the selves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be sati

P. Jangamwadi Math Collection. Digitized by eGangotri Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own

a can present every moment with the cumulative ce of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted ent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, If possession. That which each can do best, none this Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where the master who could have taught Shakespeare? here is the master who could have instructed Franklin, Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that rt he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be de by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is igned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare much. There is at this moment for you an utterance eve and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias. trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or nte, but different from all these. Not possibly I the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousandven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can ar what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the gue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the aple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, d thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

4. As our Religion, our Education, our Art look aoad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume emselves on the improvement of society, and no man

proves.

society never advances. It recedes as fast on one e as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual anges; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not ameliorance. For everything that is given, something is taken eity acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. What contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, think-can an either and a watch, a pencil, and a bill of example in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, lose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided entieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the lith of the two many and well shall specified the whole in has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller

tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as ilstruck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow

send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lose use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but 4 so much support of muscle. He has a fine Ge watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so sure of the information when he wants it, the man it street does not know a star in the sky. The soll he does not observe; the equinox he knows as li and the whole bright calendar of the year is with a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his mem his libraries overload his wit; the insurance-c increases the number of accidents; and it may question whether machinery does not encumber; when we have not lost by refinement some energy, to Christianity entrenched in establishments and to some vigour of wild virtue. For every Stoic v Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian

There is no more deviation in the moral star than in the standard of height or bulk. No greaten are now than ever were. A singular equality ma observed between the great men of the first and a last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to ed greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race gressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Dio are great men, but they leave no class. He who is of their class will not be called by their name, bu be his own man, and, in his turn, the founder of a The arts and inventions of each period are on costume, and do not invigorate men. The ha the improved machinery may compensate its Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in fishing-boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin, equipment exhausted the resources of science an CGalileo with an opera-glass discovered a more species of celestial phenomena than any one since.

found the New World in an undecked boat. It is ious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of ans and machinery, which were introduced with d laudation a few years or centuries before. The at genius returns to essential man. We reckoned improvements of the art of war among the triumphs science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the ouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valour, disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, a carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, a soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it his hand-mill, and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but water of which it is composed does not. The same rticle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its ity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up mation to-day, next year die, and their experience

h them.

and so the reliance on Property, including the re--reliance. Men have looked away from themselves d at things so long, that they have come to esteem religious, learned, and civil institutions as guards property, and they deprecate assaults on these, ause they feel them to be assaults on property. They asure their esteem of each other by what each has, d not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes amed of his property, out of new respect for his ture. Especially he hates what he has, if he see that is accidental,-came to him by inheritance, or gift, crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does belong to him, has no root in him, and merely lies re, because no revolution or no robber takes it away. t that which a man is, does always by necessity quire, and what the man acquires is living property, ich does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or volutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but rpetually general with the call have been the the call of the Call of Ali, " is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from ing after it." Our dependence on these foreign leads us to our slavish respect for numbers, political parties meet in numerous conventions; greater the concourse, and with each new upro announcement, The delegation from Essex! The L crats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of M the young patriot feels himself stronger than he by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like many the reformers summon conventions, and vote am solve in multitude. Not so, O friends! will the deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method cisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts o foreign support, and stands alone, that I see his be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every re to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? nothing of men, and in the endless mutation, thou firm column must presently appear the upholder that surrounds thee. He who knows that power inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, the himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly a himself, stands in the erect position, command limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stand his feet is stronger than a man who stands or

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gawith her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. I Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the of Chance, and shalt sit hereafter out of fear from rotations. A political victory, a rise of rents, the covery of your sick, or the return of your absent from some other favourable event, raises your spand you think good days are preparing for you. Do believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but you Nothing can bring you peace but the triumpoprinciples.

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III.—COMPENSATION.

The wings of Time are black and white, Pied with morning and with night. Mountain tall and ocean deep Trembling balance duly keep. In changing moon, in tidal wave, Glows the feud of Want and Have. Gauge of more and less through space Electric star and pencil plays. The lonely Earth amid the balls That hurry through the eternal halls, A makeweight flying to the void, Supplemental asteroid, Or compensatory spark, Shoots across the neutral Dark.

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine, Staunch and strong the tendrils twine: Though the frail ringlets thee deceive, None from its stock that vine can reave. Fear not, then, thou child infirm, There's no god dare wrong a worm. Laurel crowns cleave to deserts, And power to him who power exerts Hast not thy share? On wingëd fect, Lo! it rushes thee to meet; And all that Nature made thy own, Floating in air or pent in stone, Will rive the hills, and swim the sea, And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

VER since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation: for it seemed to me a very young, that on this subject life was ahead of logy, and the people knew more than the preachers the documents, too, from which the doctrine be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the sactions of the street, the farm, and the dwellingse, greetings, relations, debts and credits, the ince of character, the nature and endowment of all. It seemed to me, also, that in it might be shown a raycofodianal washers and credits of the street, the farm, and the dwelling are greeting, relations, debts and credits, the independent of the street of character, the nature and endowment of all it seemed to me, also, that in it might be shown a raycofodianal washers and credits, and the street of th

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so the heart of man might be bathed by an inum of eternal love, conversing with that which he was always, and always must be, because it remow. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine be stated in terms with any resemblance to those intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked pain our journey that would not suffer us to lose our

I was lately confirmed in these desires by heasermon at church. The preacher, a man esteem his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manndoctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed judgment is not executed in this world; that the ware successful; that the good are miserable; and urged from reason and from Scripture a compent to be made to both parties in the next life. No cappeared to be taken by the congregation at this doc As far as I could observe, when the meeting briefly separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What the preacher mean by saying that the good are missing the present life? Was it that houses and offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had be principled men, whilst the saints are poor and desand that a compensation is to be made to the hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications a day,—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and pagne? This must be the compensation intende what else? Is it that they are to have leave the and praise? to love and serve men? Why they can do now. The legitimate inference the would draw was,—"We are to have such a good as the sinners have now; "—or to push it to its elimport,—"You sin now; we shall sin by-and-by would sin now, if we could; not being success expect our revenge to-morrow."

The fallacy lay in the immense concession the bad are successful; that justice is not done now blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring base estimate of the market of what constitutes a

CC base estimate of the market of what constitutes a success, instead of confronting and convicting the

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COMPENS A more amountains the truth; announcing the presence of the soul;

omnipotence of the will: and so establishing the ndard of good and ill, of success and falsehood. find a similar base tone in the popular religious works he day, and the same doctrines assumed by the literary n when occasionally they treat the related topics. ink that our popular theology has gained in decorum, not in principle, over the superstitions it has disred. But men are better than this theology. Their y life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience; all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they not demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. t which they hear in schools and pulpits without rthought, if said in conversation, would probably uestioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed pany on Providence and the divine laws, he is wered by a silence which conveys well enough to observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his pacity to make his own statement.

shall attempt in this and the following chapter to rd some facts that indicate the path of the law of apensation; happy beyond my expectation, if I

I truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

olarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; he inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; he equation of quantity and quality in the fluids he animal body; in the systole and diastole of the t; in the undulations of fluids, and of sound; in the rifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galsm, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism he end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes e at the other end. If the south attracts, the north is. To empty here, you must condense there, nevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; pirit, matter; man, woman; odd even; subjective ctive; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one parts. The entire system of things gets represent every particle. There is somewhat that resemble be and flow of the sea, day and night, man and win a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, individual of every animal tribe. The reacting grand in the elements, is repeated within these boundaries. For example, in the animal king the physiologist has observed that no creature favourites, but a certain compensation balances gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one is paid out of a reduction from another part of the creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another ex. What we gain in power is lost in time; and the verse. The periodic or compensating errors of planets is another instance. The influences of and soil in political history are another. The climate invigorates. The barren soil does not

fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and dition of man. Every excess causes a defect; defect an excess. -Every sweet hath its sour; evil its good. Every faculty which is a receil pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abu is to answer for its moderation with its life. For grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For even you have missed, you have gained something else for everything you gain, you lose something. If increase, they are increased that use them. gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, b the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exce The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties dition tend to equalize themselves. There is some levelling circumstance that puts down the bearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substit cc on the same ground with all others. Is a man too and fierce for society, and by temper and pos citizen,—a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate im;—nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and ghters, who are getting along in the dame's classes he village school, and love and fear for them smooths grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and

the lamb in, and keeps her balance true.

he farmer imagines power and place are fine things. the President has paid dear for his White House. as commonly cost him all his peace, and the best is manly attributes. To preserve for a short time onspicuous an appearance before the world, he is ent to eat dust before the real masters who stand t behind the throne. Or do men desire the more tantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither this an immunity. He who by force of will or of aght is great, and overlooks thousands, has the ges of that eminence. With every influx of light es new danger. Has he light?—he must bear ess to the light, and always outrun that sympathy ch gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity ew revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate er and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the d loves and admires and covets?—he must cast ind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithess to his truth, and become a byword and a ing.

his law writes the laws of cities and nations. It is ain to build or plot or combine against it. Things se to be mismanaged long. Res nolunt din male inistrari. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the ks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the nue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal sanguinary, juries will not convict. If the law o mild, private vengeance comes in. If the governt is a terrific democracy, the pressure is resisted by vercharge of energy in the citizen, and life glows with reer flame. The true life and satisfactions of man to clude the utmost rigours or felicities of conn, and to establish themselves with lighter by indinger

ency under all varieties of circumstances. Ungovernments the influence of character remainsame,—in Turkey and in New England about Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history has confesses that man must have been as free as to could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the un is represented in every one of its particles. Ever in nature contains all the powers of nature. thing is made of one hidden stuff; as the nat sees one type under every metamorphosis, and rea horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. new form repeats not only the main character type, but part for part all the details, all the furtherances, hindrances, energies, and whole systematical every other. Every occupation, trade, art, trans is a compend of the world, and a correlative or other. Each one is an entire emblem of human of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its courits end. And each one must somehow accommode whole man, and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The scope cannot find the animalcule which is less for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion sistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction the hold on eternity,—all find room to consist in the creature. So do we put our life into every act true doctrine of omnipresence is, that God real with all his parts in every moss and cobweb value of the universe contrives to throw itself into point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the aso the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are That soul, which within us is a sentiment, outside is a law. We feel its inspiration; out there in we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the work the world was made by it." Justice is not poss A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of

CC-o'Bandinsisti with Tourset The dire of Godarc always. The world looks like a multiplication table, or a

cal equation, which, turn it how you will, balances i. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor e nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, y crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every ag redressed, in silence and certainty. What we retribution is the universal necessity by which whole appears wherever a part appears. If you smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or mb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs here behind.

very act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates f, in a twofold manner: first, in the thing, or in nature; and secondly, in the circumstance, or in arent nature. Men call the circumstance the retrion. The causal retribution is in the thing, and is by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance een by the understanding; it is inseparable from thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so not become distinct until after many years. The ific stripes may follow late after the offence, but follow because they accompany it. Crime and ishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the sure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect ady blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the ns, the fruit in the seed.

whilst thus the world will be whole, and refuses to disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to ropriate; for example,—to gratify the senses, we extracter. The ingenuity of man has always been dedicted to the solution of one problem,—how to detach sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this er surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get end, without an other end. The soul says, Eat; the y would feast. The soul says, The man and woman ald be one flesh and one soul; the body would join flesh one flesh and one soul; the body would join flesh one flesh and one soul;

all things to the ends of virtue; the body would ha

power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work throughings. It would be the only fact. All things be added unto it,—power, pleasure, knowledge, be the particular man aims to be somebody; to for himself; to truck and higgle for a private and, in particulars, to ride, that he may ride; to that he may be dressed; to eat, that he may and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and They think that to be great is to possess one sinature,—the sweet, without the other side,—the

This dividing and detaching is steadily countered. Up to this day, it must be owned, no projector has the smallest success. The parted water reunites be our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant the profit out of profitable things, power out of strong the as soon as we seek to separate them from the way. We can no more halve things and get the sensual by itself, than we can get an inside that shall has outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive out me

with a fork, she comes running back."

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another that he does not know; that they do not touch h but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in an more vital part. If he has escaped them in form in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his and fled from himself, and the retribution is so death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to this separation of the good from the tax, that the periment would not be tried,—since to try it is mad,-but for the circumstance, that when the d began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the inis at once infected, so that the man ceases to see whole in each object, but is able to see the se allurement of an object, and not see the sensual he sees the mermaid's head, but not the dragon's Cand Lathian kealing and constrict off Dibrate orbis bahoo two uld n that which he would not have. "How secret thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied ovidence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have oridled desires!" *

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting table, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. If the finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the teks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind; but having ditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they oluntarily made amends to reason, by tying up the distortion of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a g of England. Prometheus knows one secret which we must bargain for; Minerva, another. He cannot his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them.

" Of all the gods, I only know the keys
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
His thunders sleep."

plain confession of the in-working of the All, and its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the e ethics; and it would seem impossible for any fable be invented and get any currency which was not moral. ora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and though honus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite ulnerable; the sacred waters did not wash the heel which Thetis held him. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, ot quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot ch it covered is mortal. And so it must be. There crack in everything God has made. It would seem, re is always this vindictive circumstance stealing at unawares, even into the wild poesy in which the nan fancy attempted to make bold holiday, and to ke itself free of the old laws-this back stroke, this of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that ature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

ature nothing can be given, all things are sold.
his is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps
ch in the universe, and lets no offence go unchastised.
Furies, they said, are attendants on justice, and if the
in heaven should transpressed in Dathzed by Canada

* St. Augustine, Confessions, B. I.

punish him. The poets related that stone walls, iron swords, and leathern thongs, had an occult sympwith the wrongs of their owners; that the belt wallax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword wallax Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax They recorded, that when the Thasians erected a sto Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his went to it by night, and endeavoured to throw it by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from pedestal, and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine came from thought above the will of the writer. is the best part of each writer, which has nothing pr in it; that which he does not know; that which f out of his constitution, and not from his too a invention: that which in the study of a single a you might not easily find, but in the study of you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Pi it is not, but the work of man in that early Ha world that I would know. The name and circums of Phidias, however convenient for history, embawhen we come to the highest criticism. We are t that which man was tending to do in a given p and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in d by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dan Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the mo wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in proverbs of all nations, which are always the liter of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth, out qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred bow each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. which the droning world, chained to appearances not allow the realist to say in his own words, is suffer him to say in proverbs without contradi And this law of laws which the pulpit, the senate the college deny, is hourly preached in all market workshops by flights of proverbs, whose teaching true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

CC- All changes are collected to the college deny.

; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for od; measure for measure; love for love.—Give and hall be given you.—He that watereth shall be watered iself.—What will you have? quoth God; pay for and take it.—Nothing venture, nothing have.—Thou it be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, ess.—Who doth not work shall not eat.—Harm watch, im catch.—Curses always recoil on the head of him to imprecates them.—If you put a chain around the k of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your n.—Bad counsel confounds the adviser.—The Devil is ass.

t is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action overmastered, and characterized above our will by law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside in the public good, but our act arranges itself by sistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the

ld. I man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his

d, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye his companions by every word. Every opinion reson him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's Or, rather, it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, vinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and if harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will nigh to cut the steerman in twain, or to sink the t.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong, to man had ever a point of pride that was not injusted him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashional life does not see that he excludes himself from syment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusive in religion does not see that he shuts the door heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others, at men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer your own. The senses would make things of all sons; of women, of children, of the poor. The gar proceeds all generally within the sense would make things of all as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall your own. The senses would make things of all sons; of women, of children, of the poor. The gar proceeds all generally within the sense would make things of all as they is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relation are speedily punished. They are punished by feath Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meet water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as the is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfnes or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I has shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; the is war between us; there is hate in him and fear me.

All the old abuses in society, universal and particulal unjust accumulations of property and power, a avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instruct of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. Of thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see a well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivate classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mow and gibbered over government and property. The obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates greater wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change whi instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activithe terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrathe awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads ever generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asce cism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of mar

Experienced men of the world know very well that is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrow runs in his own debt. Has a man gained any thing whas received a hundred favours and rendered non Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence cunning, his neighbour's wares, or horses, or money There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgme of the neither wath name of the instant acknowledgment is, of superiority and inferiority. The transactions

emains in the memory of himself and his neighbour; and every new transaction alters, according to its sature, their relation to each other. He may soon ome to see that he had better have broken his own ones than to have ridden in his neighbour's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, nd know that it is the part of prudence to face every aimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your lents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, ou must pay your entire debt. Persons and events ay stand for a time between you and justice, but it only a postponement. You must pay at last your wn debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity hich only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of ature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe to receive favours and render none. In the order of ture we cannot render benefits to those from whom we reive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive ust be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, at for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good lying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm orms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labour is watched over by the same pitiless laws. leapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labour. What buy in a broom, a mat, a waggon, a knife, is some plication of good sense to a common want. It is st to pay in your land a skilful gardener, or to buy od sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good are applied to navigation; in the house, good sense plied to accounts and affairs. So do you altiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout our estate. But because of the dual constitution of lings, in labour as in life there can be no cheating. The set teals from himself. The swindler swindles himself, or the real price of labour is an english and credit are signs. These signs, like paper

money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labour cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, as in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulte the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of materiand moral nature which his honest care and pains yie to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thin and you shall have the power: but they who do not the counterfeith of the counterfei

the thing have not the power.

Human labour, through all its forms, from the sharpe ing of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, one immense illustration of the perfect compensation the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Tal the doctrine that every thing has its price-and if the price is not paid, not that thing but something else obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything wit out its price-is not less sublime in the columns of a led; than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light a darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. cannot doubt that the high laws which each man se implicated in those processes with which he is conversathe stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, whi are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, whi stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as the history of a state-do recommend to him his trat and though seldom named, exalt his business to

The league between virtue and nature engages things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beaut laws and substances of the world persecute and withe traitor. He finds that things are arranged truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is most glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a confusion of show fell on the ground, such as reveals in the world the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel as mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladded to be a spoken word with the foot-track. The laws and substance is stance always transpires. The laws and substance in the spoken word substance in the laws and substance in the spoken word.

ature-water, snow, wind, gravitation-become penal-

es to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness rall right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All we is mathematically just, as much as the two sides an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute od, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal mies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, at down their colours and from enemies became friends, disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, ove benefactors:—

"Winds blow and waters roll Strength to the brave, and power and deity, Yet in themselves are nothing."

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. s no man had ever a point of pride that was not inrious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not mewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable dmired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the inter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught a thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in is lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man poroughly understands a truth until he has contended gainst it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with e hindrances or talents of men, until he has suffered om the one, and seen the triumph of the other over s own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper at unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of selfp; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his ell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. The inguation which arms itself with secret forces does not taken until we are pricked and stung and sorely sailed. A great man is always willing to be little. hilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to be when he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he a chance to learn something; he has been put on wits, on his manufold at the lease parties of the same transfer of the same tran

his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; got moderation and real skill. The wise man thromiself on the side of his assailants. It is more interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. I wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead shand when they would triumph, lo! he has passed invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I he to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected bethis enemies. In general, every evil to which we not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islam believes that the strength and valour of the enemy kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of

temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defa and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness of fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institution nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men sufall their life long, under the foolish superstition that the can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a mane be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to and not to be at the same time. There is a third silparty to all our bargains. The nature and sould things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment every contract, so that honest service cannot comer loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve he more. Put God in your debt. Every stratshall be repaid. The longer the payment is we holden, the better for you; for compound interton compound interest is the rate and usage of needlequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeaved to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the act be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a socise of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntaring descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hower activity is might have activity is might be actions are the like its will be activity in the control of the beast.

estitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip ight; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting and outrage upon the houses and persons of those to have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streamto to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite that the wrong-doers. The martyr cannot be discoursed. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; by prison, a more illustrious abode; every burned by or house enlightens the world; every suppressed expunged word reverberates through the earth from a to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are any arriving to communities, as to individuals, when truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified.

thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumness. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a d and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on ring these representations,—What boots it to do well? The is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good, ust pay for it; if I lose any good, I gain some other;

actions are indifferent.

DL. I.

here is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, vit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, a life. The soul is. Under all this running sea of umstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect ince, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, od, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being ne vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within f. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, ehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade, which, as a background, the living universe paints f forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot ; for it is not. It cannot work any good; it ot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is e not to be the man admitted by earnoutring the feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumnand does not come to a crisis or judgment anywin visible nature. There is no stunning confutation his nonsense before men and angels. Has he there outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the manity and the lie with him, he so far deceases from nat In some manner there will be a demonstration of wrong to the understanding also; but should we see it, this deadly deduction makes square the ete account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. It is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; are proper additions of being. In a virtuous at I properly am; in a virtuous act, I add to the wo I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Not and see the darkness receding on the limits of the hom there can be no excess to love; none to knowled none to beauty, when these attributes are considered the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and also

affirms an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

His life is a progress, and not a station. His ins is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less application to man, of the presence of the soul, and of its absence; the brave man is greater than the cow the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man, not less, than the fool and knave. There is no on the good of virtue; for that is the incoming of himself, or absolute existence, without any compara Material good has its tax, and if it came without & or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will it away. But all the good of nature is the and may be had, if paid for in nature's lawful coin, is, by labour which the heart and the head allow. longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example 1 to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings] it new burdens. I do not wish more external good neither possessions, nor honours, nor powers, nor per The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But COSO Dangtanwaanmatheckeawledgaizthat ethingsompens exists, and that it is not desirable to dig up treat erein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract e boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom St. Bernard,—" Nothing can work me damage expt myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault." In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the qualities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature ms to be the distinction of More and Less. How can ss not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or levolence towards More? Look at those who have s faculty, and one feels sad, and knows not well what make of it. He almost shuns their eye; he fears they l upbraid God. What should they do? It seems great injustice. But see the facts nearly, and these untainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them, the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and of all men being one, this bitterness of His and me ceases. His is mine. I am my brother, and my ther is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone great neighbours, I can yet love; I can still receive; he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he es. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother ny guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It he nature of the soul to appropriate all things. Jesus Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love onquer and incorporate them in my own conscious nain. His virtue,—is not that mine? His wit, cannot be made mine, it is not wit. such, also, is the natural history of calamity. The nges which break up at short intervals the prosperity men are advertisements of a nature whose law is wth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting

inges which break up at short intervals the prosperity men are advertisements of a nature whose law is wth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting whole system of things, its friends, and home, and s, and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautibut stony case, because it no longer admits of its wth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion the vigour of the individual, these revolutions are quent, until in some happier mind they are incest, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about a becoming, as it were, a transparent fulfill membrane

through which the living form is seen, and not, a most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of a dates, and of no settled character, in which the is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yeday. And such should be the outward biograph man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances by day, as he renews his raiment day by day, to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advances in our lapsed estate, resting, not experiences in our lapsed estate, resting estates in our lapsed estate, resting estates in our lapsed estates in our lapsed estates in our lapsed estates in our lapsed estates in our

this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot our angels go. We do not see that they only go that archangels may come in. We are idolated the old. We do not believe in the riches of the in its proper eternity, and omnipresence. We do believe there is any force in to-day to rival or receive that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruit the old tent, where once we had bread and stand organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and on for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are mad parent to the understanding also, after long into of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappoint a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the mountaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years at the deep remedial force that underlies all facts, death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which se nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operevolutions in our way of life, terminates an epocinfancy or of youth which was waiting to be clibreaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or of living, and allows the formation of new comorandaicallyman threesomethy of the growthy of the grow

or constrains the formation of new acquainta

the reception of new influences that prove of the timportance to the next years; and the man or man who would have remained a sunny gardenver, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding de and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men.

IV.—SPIRITUAL LAWS.

The living Heaven thy prayers respect, House at once and architect, Quarrying man's rejected hours, Builds therewith eternal towers; Sole and self-commanded works, Fears not undermining days, Grows by decays, And, by the famous might that lurks In reaction and recoil, Makes flame to freeze, and ice to boil; Forging, through swart arms of Offence, The silver seat of Innocence.

THEN the act of reflection takes place in the when we look at ourselves in the light of tho we discover that our life is embosomed in be Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing for as clouds do far off. Not only things familiar and but even the tragic and terrible, are comely, as they their place in the pictures of memory. The riverthe weed at the water-side, the old house, the fe person,-however neglected in the passing,-ha grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lai the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the h The soul will not know either deformity or pain. in the hours of clear reason, we should speak the sew truth, we should say, that we had never made a sac In these hours the mind seems so great, that no can be taken from us that seems much. All los pain, is particular; the universe remains to the unhurt. Neither vexations nor calamities abate trust. No man ever stated his griefs as lightly might. Allow for exaggeration in the most pa and sorely ridden hack that was ever driven. For only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the in lies stretched in smiling repose.

The intellectual life may be kept clean and heal if man will live the life of nature, and not import in a coming difficulties the life in home of his and be perplexed in his speculations. Let him do and

at strictly belongs to him, and, though very ignorant books, his nature shall not yield him any intellectual structions and doubts. Our young people are diseased th the theological problems of original sin, origin of i, predestination, and the like. These never presented ractical difficulty to any man,—never darkened across y man's road, who did not go out of his way to seek em. These are the soul's mumps and measles and coping-coughs, and those who have not caught them anot describe their health or prescribe the cure. A aple mind will not know these enemies. It is quite other thing that he should be able to give account of faith, and expound to another the theory of his f-union and freedom. This requires rare gifts. Yet, thout this self-knowledge, there may be a sylvan ength and integrity in that which he is. "A few ong instincts and a few plain rules" suffice us.

My will never gave the images in my mind the rank y now take. The regular course of studies, the years academical and professional education, have not ded me better facts than some idle books under the ach at the Latin School. What we do not call educan is more precious than that which we call so. We m no guess, at the time of receiving a thought, of its nparative value. And education often wastes its ort in attempts to thwart and balk this natural mag-

ism, which is sure to select what belongs to it.

In like manner, our moral nature is vitiated by any interence of our will. People represent virtue as a struggle. take to themselves great airs upon their attainments, the question is everywhere vexed, when a noble ure is commended, whether the man is not better o strives with temptation. But there is no merit the matter. Either God is there, or he is not there. love characters in proportion as they are impulsive spontaneous. The less a man thinks or knows about virtues, the better we like him. Timoleon's victories the best victories, which ran and flowed like Homer's ses, Plutarch said. When we see a soul whose acts all regal, graceful, and pleasant as roses, we must not God that such things can be and are, and not turn sourly on the angel, and say, "Crump is a beman with his grunting resistance to all his nadevils."

Not less conspicuous is the preponderance of na over will in all practical life. There is less intention history than we ascribe to it. We impute deepfar-sighted plans to Cæsar and Napoleon; but the of their power was in nature, not in them. Men of extraordinary success, in their honest moments, always sung, " Not unto us, not unto us." According the faith of their times, they have built altars to Fort or to Destiny, or to St. Julian. Their success la their parallelism to the course of thought, which fe in them an unobstructed channel; and the wonder which they were the visible conductors seemed to eye their deed. Did the wires generate the galvani It is even true that there was less in them on which could reflect, than in another; as the virtue of a is to be smooth and hollow. That which extern seemed will and immoveableness was willingness self-annihilation. Could Shakespeare give a theory Shakespeare? Could ever a man of prodigious ma matical genius convey to others any insight into methods? If he could communicate that secre would instantly lose its exaggerated value, blending the daylight and the vital energy the power to stand

The lesson is forcibly taught by these observate that our life might be much easier and simpler that make it; that the world might be a happier place it is; that there is no need of struggles, convuls and despairs, of the wringing of the hands and the gring of the teeth; that we miscreate our own We interfere with the optimism of nature; for, when we get this vantage-ground of the past, or of a mind in the present, we are able to discern that we

begirt with laws which execute themselves.

The face of external nature teaches the same le Nature will not have us fret and fume. She does like our benevolence or our learning much better come of the land was learning much better the land was learning much better the land was learning with the learning was learning much better the land was learning much

e caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition-convention, the Temperance-meeting, or the Transcendental ub, into the fields and woods, she says to us, "So hot?

y little Sir."

We are full of mechanical actions. We must needs termeddle and have things in our own way, until e sacrifices and virtues of society are odious. Love ould make joy; but our benevolence is unhappy. ar Sunday-schools, and churches, and pauper-societies e yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please body. There are natural ways of arriving at the me ends at which these aim, but do not arrive. Why ould all virtue work in one and the same way? Why ould all give dollars? It is very inconvenient to us untry folk, and we do not think any good will me of it. We have not dollars; merchants have; them give them. Farmers will give corn; poets Il sing; women will sew; labourers will lend a hand; e children will bring flowers. And why drag this dead ight of a Sunday-school over the whole Christendom? is natural and beautiful that childhood should inire, and maturity should teach; but it is time enough answer questions when they are asked. Do not shut the young people against their will in a pew, and ce the children to ask them questions for an hour ainst their will.

If we look wider, things are all alike; laws, and letters, d creeds, and modes of living, seem a travesty of truth. r society is encumbered by ponderous machinery, ich resembles the endless aqueducts which the Romans ilt over hill and dale, and which are superseded by the covery of the law that water rises to the level of its rce. It is a Chinese wall which any nimble Tartar leap over. It is a standing army, not so good as peace. It is a graduated, titled, richly appointed pire, quite superfluous when town-meetings are found

answer just as well.

Let us draw a lesson from nature, which always works short ways. When the fruit is ripe, it falls. When fruit is despatched, the leaf falls. The circuit of waters is mere anymig. Main he walking of them and all animals is a falling forward. All our manual la and works of strength, as prying, splitting, dig rowing, and so forth, are done by dint of continual ing, and the globe, earth, moon, comet, sun, star, for ever and ever.

The simplicity of the universe is very different the simplicity of a machine. He who sees moral no out and out, and thoroughly knows how knowled acquired and character formed, is a pedant. The plicity of nature is not that which may easily be t but is inexhaustible. The last analysis can no be made. We judge of a man's wisdom by his knowing that the perception of the inexhaustible of nature is an immortal youth. The wild fert of nature is felt in comparing our rigid names and tations with our fluid consciousness. We pass in world for sects and schools, for erudition and p and we are all the time jejune babes. One sees well how Pyrrhonism grew up. Every man sees he is that middle point, whereof everything may affirmed and denied with equal reason. He is he is young, he is very wise, he is altogether ignor He hears and feels what you say of the seraphim, of the tin-peddler. There is no permanent wise rexcept in the figment of the Stoics. We side with hero, as we read or paint, against the coward and robber; but we have been ourselves that coward robber, and shall be again, not in the low circumsta but in comparison with the grandeurs possible to the

A little consideration of what takes place around every day would show us, that a higher law than of our will regulates events; that our painful lab are unnecessary, and fruitless; that only in our esimple, spontaneous action are we strong, and contenting ourselves with obedience we become disbelief and love—a believing love will relieve us of a load of care. O my brothers, God exists. There soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of eman, so that none of us can wrong the universeables so infused its strong enchantment into nature, of the prosper will be accept his advice, and when

ruggle to wound its creatures, our hands are glued to ur sides, or they beat our own breasts. The whole ourse of things goes to teach us faith. We need only bey. There is a guidance for each of us, and by lowly stening we shall hear the right word. Why need you poose so painfully your place, and occupation, and sociates, and modes of action, and of entertainment? ertainly there is a possible right for you that preudes the need of balance and wilful election. For bu there is a reality, a fit place and congenial duties. ace yourself in the middle of the stream of power ad wisdom which animates all whom it floats, and you e without effort impelled to truth, to right, and a erfect contentment. Then you put all gainsayers in e wrong. Then you are the world, the measure of ght, of truth, of beauty. If we will not be marplots th our miserable interferences, the work, the society, ters, arts, science, religion of men would go on far better an now, and the heaven predicted from the beginning the world, and still predicted from the bottom of the art, would organize itself, as do now the rose, and the , and the sun.

I say, do not choose; but that is a figure of speech which I would distinguish what is commonly called oice among men, and which is a partial act, the choice the hands, of the eyes, of the appetites, and not a hole act of the man. But that which I call right or odness is the choice of my constitution; and that hich I call heaven, and inwardly aspire after, is the atternorm of the action which I in all my years tend to do, the work for my faculties. We must hold a man be mable to reason for the choice of his daily craft profession. It is not an excuse any longer for his eds, that they are the custom of his trade. What siness has he with an evil trade? Has he not a calling his character?

Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the l. There is one direction in which all space is open him. He has faculties silently in riting dive thither endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river: he

runs against obstructions on every side but one; that side all obstruction is taken away, and he swi serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite This talent and this call depend on his organizat or the mode in which the general soul incarnates i in him. He inclines to do something which is eas him, and good when it is done, but which no o man can do. He has no rival. For the more to he consults his own powers, the more difference will work exhibit from the work of any other. His ambi is exactly proportioned to his powers. The he of the pinnacle is determined by the breadth of the b Every man has this call of the power to do somewunique, and no man has any other call. The prete that he has another call, a summons by name and perselection and outward "signs that mark him ex ordinary, and not in the roll of common men," is far cism, and betrays obtuseness to perceive that the one mind in all the individuals, and no respect of pers therein.

By doing his work, he makes the need felt which he supply, and creates the taste by which he is enjoyed. doing his own work, he unfolds himself. It is the vic our public speaking that it has not abandonment. So where, not only every orator but every man should out all the length of all the reins; should find or mall frank and hearty expression of what force and mean is in him. The common experience is, that the fits himself as well as he can to the customary det of that work or trade he falls into, and tends it as a turns a spit. Then is he a part of the machine he more the man is lost. Until he can manage to communihimself to others in his full stature and proportion does not yet find his vocation. He must find in an outlet for his character, so that he may justify work to their eyes. If the labour is mean, let him his thinking and character make it liberal. Whate he knows and thinks, whatever in his apprehens is worth doing, that let him communicate, or men never know and honour him aright. Foolish, whene Con Larganiwash Mathestation (Digitatic by a Chagetrining o, instead of converting it into the obedient spiracle

f your character and aims.

We like only such actions as have already long had he praise of men, and do not perceive that anything han can do may be divinely done. We think greatess entailed or organized in some places or duties, in ertain offices or occasions, and do not see that Pagaini can extract rapture from a catgut, and Eulenstein om a jews-harp, and a nimble-fingered lad out of areds of paper with his scissors, and Landseer out of wine, and the hero out of the pitiful habitation and ompany in which he was hidden. What we call obcure condition or vulgar society is that condition and ociety whose poetry is not yet written, but which ou shall presently make as enviable and renowned as ny. In our estimates, let us take a lesson from kings. he part of hospitality, the connection of families, he impressiveness of death, and a thousand other ings, royalty makes its own estimate of, and a royal ind will. To make habitually a new estimate—that elevation.

What a man does, that he has. What has he to do ith hope or fear? In himself is his might. Let him gard no good as solid, but that which is in his ature, and which must grow out of him as long he exists. The goods of fortune may come and like summer leaves; let him scatter them on ery wind as the momentary signs of his infinite

oductiveness.

He may have his own. A man's genius, the quality at differences him from every other, the susceptibility one class of influences, the selection of what is fit him, the rejection of what is unfit, determines for him e character of the universe. A man is a method, progressive arrangement; a selecting principle, gathery his like to him, wherever he goes. He takes only own out of the multiplicity that sweeps and circles and him. He is like one of those booms which are tout from the shore on rivers to catch drift-wood, like the lodestone amongst splinters of steel. Those test, words, persons, which dwell in his memory without

his being able to say why, remain, because they a relation to him not less real for being as yet prehended. They are symbols of value to him, as can interpret parts of his consciousness which he vainly seek words for in the conventional image books and other minds. What attracts my atteshall have it, as I will go to the man who knowny door, whilst a thousand persons, as worthy, go to whom I give no regard. It is enough that particulars speak to me. A few anecdotes, a few of character, manners, face, a few incidents, have emphasis in your memory out of all proportion to apparent significance, if you measure them by the ord standards. They relate to your gift. Let them their weight, and do not reject them, and cast for illustration and facts more usual in literature. your heart thinks great is great. The soul's emphasis

Over all things that are agreeable to his nature genius, the man has the highest right. Every he may take what belongs to his spiritual estate can he take anything else, though all doors were nor can all the force of men hinder him from the so much. It is vain to attempt to keep a secret one who has a right to know it. It will tell itself, mood into which a friend can bring us is his domover us. To the thoughts of that state of mind it

a right. All the secrets of that state of mind he compel. This is a law which statesmen use in practical All the terrors of the French Republic, which held A in awe, were unable to command her diplomacy. Napoleon sent to Vienna M. de Narbonne, one cold noblesse, with the morals, manners, and nathat interest, saying, that it was indispensable to the old aristocracy of Europe men of the same nection, which, in fact, constitutes a sort of free-mas M. de Narbonne, in less than a fortnight, penetrate

the secrets of the imperial cabinet.

Nothing seems so easy as to speak and to be us stood. Yet a man may come to find that the strong defences of Martof elegion has the seem of the desired has seem of the strong that the strong desired has seem of the strong desired has seen of the st

nd he who has received an opinion may come to find the most inconvenient of bonds.

If a teacher have any opinion which he wishes to onceal, his pupils will become as fully indoctrinated nto that as into any which he publishes. If you pour ater into a vessel twisted into coils and angles, it is ain to say, I will pour it only into this or that ;-it ill find its level in all. Men feel and act the consenences of your doctrine, without being able to show ow they follow. Show us an arc of the curve, and a od mathematician will find out the whole figure. e always reasoning from the seen to the unseen. lence the perfect intelligence that subsists between wise en of remote ages. A man cannot bury his meanings deep in his book, but time and like-minded men ill find them. Plato had a secret doctrine, had he? hat secret can be concealed from the eyes of Bacon? Montaigne? of Kant? Therefore, Aristotle said his works, "They are published and not pubshed."

No man can learn what he has not preparation for arning, however near to his eyes is the object. A semist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, d he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would be utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us sermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden at we cannot see things that stare us in the face, til the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then behold them, and the time when we saw them not is the a dream.

Not in nature but in man is all the beauty and worth sees. The world is very empty, and is indebted this gilding, exalting soul for all its pride. "Earth is her lap with splendours" not her own. The vale Tempe, Tivoli, and Rome are earth and water, rocks disky. There are as good earth and water in a thousand aces, yet how unaffecting!

People are not the better for the sun and moon, the rizon and the trees; as it is not observed that the epers of Roman galleries, or the valets of painters, we any elevation of thought, or that librarians are wiser

men than others. There are graces in the demeas of a polished and noble person, which are lost upon eye of a churl. These are like the stars whose light

not yet reached us.

He may see what he maketh. Our dreams are sequel of our waking knowledge. The visions of night bear some proportion to the visions of the Hideous dreams are exaggerations of the sins of the We see our evil affections embodied in bad physical nomies. On the Alps, the traveller sometimes belt his own shadow magnified to a giant, so that e gesture of his hand is terrific. "My children," an old man to his boys scared by a figure in the entry, "my children, you will never see anythe worse than yourselves." As in dreams, so in the scar less fluid events of the world, every man sees hir in colossal, without knowing that it is himself. good, compared to the evil which he sees, is as his good to his own evil. Every quality of his mim magnified in some one acquaintance, and every emo of his heart in some one. He is like a quincum trees, which counts five, east, west, north, or so or, an initial, medial, and terminal acrostic. And not? He cleaves to one person, and avoids ano according to their likeness or unlikeness to him truly seeking himself in his associates, and moreov his trade, and habits, and gestures, and meats, drinks; and comes at last to be faithfully represe by every view you take of his circumstances.

He may read what he writes. What can we se acquire, but what we are? You have observed a ful man reading Virgil. Well, that author is a thou books to a thousand persons. Take the book into two hands, and read your eyes out; you will never what I find. If any ingenious reader would ha monopoly of the wisdom or delight he gets, he secure now the book is Englished, as if it were imprisin the Pelews' tongue. It is with a good book is with good company. Introduce a base person an gentlement with a life of physics. The companied was the companied with the companies of the companies.

fectly safe, and he is not one of them, though his

ly is in the room.

What avails it to fight with the eternal laws of ad, which adjust the relation of all persons to each er, by the mathematical measure of their havings beings? Gertrude is enamoured of Guy; how h, how aristocratic, how Roman his mien and nners; to live with him were life indeed, and no chase is too great; and heaven and earth are moved that end. Well, Gertrude has Guy; but what now all be how high, how aristocratic, how Roman his mien and manners, if his heart and aims are in the senate, the theatre, and in the billiard-room, and she has aims, no conversation, that can enchant her gracefuld?

He shall have his own society. We can love nothing nature. The most wonderful talents, the most ritorious exertions, really avail very little with us; nearness or likeness of nature-how beautiful is the e of its victory! Persons approach us famous for ir beauty, for their accomplishments, worthy of all nder for their charms and gifts; they dedicate their ple skill to the hour and the company, with very imfect result. To be sure, it would be ungrateful in not to praise them loudly. Then, when all is done, erson of related mind, a brother or sister by nature, nes to us so softly and easily, so nearly and intimately, if it were the blood in our proper veins, that we feel if some one was gone, instead of another having re; we are utterly relieved and refreshed; it is a of joyful solitude. We foolishly think in our days in, that we must court friends by compliance to the toms of society, to its dress, its breeding, and its mates. But only that soul can be my friend which acounter on the line of my own march, that soul to ch I do not decline, and which does not decline to but, native of the same celestial latitude, repeats in own all my experience. The scholar forgets himself, apes the customs and costumes of the man of the ld, to deserventhe smile of coners, and its lower some ly girl, not yet taught by religious passion to know OL, I, F

the noble woman with all that is serene, oracular beautiful in her soul. Let him be great, and love follow him. Nothing is more deeply punished that neglect of the affinities by which alone society she formed, and the insane levity of choosing associations.

He may set his own rate. It is a maxim worthy acceptation, that a man may have that allowand takes. Take the place and attitude which belongou, and all men acquiesce. The world must be It leaves every man, with profound unconcern, this own rate. Hero or driveller, it meddles not immatter. It will certainly accept your own measure your doing and being, whether you sneak about and your own name, or whether you see your work profot the concave sphere of the heavens, one with

revolution of the stars.

The same reality pervades all teaching. The may teach by doing, and not otherwise. If he communicate himself, he can teach, but not by w He teaches who gives, and he learns who receives. I is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the state or principle in which you are; a transfusion place; he is you, and you are he; then is a teach and by no unfriendly chance or bad company ca ever quite lose the benefit. But your proposition out of one ear as they ran in at the other. W it advertised that Mr. Grand will deliver an oratithe Fourth of July, and Mr. Hand before the Mechi Association, and we do not go thither, because we that these gentlemen will not communicate their character and experience to the company. If we reason to expect such a confidence, we should go the all inconvenience and opposition. The sick work carried in litters. But a public oration is an escape a non-committal, an apology, a gag, and not a munication, not a speech, not a man.

A like Nemesis presides over all intellectual we have yet to learn, that the thing uttered in the second second in the second se

ntence must also contain its own apology for being oken.

The effect of any writing on the public mind is matheatically measurable by its depth of thought. How uch water does it draw? If it awaken you to think, it lift you from your feet with the great voice of oquence, then the effect is to be wide, slow, permanent, er the minds of men; if the pages instruct you not, ey will die like flies in the hour. The way to speak d write what shall not go out of fashion, is, to speak d write sincerely. The argument which has not power reach my own practice, I may well doubt, will fail reach yours. But take Sidney's maxim:—"Look thy heart, and write." He that writes to himself ites to an eternal public. That statement only is fit be made public, which you have come at in attemptto satisfy your own curiosity. The writer who takes subject from his ear, and not from his heart, should ow that he has lost as much as he seems to have gained, d when the empty book has gathered all its praise, d half the people say, "What poetry! what genius!" still needs fuel to make fire. That only profits which profitable. Life alone can impart life; and though should burst, we can only be valued as we make selves valuable. There is no luck in literary repuion. They who make up the final verdict upon ry book are not the partial and noisy readers the hour when it appears; but a court as of angels, ublic not to be bribed, not to be entreated, and not to overawed, decides upon every man's title to fame. ly those books come down which deserve to last. tedges, vellum, and morocco, and presentation-copies all the libraries, will not preserve a book in circulation ond its intrinsic date. It must go with all Walpole's ble and Royal Authors to its fate. Blackmore, tzebue, or Pollok may endure for a night, but Moses Homer stand for ever. There are not in the world any one time more than a dozen persons who read understand Plato:-never enough to pay for an tion of his works; yet to every generation these are duly Cdown game the second of the as if God brought them in his hand. "No book," Bentley, "was ever written down by any but its The permanence of all books is fixed by no effort frie or hostile, but by their own specific gravity, or intrinsic importance of their contents to the commind of man. "Do not trouble yourself too much a the light on your statue," said Michael Angelo to young sculptor; "the light of the public square test its value."

In like manner the effect of every action is measiby the depth of the sentiment from which it proceed that man knew not that he was great. It to century or two for that fact to appear. What he he did because he must; it was the most natural to in the world, and grew out of the circumstances of moment. But now, everything he did, even to lifting of his finger or the eating of bread, looks he

all-related, and is called an institution.

These are the demonstrations in a few particle of the genius of nature; they show the direction of stream. But the stream is blood; every drop is a Truth has not single victories; all things are organs—not only dust and stones, but errors and The laws of disease, physicians say, are as bears as the laws of health. Our philosophy is affirmal and readily accepts the testimony of negative feas every shadow points to the sun. By a dinecessity, every fact in nature is constrained to

its testimony.

Human character evermore publishes itself. most fugitive deed and word, the mere air of doing thing, the intimated purpose, expresses characterly you act, you show character; if you sit still, if you so you show it. You think, because you have sprothing when others spoke, and have given no open on the times, on the church, on slavery, on many on socialism, on secret societies, on the college, on parand persons, that your verdict is still expected curiosity as a reserved wisdom. Far otherwise; is silence answers very loud. You have no oracle to use the protection of the content of the protection of the content of t

em; for, oracles speak. Doth not wisdom cry, and

derstanding put forth her voice?

Dreadful limits are set in nature to the powers of simulation. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling embers of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No n need be deceived, who will study the changes of pression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he s base ends, and speaks falsely, the eye is muddy and netimes asquint.

have heard an experienced counsellor say, that he ver feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does believe in his heart that his client ought to have erdict. If he does not believe it, his unbelief will pear to the jury, despite all his protestations, and will ome their unbelief. This is that law whereby a work art, of whatever kind, sets us in the same state of mind erein the artist was when he made it. That which do not believe, we cannot adequately say, though may repeat the words never so often. It was this viction which Swedenborg expressed, when he debed a group of persons in the spiritual world eavouring in vain to articulate a proposition which did not believe; but they could not, though they ted and folded their lips even to indignation.

man passes for that he is worth. Very idle is all osity concerning other people's estimate of us, and ear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man w that he can do anything—that he can do it better anyone else-he has a pledge of the acknowledgt of that fact by all persons. The world is full of ment-days, and into every assembly that a man rs, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and ped. In every troop of boys that whoop and n each yard and square, a new-comer is as well and rately weighed in the course of a few days, and ped with his right number, as if he had undera formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. anger comes from a distant school, with better dress,

trinkets in his pockets with airs and interessions our der boy says and himself, It's of no use; we shall

find him out to-morrow." "What has he done the divine question which searches men, and pierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in chair of the world, nor be distinguished for his from Homer and Washington; but there need be any doubt concerning the respective ability of his beings. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. tension never feigned an act of real greatness. Prision never wrote an Iliad, nor drove back Xerxes

christianized the world, nor abolished slavery. As much virtue as there is, so much appears much goodness as there is, so much reverence it mands. All the devils respect virtue. The high generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruc command mankind. Never was a sincere word u lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly man passes for that he is worth. What he is eng itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in le of light. Concealment avails him nothing; bornothing. There is confession in the glances of eyes; in our smiles; in salutations; and the gra hands. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good in sion. Men know not why they do not trust him they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, lines of mean expression in his cheek, pinches the sets the mark of the beast on the back of the and writes O fool! fool! on the forehead

If you would not be known to do anything, do it. A man may play the fool in the drifts of a d but every grain of sand shall seem to see. He may a solitary eater, but he cannot keep his foolish con A broken complexion, a swinish look, ungenerous and the want of due knowledge—all blab. Can a a Chiffinch, an Iachimo, be mistaken for Zeno or P Confucius exclaimed,—"How can a man be concein.

How can a man be concealed!"

On the other hand, the hero fears not, that, if he choldaths and unloved. One knows it—himself-

pledged by it to sweetness of peace, and to nobleness aim, which will prove in the end a better proclamator of it than the relating of the incident. Virtue is adherence in action to the nature of things, and the ture of things makes it prevalent. It consists in a repetual substitution of being for seeming, and with blime propriety God is described as saying, I AM.

The lesson which these observations convey is, Be, d not seem. Let us acquiesce. Let us take our pated nothingness out of the path of the divine cuits. Let us unlearn our wisdom of the world. It us lie low in the Lord's power, and learn that truth

one makes rich and great.

If you visit your friend, why need you apologize for thaving visited him, and waste his time and deface ar own act? Visit him now. Let him feel that the thest love has come to see him, in thee, its lowest san. Or why need you torment yourself and friend secret self-reproaches that you have not assisted a or complimented him with gifts and salutations retofore? Be a gift and a benediction. Shine with a light, and not with the borrowed reflection of gifts. I mmon men are apologies for men; they bow the ad, excuse themselves with prolix reasons, and accumuse appearances, because the substance is not.

We are full of these superstitions of sense, the worship magnitude. We call the poet inactive, because he is a president, a merchant, or a porter. We adore institution, and do not see that it is founded on a pught which we have. But real action is in silent ments. The epochs of our life are not in the visible its of our choice of a calling, our marriage, our acquion of an office, and the like, but in a silent thought the wayside as we walk; in a thought which revises entire manner of life, and says,—"Thus hast though the menting of the menting exercises and wait on this, and, according to a menial, serve and wait on this, and, according to a constant force, which, as a tendency, reaches through the lifetime. The object of the man, the aim of these ments, is to make daylight shine through and the same of these ments, is to make daylight shine through and the same of these ments, is to make daylight shine through and the same of these ments, is to make daylight shine through and the same of these ments.

suffer the law to traverse his whole being wobstruction, so that, on what point soever of his your eye falls, it shall report truly of his chawhether it be his diet, his house, his religious for society, his mirth, his vote, his opposition. Note is not homogeneous, but heterogeneous, and the does not traverse: there are no thorough lights the eye of the beholder is puzzled, detecting unlike tendencies, and a life not yet at one.

Why should we make it a point with our false m to disparage that man we are, and that form of assigned to us? A good man is contented. and honour Epaminondas, but I do not wish Epaminondas. I hold it more just to love the of this hour, than the world of his hour. Nor ca if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by s "He acted, and thou sittest still." I see action. good, when the need is, and sitting still to be also Epaminondas, if he was the man I take him for, have sat still with joy and peace, if his lot had mine. Heaven is large, and affords space for all of love and fortitude. Why should we be busy and superserviceable? Action and inaction are to the true. One piece of the tree is cut for a we cock, and one for the sleeper of a bridge; the vin the wood is apparent in both.

I desire not to disgrace the soul. The fact that here certainly shows me that the soul had need organ here. Shall I not assume the post? So skulk and dodge and duck with my unsease apologies and vain modesty, and imagine my here impertinent? less pertinent than Epamin or Homer being there? and that the soul disknow its own needs? Besides, without any ring on the matter, I have no discontent. The good nourishes me, and unlocks new magazines of power enjoyment to me every day. I will not meanly determined that the soul discontent.

come to others in another shape.

Besides, why should we be cowed by the national Contrangement of Math Collection Digitizes by establishment.

ow that the ancestor of every action is a thought. The poor mind does not seem to itself to be anything, less it have an outside badge—some Gentoo diet, Quaker coat, or Calvinistic prayer-meeting, or philanopic society, or a great donation, or a high office, any how, some wild contrasting action to testify at it is somewhat. The rich mind lies in the sun and eps, and is Nature. To think is to act.

Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own All action is of an infinite elasticity, and the least mits of being inflated with the celestial air until it ipses the sun and moon. Let us seek one peace by elity. Let me heed my duties. Why need I go dding into the scenes and philosophy of Greek and lian history, before I have justified myself to my nefactors? How dare I read Washington's campaigns, en I have not answered the letters of my own correducing? It is a pusillanimous desertion of our work gaze after our neighbours. It is peeping. Byron so of Jack Bunting—

"He knew not what to say, and so he swore."

may say it of our preposterous use of books—He knew that to do, and so he read. I can think of nothing fill my time with, and I find the Life of Brant. It a very extravagant compliment to pay to Brant, or General Schuyler, or to General Washington. My se should be as good as their time—my facts, my tof relations, as good as theirs, or either of theirs. ther let me do my work so well that other idlers, if y choose, may compare my texture with the texture these and find it identical with the best.

This over-estimate of the possibilities of Paul and cicles, this under-estimate of our own, comes from eglect of the fact of an identical nature. Bonaparte we but one merit, and rewarded in one and the same y the good soldier, the good astronomer, the good t, the good player. The poet uses the names of sar, of Tamerlane, of Bonduca, of Belisarius; the nature uses the names of sar, of Tamerlane, of Bonduca, of Belisarius; the nature uses the names of sar, of Tamerlane, of Bonduca, of Belisarius; the nature uses the name of sar, of Tamerlane, of Bonduca, of Belisarius; the nature was the name of the possibilities of Paul and the same was the same was the possibilities of Paul and the possibilities of Paul and the same was the possibilities of Paul and the possibilities of Paul and the same was the possibilities of Paul and the possibilities of

of Paul, of Peter. He does not, therefore, defer nature of these accidental men, of these stock h If the poet write a true drama, then he is Cæsar not the player of Cæsar; then the selfsame strethought, emotion as pure, wit as subtle, motion swift, mounting, extravagant, and a heart as self-sufficing, dauntless, which on the waves of its and hope can uplift all that is reckoned solid and pre in the world, -palaces, gardens, money, navies, king -marking its own incomparable worth by the it casts on these gauds of men,-these all are his by the power of these he rouses the nations. man believe in God, and not in names and place persons. Let the great soul incarnated in some wo form, poor and sad and single, in some Dolly or go out to service, and sweep chambers and scour and its effulgent daybeams cannot be muffled on but to sweep and scour will instantly appear su and beautiful actions, the top and radiance of h life, and all people will get mops and brooms; lo! suddenly the great soul has enshrined its some other form, and done some other deed, and is now the flower and head of all living nature.

We are the photometers, we the irritable go and tinfoil that measure the accumulations of the element. We know the authentic effects of the

fire through every one of its million disguises.

V.-LOVE.

I was as a gem concealed;
Me my burning ray revealed.

Koran.

VERY promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. ture, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first timent of kindness anticipates already a benevolence ich shall lose all particular regards in its general light. It is introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender ation of one to one, which is the enchantment of man life; which, like a certain divine rage and ensiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a colution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, dges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries a with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character oic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and establishes marriage, and head a special association of the sentiment of love with head a votation of the sentiment of love with love and love with love with

heyday of the blood seems to require, that in order portray it in vivid tints, which every youth and maid ould confess to be true to their throbbing experience, must not be too old. The delicious fancies of ith reject the least savour of a mature philosophy, chilling with age and pedantry their purple bloom. d, therefore, I know I incur the imputation of uncessary hardness and stoicism from those who comse the Court and Parliament of Love. But from these midable censors I shall appeal to my seniors. s to be considered that this passion of which we speak, ough it begin with the young, yet forsakes not the , or rather suffers no one who is truly its servant to w old, but makes the aged participators of it not s than the tender maiden, though in a different and bler sort. For it is a fire that, kindling its first bers in the harrow nook of her private the bare, can grit from a wandering spark out of another private: glows and enlarges until it warms and beams multitudes of men and women, upon the unheart of all, and so lights up the whole world a nature with its generous flames. It matters not, fore, whether we attempt to describe the pass twenty, at thirty, or at eighty years. He who it at the first period will lose some of its later, he paints it at the last, some of its earlier traits. It is to be hoped that, by patience and the Muse we may attain to that inward view of the law, shall describe a truth ever young and beautif central that it shall commend itself to the

whatever angle beholden.

And the first condition is, that we must leave close and lingering adherence to facts, and stuc-sentiment as it appeared in hope and not in hi For each man sees his own life defaced and disfias the life of man is not, to his imagination. man sees over his own experience a certain sta error, whilst that of other men looks fair and Let any man go back to those delicious relations make the beauty of his life, which have giver sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will s and moan. Alas! I know not why, but infinite punctions embitter in mature life the remembran budding joy, and cover every beloved name. E thing is beautiful seen from the point of the inte or as truth. But all is sour, if seen as exper-Details are melancholy; the plan is seemly and m In the actual world—the painful kingdom of time place—dwell care, and canker, and fear. With the with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of Round it all the Muses sing. But grief cleave names, and persons, and the partial interests of to and yesterday.

The strong bent of nature is seen in the proposition of personal relations usurps in conversation of society. What do we wish to know any worthy person so much, as how he has sped in this conversation of society. What books in the circumstation what books in the circumstation what books in the circumstation.

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libraries circulate? How we glow over these novels passion, when the story is told with any spark of h and nature! And what fastens attention, in intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affective between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them ore, and never shall meet them again. But we see m exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, we are no longer strangers. We understand them, take the warmest interest in the development of romance. All mankind love a lover. The earliest nonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's st winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and ce in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases girls about the school-house door; - but to-day comes running into the entry, and meets one fair d disposing her satchel; he holds her books to help and instantly it seems to him as if she removed self from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. ong the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but alone distances him; and these two little neighbours, were so close just now, have learned to respect other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes n the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of ool-girls who go into the country shops to buy a skein ilk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about hing with the broad-faced, good-natured shop-boy. the village they are on a perfect equality, which love ghts in, and without any coquetry the happy, affecate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they blish between them and the good boy the most eable, confiding relations, what with their fun their earnest, about Edgar, and Jonas, and Almira, who was invited to the party, and who danced at dancing-school, and when the singing-school would n, and other nothings concerning which the parties d. By-and-by that boy wants a wife, and very y and heartily will he know where to find a sincere sweet mate, without any risk such as Milton deplores ncident to scholars and great men. have been toler mad Math Collection Digitized by a Sassoti

mine, my reverence for the intellect has made justly cold to the personal relations. But now I shrink at the remembrance of such disparaging. For persons are love's world, and the coldest philocannot recount the debt of the young soul was here in nature to the power of love, without being to to unsay, as treasonable to nature, aught dere to the social instincts. For, though the celestial falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of age, and although a beauty overpowering all a or comparison, and putting us quite beside our we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the rememon of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. But he strange fact: it may seem to many men, in re their experience, that they have no fairer page it life's book than the delicious memory of some pa wherein affection contrived to get a witchcraft surp the deep attraction of its own truth, to a par accidental and trivial circumstances. In looking ward, they may find that several things which we the charm have more reality to this groping m than the charm itself which embalmed them. I our experience in particulars what it may, no ma forgot the visitations of that power to his hear brain, which created all things new; which w dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which the face of nature radiant with purple light, the ing and the night varied enchantments; when a tone of one voice could make the heart bound, as most trivial circumstance associated with one for put in the amber of memory; when he became a when one was present, and all memory when on gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of wir and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and too silent, for him who has richer company and s conversation in his new thoughts, than any old fr though best and purest, can give him: for the f the motions, the words of the beloved object a CC like ang the radic wages over then Digitize water Gamustrias Plant in the Comment of the Comm d, "enamelled in fire," and make the study of midht.

Thou art not gone; being gone, where'er thou art, Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart."

the noon and the afternoon of life we still throb at recollection of days when happiness was not happy ough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and r; for he touched the secret of the matter, who said love-

"All other pleasures are not worth its pains;"

when the day was not long enough, but the night, must be consumed in keen recollections; when the d boiled all night on the pillow with the generous ed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing er, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, the air was coined into song, when all business seemed impertinence, and all the men and women running to

I fro in the streets, mere pictures.

The passion rebuilds the world for the youth. kes all things alive and significant. Nature grows scious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings w to his heart and soul. The notes are almost articue. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. es of the forest, the waving grass, and the peeping wers, have grown intelligent; and he almost fears trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green tude he finds a dearer home than with men.

> "Fountain-heads and pathless groves, Places which pale passion loves, Moonlight walks, when all the fowls Are safely housed, save bats and owls, A midnight bell, a passing groan,-These are the sounds we feed upon."

Behold there in the wood the fine madman! alace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is ce a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood the violet, the clover, and the lily in his veins; and talks with the paround Math Collegist Teditized by eGangotri The heats that have opened his perceptions of beauty have made him love music and verse. If fact often observed, that men have written good under the inspiration of passion, who cannot write

under any other circumstances.

The like force has the passion over all his nature expands the sentiment; it makes the clown go and gives the coward heart. Into the most pand abject it will infuse a heart and courage to the world, so only it have the countenance of the world, so only it have the countenance of the loved object. In giving him to another, it still gives him to himself. He is a new man, with perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a resolution of character and aims. He does not appertain to his family and society; he is some

he is a person; he is a soul.

And here let us examine a little nearer the nat that influence which is thus potent over the I youth. Beauty, whose revelation to man we now brate, welcome as the sun wherever it pleases to which pleases everybody with it and with them seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot pair maiden to his fancy poor and solitary Like a # flower, so much soft, budding, informing lovis society for itself, and she teaches his eye why E was pictured with Loves and Graces attending steps. Her existence makes the world rich. T she extrudes all other persons from his attent cheap and unworthy, she indemnifies him by ca out her own being into somewhat impersonal, mundane, so that the maiden stands to him representative of all select things and virtues. For reason, the lover never sees personal resemblan his mistress to her kindred or to others. His i find in her a likeness to her mother, or her s or to persons not of her blood. The lover se resemblance except to summer evenings and dis mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.

The ancients called beauty the flowering of who can analyze the nameless charm which glance one and want that face and flowing the flower than the control of the control o

tions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, ts. It is destroyed for the imagination by any mpt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point any relations of friendship or love known and ribed in society, but, as it seems to me, to a quiter and unattainable sphere, to relations of translent delicacy and sweetness, to what roses and ets hint and foreshow. We cannot approach ity. Its nature is like opaline doves'-neck lustres, ering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most ellent things, which all have this rainbow charr, defying all attempts at appropriation What else did Jean Paul Richter signify, when said to music, "Away! away! thou speakest to of things which in all my endless life I have not d, and shall not find." The same fluency may be rved in every work of the plastic arts. The statue en beautiful when it begins to be incomprehensible, n it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer defined by compass and measuring-wand, but deds an active imagination to go with it, and to say it it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the ptor is always represented in a transition from which is representable to the senses, to that which ot. Then first it ceases to be a stone. The same ark holds of painting. And of poetry, the success ot attained when it lulls and satisfies, but when it nishes and fires us with new endeavours after the ttainable. Concerning it, Landor inquires "whether not to be referred to some purer state of sensation existence." like manner, personal beauty is then first charming

like manner, personal beauty is then first charming itself, when it dissatisfies us with any end; when ecomes a story without an end; when it suggests ms and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when hakes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when annot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; annot feel more right to it than to the firmament and

splendours of a simset Math Collection Digitized by eGangottic ence arose the saying, It I love you, what is that

to you?" We say so, because we feel that who love is not in your will, but above it. It is not but your radiance. It is that which you know !

yourself, and can never know.

This agrees well with that high philosophy of L which the ancient writers delighted in; for the that the soul of man, embodied here on earth, roaming up and down in quest of that other we its own, out of which it came into this, but was stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and t to see any other objects than those of this world, are but shadows of real things. Therefore, the sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it avail itself of beautiful bodies as aids to its recoll of the celestial good and fair; and the man beh such a person in the female sex runs to her, and the highest joy in contemplating the form, move and intelligence of this person, because it sugge him the presence of that which indeed is with

beauty, and the cause of the beauty.

If, however, from too much conversing with ma objects, the soul was gross, and misplaced its satisf in the body, it reaped nothing but sorrow; body unable to fulfil the promise which beauty holds but if, accepting the hint of these visions and sugge which beauty makes to his mind, the soul passes th the body, and falls to admire strokes of character the lovers contemplate one another in their disc and their actions, then they pass to the true of beauty, more and more inflame their love of i by this love extinguishing the base affection, as the puts out the fire by shining on the hearth, they be pure and hallowed. By conversation with that is in itself excellent, magnanimous, lowly, and the lover comes to a warmer love of these not and a quicker apprehension of them. Then he from loving them in one to loving them in all, an the one beautiful soul only the door through when the society of all true and pure souls.

particular society of his mate, he attains a clearer of any spot, any tamt, which her beauty has continued by the souls.

LOVE.

n this world, and is able to point it out, and this a mutual joy that they are now able, without offence, indicate blemishes and hindrances in each other, give to each all help and comfort in curing the same. I, beholding in many souls the traits of the divine uty, and separating in each soul that which is divine in the taint which it has contracted in the world, lover ascends to the highest beauty, to the love knowledge of the Divinity, by steps on this ladder reated souls.

omewhat like this have the truly wise told us of in all ages. The doctrine is not old, nor is it new. Plato, Plutarch, and Apuleius taught it, so have rarch, Angelo, and Milton. It awaits a truer uning in opposition and rebuke to that subterranean dence which presides at marriages with words that e hold of the upper world, whilst one eye is prowling he cellar, so that its gravest discourse has a savour ams and powdering-tubs. Worst, when this sensualintrudes into the education of young women, and hers the hope and affection of human nature, by thing that marriage signifies nothing but a house-'s thrift, and that woman's life has no other aim. out this dream of love, though beautiful, is only one e in our play. In the procession of the soul from hin outward, it enlarges its circles ever, like the ble thrown into the pond, or the light proceeding an orb. The rays of the soul alight first on things rest, on every utensil and toy, on nurses and domestics, the house, and yard, and passengers, on the circle of sehold acquaintance, on politics, and geography, and ory. But things are ever grouping themselves ording to higher or more interior laws. Neighbourd, size, numbers, habits, persons, lose by degrees r power over us. Cause and effect, real affinities, longing for harmony between the soul and the mstance, the progressive, idealizing instinct, preinate later, and the step backward from the higher the lower relations is impossible. Thus even love, th is the odsification of mersons white become amore ersonal every day. Of this at first it gives no mint. Little think the youth and maiden who are g at each other across crowded rooms, with eyes of mutual intelligence, of the precious fruit long after to proceed from this new, quite external sti The work of vegetation begins first in the irrit of the bark and leaf-buds. From exchanging g they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry to fiery passion, to plighting troth, and ma Passion beholds its object as a perfect unit soul is wholly embodied, and the body is

"Her pure and eloquent blood Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, That one might almost say her body thought,"

Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little si make the heavens fine. Life, with this pair, I other aim, asks no more, than Juliet,—than I Night, day, studies, talents, kingdoms, religio all contained in this form full of soul, in this soul is all form. The lovers delight in endearments, in a of love, in comparisons of their regards. When they solace themselves with the remembered imthe other. Does that other see the same star, the melting cloud, read the same book, feel the same en that now delight me? They try and weigh affection, and, adding up costly advantages, opportunities, properties, exult in discovering willingly, joyfully, they would give all as a rans the beautiful, the beloved head, not one hair of shall be harmed. But the lot of humanity is on children. Danger, sorrow, and pain arrive to as to all. Love prays. It makes covenants Eternal Power in behalf of this dear mate. The which is thus effected, and which adds a new v. every atom in nature, for it transmutes every throughout the whole web of relation into a ray, and bathes the soul in a new and sweeter el is yet a temporary state. Not always can i pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in a arouses itself at last from these endearments, a LIBRARY

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d puts on the harness, and aspires to vast and unirsal aims. The soul which is in the soul of each, ving a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, ects, and disproportion in the behaviour of the other. nce arise surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet at which drew them to each other was signs of loveliss, signs of virtue; and these virtues are there, hower eclipsed. They appear and reappear, and conue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the ns, and attaches to the substance. This repairs wounded affection. Meantime, as life wears on, proves a game of permutation and combination of all ssible positions of the parties, to employ all the reirces of each, and acquaint each with the strength d weakness of the other. For it is the nature and of this relation, that they should represent the human e to each other. All that is in the world, which is ought to be known, is cunningly wrought into the ture of man, of woman.

"The person love does to us fit, Like manna, has the taste of all in it."

The world rolls; the circumstances vary every hour. It is angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear the windows, and the gnomes and vices also. By the virtues they are united. If there be virtue, all vices are known as such; they confess and flee. It is not established the virtues are known as such; they confess and flee. It is not established the property of the propert

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from the first, and wholly above their conscious Looking at these aims with which two persons, and a woman, so variously and correlatively are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the enwith which the heart prophesies this crisis from infancy, at the profuse beauty with which the indeck the nuptial bower, and nature, and inteller art emulate each other in the gifts and the melocities.

bring to the epithalamium.

Thus are we put in training for a love which not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of inc virtue and wisdom. We are by nature observed thereby learners. That is our permanent state we are often made to feel that our affections at tents of a night. Though slowly and with parobjects of the affections change, as the objects of the do. There are moments when the affections ruabsorb the man, and make his happiness dependence person or persons. But in health the mind is presen again—its overarching vault, bright with go immutable lights, and the warm loves and feasier swept over us as clouds, must lose their finite chand blend with God, to attain their own performed but we need not fear that we can lose anything progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted end. That which is so beautiful and attract these relations must be succeeded and supplanter.

by what is more beautiful, and so on for ever.

other discount the fight as that dispersion that

and the derived a test assisted at it to

VI.—FRIENDSHIP.

A ruddy drop of manly blood The surging sea outweighs. The world uncertain comes and goes, The lover rooted stays. I fancied he was fled, And, after many a year, Glowed unexhausted kindliness Like daily sunrise there. My careful heart was free again,-O friend, my bosom said, Through thee alone the sky is arched. Through thee the rose is red, All things through thee take nobler form And look beyond the earth, And is the mill-round of our fate A sun-path in thy worth. Me too thy nobleness has taught To master my despair; The fountains of my hidden life Are through thy friendship fair.

E have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills e east winds the world, the whole human family bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. w many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely ak to, whom yet we honour, and who honour us! w many we see in the street, or sit with in church, om, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! ad the language of these wandering eye-beams. The art knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is ertain cordial exhilaration. In poetry, and in common ech, the emotions of benevolence and complacency ich are felt towards others are likened to the material ects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, re cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From highest degree of passionate love, to the lowest degree good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Dur intellectual and active powers increase with our ection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his

years of meditation do not furnish him with one; thought or happy expression; but it is necessar write a letter to a friend—and, forthwith, troops of thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with d words. See, in any house where virtue and self-res abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stracauses. A commended stranger is expected and nounced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and invades all the hearts of a household. His an almost brings fear to the good hearts that would come him. The house is dusted, all things fly into places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stran only the good report is told by others, only the good new is heard by us. He stands to us for huma He is what we wish. Having imagined and inve him, we ask how we should stand related in conve tion and action with such a man, and are uneasy fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. talk better than we are wont. We have the nime fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has to leave for the time. For long hours we can cont a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, die from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they in sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, la feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. Bur soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partial his definitions, his defects, into the conversation, it ir over. He has heard the first, the last and best he ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgas ignorance, misapprehension are old acquaintance Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the cil and the dinner-but the throbbing of the heart, and communications of the soul, no more. ot

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection by make a young world for me again? What so delice as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thougher a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to me beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and I true! The moment we include our affections, is carth as a movement with the steps and forms of the gifted and I true!

ght; all tragedies, all ennuis, vanish,—all duties en; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the ms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be sured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for

thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my ends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the autiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his ts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my e. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes ne,—a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave ial threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, shall by-and-by stand in a new world of our own ation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a ditionary globe. My friends have come to me unght. The great God gave them to me. By oldest it, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find m, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them ides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, tion, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually nives, and now makes many one. High thanks we you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meanof all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the Bard,—poetry without stop,—hymn, ode, and epic, try still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting . Will these, too, separate themselves from me in, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it for my relation to them is so pure, that we hold imple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus al, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomer is as noble as these men and women, wherever ay be.

confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on point CC It is almost dangerous to the of the sweet poison of misused wine, of the affections.

A new person is to me a great event, and hinder from sleep. I have often had fine fancies about per which have given me delicious hours; but the join the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is no of it; my action is very little modified. I murpride in my friend's accomplishments as if they mine,—and a property in his virtues. I feel as when he is praised, as the lover when he hears ap of his engaged maiden. We over-estimate the science of our friend. His goodness seems better our goodness, his nature finer, his temptation Everything that is his,—his name, his form, his books, and instruments,—fancy enhances. Our thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not w their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Frier like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be be The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that not verily that which he worships; and in the hour of friendship, we are surprised with shades a picion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow hero the virtues in which he shines, and after worship the form to which we have ascribed this In strictness, the soul does not r men as it respects itself. In strict science all p underlie the same condition of an infinite remo-Shall we fear to cool our love by mining for the physical foundation of this Elysian temple? I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I not fear to know them for what they are. Their eis not less beautiful than their appearance, thou needs finer organs for its apprehension. The rethe plant is not unsightly to science, though for che and festoons we cut the stem short. And I hazard the production of the bald fact amidst pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egw skull at our banquet. A man who stands united his thoughts conceives magnificently of himself. is conscious of a universal success, even though he cey Juniform di Rattieuler dailuges ed Ne Gadyantages powers, no gold or force, can be any match for cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more an on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness ntamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet s a faint, moon-like ray. I hear what you say of the mirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, it I see well that for all his purple cloaks I shall not te him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I nnot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the penomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted mensity,—thee, also, compared with whom all else is adow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is, thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. ou hast come to me lately, and already thou art zing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul its forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and esently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes old leaf? The law of nature is alteration for everore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. e soul environs itself with friends, that it may enter o a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes one for a season, that it may exalt its conversation society. This method betrays itself along the whole tory of our personal relations. The instinct of affecn revives the hope of union with our mates, and the urning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. us every man passes his life in the search after friendp, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might ite a letter like this to each new candidate for his love:

AR FRIEND :-

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to atch my mood with thine, I should never think again trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am very wise; my moods are quite attainable; and I pect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet the I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, as so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for iosity, and not for life. They are not to be indulged.

This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our ships hurry to short and poor conclusions, be we have made them a texture of wine and de instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. Th of friendship are austere and eternal, of one well the laws of nature and of morals. But we have at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden swee We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole gard God, which many summers and many winters ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but wi adulterate passion which would appropriate hi ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, be play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. A all people descend to meet. All association mu a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful nature appears as they approach each other. What a per disappointment is actual society, even of the vii and gifted! After interviews have been comp with long foresight, we must be tormented pre by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apa by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the day of friendship and thought. Our faculties d play us true, and both parties are relieve solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makedifference how many friends I have, and what construct I can find in conversing with each, if there be on whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal one contest, the joy I find in all the rest becomes and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I

my other friends my asylum.

"The valiant warrior famoused for fight,
After a hundred victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bachess and apathy are a tough husk, in which a decrease organization is protected from premarile rip

would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best als were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect anaturlangsamkeit which hardens the ruby in a million ars, and works in duration, in which Alps and Andes ne and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life is no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, ich is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for total worth of man. Let us not have this childish arry in our regards, but the austerest worth; let us proach our friend with an audacious trust in the thof his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate all benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation ch is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the guage of love suspicious and common, so much is this

er, and nothing is so much divine.

do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with ghest courage. When they are real, they are not s threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we w. For now, after so many ages of experience, at do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one has man taken towards the solution of the problem is destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the le universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of and peace, which I draw from this alliance with brother's soul, is the nut itself, whereof all nature all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the se that shelters a friend! It might well be built, a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. ppier, if he know the solemnity of that relation, and our its law! He who offers himself a candidate for covenant comes up, like an Olympian to the great es, where the first-born of the world are the comtors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, at, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor has truth enough in his constitution to preserve delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all all the speed in that contest depends on his cancel

nobleness, and the contempt of trifles. There are elements that go to the composition of friendship so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in no reason why either should be first named. C Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be si Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived a in the presence of a man so real and equal, that drop even those undermost garments of dissimul courtesy, and second thought, which men neve off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and ness with which one chemical atom meets an Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and auth only to the highest rank, that being permitted to truth as having none above it to court or conform Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and the approach of our fellow-man by compliment gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover u thought from him under a hundred folds. I km man, who, under a certain religious frenzy, car this drapery, and, omitting all compliment and com place, spoke to the conscience of every perso encountered, and that with great insight and be At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing some time in this course, he attained to the advaof bringing every man of his acquaintance into relations with him. No man would think of spea falsely with him, or of putting him off with any of markets or reading-rooms. But every man constrained by so much sincerity to the like dealing, and what love of nature, what poetry, symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show But to most of us society shows not its face and but its side and its back. To stand in true relationships with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity. not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every mic meet requires some civility,-requires to be human he has some fame, some talent, some whim of re cerophilanthrapmin bindend that is not banden ust and which spoils all conversation with him. But a a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me, y friend gives me entertainment without requiring y stipulation on my part. A friend, therefore, is a t of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see thing in nature whose existence I can affirm with all evidence to my own, behold now the semblance my being, in all its height, variety, and curiosity, terated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well

reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are den to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiran, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but can scarce believe that so much character can subin another as to draw us by love. Can another be blest, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenders? When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched goal of fortune. I find very little written directly the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have text which I cannot choose but remember. My hor says-" I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those ose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendshould have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. must plant itself on the ground, before it vaults over moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before s quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he kes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, useful loans; it is good neighbourhood; it watches h the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. though we cannot find the god under this disguise sutler, yet, on the other hand, we cannot forgive poet if he spins his thread too fine, and does not stantiate his romance by the municipal virtues justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the stitution of the name of friendship to signify modish worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ighboys and tin-peddlers, to the silken and perfumed ty which celebrates its days of encounter by a clous display, by rides in a curricle, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commothe most strict and homely that can be joined; strict than any of which we have experience. for aid and comfort through all the relations and pass of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and gragifts, and country rambles, but also for rough and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the troof religion. We are to dignify to each other the needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by convision, and unity. It should never fall into some usual and settled, but should be alert and invertant add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

Friendship may be said to require natures so and costly, each so well tempered and so happily ada and withal so circumstanced (for even in that partie a poet says, love demands that the parties be altog paired), that its satisfaction can very seldom be ass It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, be more than two. I am not quite so strict in my to perhaps because I have never known so high a fe ship as others. I please my imagination more w circle of godlike men and women variously relate each other, and between whom subsists a lofty in gence. But I find this law of one to one perem for conversation, which is the practice and consur tion of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have useful and cheering discourse at several times with several men, but let all three of you come together, you shall not have one new and hearty word, may talk and one may hear, but three cannot part in a conversation of the most sincere and seing sort. In good company there is never such discrete two, across the table, as takes place when leave them alone. In good company, the indivimerge their egotism into a social soul exactly coef sive with the several consciousnesses there present.

Partialities of Michael to friend in fonduesses of breto sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent ite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can il on the common thought of the party, and not poorly nited to his own. Now this convention, which good use demands, destroys the high freedom of great aversation, which requires an absolute running of o souls into one.

No two men but, being left alone with each other, ter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that termines which two shall converse. Unrelated men the little joy to each other; will never suspect the ent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great ent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation, no more. A man is reputed to have thought and quence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his sin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as the reason as they would blame the insignificance of ial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. long those who enjoy his thought, he will regain his gue.

friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of wer and of consent in the other party. Let me be not to the end of the world, rather than that my and should overstep, by a word or a look, his real pathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be self. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that not mine is mine. I have in his being mine, is that not mine is mine. I have, where I looked for a manly therance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your and than his echo. The condition which high friends demands is ability to do without it. That high office unites great and sublime parts. There must be y two, before there can be very one. Let it be an ance of two large, formidable natures, mutually teld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the identity which beneath these disparities unites

is sure that greatness and goodless are always of the countries of the cou

economy; who is not swift to intermeddle wifortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Let the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accept the births of the eternal. Friendship demay religious treatment. We talk of choosing our that the births are self-elected. Reverence is a great of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of the has merits that are not yours, and that you thonour, if you must needs hold him close to your friend aside; give those merits room; let them and expand. Are you the friend of your friend's broof his thought? To a great heart he will still stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and to regard a friend as property, and to suck a should all-confounding pleasure, instead of the noblest bergally.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a lorg bation. Why should we desecrate noble and besouls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash per relations with your friend? Why go to his how know his mother and brother and sisters? Wil visited by him at your own? Are these things ma to our covenant? Leave this touching and cla Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thous sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not nor pottage. I can get politics, and chat, and bourly conveniences from cheaper companions. Si not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure versal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to fee our tie is profane in comparison with yonder a cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of w grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilifi raise it to that standard. That great, defying eya scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and ene Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a the but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy and part. Let him be to thee for ever a sort of be enemy, untameable, devoutly revered, and trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast CCTOn danger world the thog alleging 1 Divitized the Chiagnoind, a ter, and from him I receive a letter. That seems you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift thy of him to give, and of me to receive. It profanes ody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have

made good.

espect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for opening. We must be our own before we can be ther's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, rding to the Latin proverb; -you can speak to accomplice on even terms. Crimen quos inquinal, at. To those whom we admire and love, at first we ot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, y judgment, the entire relation. There can never be peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, , in their dialogue, each stands for the whole world. hat is so great as friendship, let us carry with what deur of spirit we can. Let us be silent—so we may the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. set you to cast about what you should say to the t souls, or how to say anything to such? No matter ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. re are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, thy heart shall speak. Wait until the necessary everlasting overpowers you, until day and night themselves of your lips. The only reward of virtue rtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. shall not come nearer a man by getting into his e. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from and you shall never catch a true glance of his eye. see the noble afar off, and they repel us; why should intrude? Late-very late-we perceive that no ngements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits ciety, would be of any avail to establish us in such ions with them as we desire—but solely the upof nature in us to the same degree it is in them; shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, are already they. In the last analysis, love is the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other Men have sometimes exchanged names with their fa as if they would signify that in their friend each his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood walk alone in the world. Friends, such as we are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other I of the universal power, souls are now acting, end and daring, which can love us, and which we car We may congratulate ourselves that the peri nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame, is in solitude, and when we are finished men, we shall heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonish what you already see, not to strike leagues of ship with cheap persons, where no friendship co Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish all which no God attends. By persisting in your though you forfeit the little you gain the great. demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out reach of false relations, and you draw to you the born of the world—those rare pilgrims whereon one or two wander in nature at once, and before the vulgar great show as spectres and shadows m

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spin as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whe correction of our popular views we make from in nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a graded Let us feel, if we will, the absolute insulation of the weare sure that we have all in us. We go to Fully or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instraint that these will call it out and reveal us to our Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the E an old faded garment of dead persons; the books ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dear the sure of the su

hand me: I will be dependent no more;" Ah! st thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to et again on a higher platform, and only be more h other's, because we are more our own? A friend Janus-faced: he looks to the past and the future. is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet those to come, and the harbinger of a greater friend. do then with my friends as I do with my books. ald have them where I can find them, but I seldom them. We must have society on our own terms, admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I canafford to speak much with my friend. If he is at, he makes me so great that I cannot descend to werse. In the great days, presentiments hover ore me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate self to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go that I may seize them. I fear only that I may them receding into the sky in which now they are a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study r visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, spiritual astronomy, or search of stars, and come m to warm sympathies with you; but then I know I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty s. It is true, next week I shall have languid moods, n I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign cts; then I shall regret the lost literature of your d, and wish you were by my side again. But if come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with visions, not with yourself but with your lustres, I shall not be able any more than now to converse you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent recourse. I will receive from them, not what they e, but what they are. They shall give me that which perly they cannot give, but which emanates from n. But they shall not hold me by any relations less tle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, part as though we parted not. t has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, arry a Priences appropriately of the file of the control o correspondence on the other. Why should I comyself with regrets that the receiver is not capacity It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness ed the crude and cold companion. If he is unequivill presently pass away; but thou art enlarge thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frog worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empy It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. Bu great will see that true love cannot be unreq True love transcends the unworthy object, and and broods on the eternal, and when the poor inter mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so earth, and feels its independency the surer. Yet things may hardly be said without a sort of trea to the relation. The essence of friendship is entire a total magnanimity and trust. It must not su or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as 2 that it may deify both.

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VII.—PRUDENCE.

Theme no poet gladly sung,
Fair to old and foul to young,
Scorn not thou the love of parts,
And the articles of arts.
Grandeur of the perfect sphere
Thanks the atoms that cohere.

WHAT right have I to write on Prudence, whereof I have little, and that of the negative sort? My idence consists in avoiding and going without, not the inventing of means and methods, not in adroit ering, not in gentle repairing. I have no skill to ke money spend well, no genius in my economy, whoever sees my garden discovers that I must have the other garden. Yet I love facts, and hate lubricity, people without perception. Then I have the same to write on prudence, that I have to write on poetry holiness. We write from aspiration and antagonism, well as from experience. We paint those qualities which do not possess. The poet admires the man of energy tactics; the merchant breeds his son for the church the bar: and where a man is not vain and egotistic, shall find what he has not by his praise. More-, it would be hardly honest in me not to balance se fine lyric words of Love and Friendship with words coarser sound, and, whilst my debt to my senses is land constant, not to own it in passing.

rudence is the virtue of the senses. It is the science appearances. It is the outmost action of the inward. It is God taking thought for oxen. It moves there after the laws of matter. It is content to seek the of body by complying with physical conditions,

health of mind by the laws of the intellect.

he world of the senses is a world of shows; it does exist for itself, but has a symbolic character; and a prudence or law of shows recognizes the co-presence ther laws, and knows that its own office is subaltern; we that it is surface and not centre where it works. dence is the warm with the plectors legited have when

it is the Natural History of the soul incarnate; when unfolds the beauty of laws within the narrow scope of

There are all degrees of proficiency in knowledge of It is sufficient, to our present purpose, to indic One class live to the utility of the symb esteeming health and wealth a final good. Another c live above this mark to the beauty of the symbol; the poet, and artist, and the naturalist, and man science. A third class live above the beauty of symbol to the beauty of the thing signified; the are wise men. The first class have common ser the second, taste; and the third, spiritual percept Once in a long time, a man traverses the whole scale, sees and enjoys the symbol solidly; then also ha clear eye for its beauty, and, lastly, whilst he pit his tent on this sacred volcanic isle of nature, does offer to build houses and barns thereon, reveren the splendour of the God which he sees bursting thro

each chink and cranny.

The world is filled with the proverbs and acts winkings of a base prudence, which is a devotion matter, as if we possessed no other faculties than palate, the nose, the touch, the eye and ear; a prud which adores the Rule of Three, which never subscri which never gives, which seldom lends, and asks one question of any project-Will it bake bre This is a disease like a thickening of the skin until vital organs are destroyed. But culture, revealing high origin of the apparent world, and aiming at perfection of the man as the end, degrades everyt else, as health and bodily life, into means. It prudence not to be a several faculty, but a name wisdom and virtue conversing with the body and wants. Cultivated men always feel and speak so if a great fortune, the achievement of a civil or s measure, great personal influence, a graceful and manding address, had their value as proofs of the enof the spirit. If a man lose his balance, and immersel self in any trades or pleasures for their own sake, he be a good wheel or pille tim He gives the Garage attended may The spurious prudence, making the senses final, is the d of sots and cowards, and is the subject of all comedy. is nature's joke, and therefore literature's. The true adence limits this sensualism by admitting the know-ige of an internal and real world. This recognition ce made—the order of the world and the distribution affairs and times being studied with the co-perception their subordinate place, will reward any degree of ention. For our existence, thus apparently attached nature to the sun and the returning moon and the roots which they mark—so susceptible to climate to country, so alive to social good and evil, so fond splendour, and so tender to hunger and cold and debt, ds all its primary lessons out of these books.

Prudence does not go behind nature, and ask whence

s. It takes the laws of the world, whereby man's ng is conditioned, as they are, and keeps these laws, t it may enjoy their proper good. It respects space time, climate, want, sleep, the law of polarity, wth, and death. There revolve to give bound and iod to his being, on all sides, the sun and moon, the at formalists in the sky: here lies stubborn matter, and not swerve from its chemical routine. nted globe, pierced and belted with natural laws, and ced and distributed externally with civil partitions properties which impose new restraints on the young

abitant.

We eat of the bread which grows in the field. We live the air which blows around us, and we are poisoned the air that is too cold or too hot, too dry or too wet. ne, which shows so vacant, indivisible, and divine ts coming, is slit and peddled into trifles and tatters. oor is to be painted, a lock to be repaired. I want d, or oil, or meal, or salt; the house smokes, or I e a headache; then the tax; and an affair to be sacted with a man without heart or brains; and stinging recollection of an injurious or very awkward d—these eat up the hours. Do what we can, summer have its flies: if we walk in the woods, we must mosquitoes: if we go a fishing we must expect yet coat. Then climate is a great impediment of

idle persons: we often resolve to give up the care the weather, but still we regard the clouds and ther. We are instructed by these petty experiences we usurp the hours and years. The hard soil and months of snow make the inhabitant of the north temperate zone wiser and abler than his fellow enjoys the fixed smile of the tropics. The islammay ramble all day at will. At night, he may sleep mat under the moon, and wherever a wild date-tree grounds to the property of the prope nature has, without a prayer even, spread a table for morning meal. The northerner is perforce a household He must brew, bake, salt, and preserve his food, pile wood and coal. But as it happens that not stroke can labour lay to, without some new acquaint with nature; and as nature is inexhaustibly significant the inhabitants of these climates have always except the southerner in force. Such is the value of the matters, that a man who knows other things can me know too much of these. Let him have accurate ceptions. Let him, if he have hands, handle; if the measure and discriminate; let him accept and every fact of chemistry, natural history, and economic the more he has, the less is he willing to spare any Time is always bringing the occasions that disclose to value. Some wisdom comes out of every natural innocent action. The domestic man, who loves music so well as his kitchen clock, and the airs was the logs sing to him as they burn on the hear has solaces which others never dream of. The apply tion of means to ends insures victory and the some victory, not less in a farm or a shop than in the tar of party or of war. The good husband finds ment as efficient in the packing of fire-wood in a shed, the harvesting of fruits in the cellar, as in Peningu campaigns or the files of the Department of State. the rainy day, he builds a work-bench, or gets his in box set in the corner of the barn-chamber, and side with nails, gimlet, pincers, screwdriver, and con Herein he tastes an old joy of youth and childhood to cat-like love of garrets, presses, and corn-chamicand binganawaco Meenfellees of Divingd Processage in R rden or his poultry-yard tells him many pleasant ecdotes. One might find argument for optimism the abundant flow of this saccharine element of pleasure every suburb and extremity of the good world. Let man keep the law-any law-and his way will be own with satisfactions. There is more difference the quality of our pleasures than in the amount. On the other hand, nature punishes any neglect of dence. If you think the senses final, obey their law. ou believe in the soul, do not clutch at sensual sweets before it is ripe on the slow tree of cause and effect. s vinegar to the eyes, to deal with men of loose and erfect perception. Dr Johnson is reported to have -" If the child says he looked out of this window, n he looked out of that—whip him." Our American racter is marked by a more than average delight ccurate perception, which is shown by the currency the byword, "No mistake." But the discomfort npunctuality, of confusion of thought about facts, attention to the wants of to-morrow, is of no nation. beautiful laws of time and space, once dislocated our inaptitude, are holes and dens. If the hive be urbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey, ill yield us bees. Our words and actions to be fair t be timely. A gay and pleasant sound is the tting of the scythe in the mornings of June; yet is more lonesome and sad that the sound of a whetor mower's rifle, when it is too late in the season ake hay? Scatter-brained and "afternoon men" much more than their own affair, in spoiling the per of those who deal with them. I have seen a cism on some paintings, of which I am reminded I see the shiftless and unhappy men who are not to their senses. The last Grand Duke of Weimar, n of superior understanding, said :- " I have someremarked in the presence of great works of art, just now especially, in Dresden, how much a certain erty contributes to the effect which gives life to figures, and to the life an irresistible truth. This erty is the hitting in all the figures we draw, the centre of gravity. I mean, the placing the figures firm upon their feet, making the hands grasp, and faing the eyes on the spot where they should look. It lifeless figures, as vessels and stools—let them be di ever so correctly—lose all effect so soon as they the resting upon their centre of gravity, and has certain swimming and oscillating appearance. Raphael, in the Dresden gallery (the only greaffecting picture which I have seen), is the quitand most passionless piece you can imagine, a co of saints who worship the Virgin and Child. Never less, it awakens a deeper impression than the conton of ten crucified martyrs. For, beside all the resist beauty of form, it possesses in the highest degree property of the perpendicularity of all the figure This perpendicularity we demand of all the figure this picture of life. Let them stand on their feet, not float and swing. Let us know where to find the Let them discriminate between what they rement and what they dreamed, call a spade a spade, give facts, and honour their own senses with trust.

But what man shall dare tax another with impruder Who is prudent? The men we call greatest are least this kingdom. There is a certain fatal dislocation our relation to nature, distorting our modes of live and making every law our enemy, which seems at to have aroused all the wit and virtue in the worls ponder the question of Reform. We must call to highest prudence to counsel, and ask why health it beauty and genius should now be the exception, rate than the rule, of human nature? We do not knows properties of plants and animals and the laws of nat through our sympathy with the same; but this remin the dream of poets. Poetry and prudence should coincident. Poets should be lawgivers; that is, w boldest lyric inspiration should not chide and in but should announce and lead, the civil code, and day's work. But now the two things seem irreconcil We have violated law upon law, until westr amidst ruins, and when by chance we espy a coincid between reason and the phenomena, we are surprible at the clowing divisited by man and we him invariably as; sensation; but it is rare. Health or and organization should be universal. Genius should the child of genius, and every child should be inspired; to now it is not to be predicted of any child, and notere is it pure. We call partial half-lights, by courtesy, aims; talent which converts itself to money; talent high glitters to-day, that it may dine and sleep well morrow; and society is officered by men of parts, as every are properly called, and not by divine men. These their gifts to refine luxury, not to abolish it. Genius always ascetic; and piety and love. Appetite shows the finer souls as a disease, and they find beauty in and bounds that resist it.

We have found out fine names to cover our sensuality hal, but no gifts can raise intemperance. The man of nt affects to call his transgressions of the laws of the ses trivial, and to count them nothing considered h his devotion to his art. His art never taught him dness, nor the love of wine, nor the wish to reap re he had not sowed. His art is less for every action from his holiness, and less for every defect common sense. On him who scorned the world, he said, the scorned world wreaks its revenge. that despiseth small things will perish by little and . Goethe's Tasso is very likely to be a pretty fair orical portrait, and that is true tragedy. It does seem to me so genuine grief when some tyrannous ard the Third oppresses and slays a score of innocent ons, as when Antonio and Tasso, both apparently , wrong each other. One living after the maxims his world, and consistent and true to them, the r fired with all divine sentiments, yet grasping also ne pleasures of sense, without submitting to their That is a grief we all feel, a knot we cannot untie.

of genius, of an ardent temperament, reckless of ical laws, self-indulgent, becomes presently unnate, querulous, a "discomfortable cousin," a

to himself and to others.

e scholar shames us by his bifold life. Whilst somehigher thalangamwerke as Golfetton height admiraghetri when common sense is wanted, he is an enbrance. Yesterday, Cæsar was not so great; to the felon at the gallows' foot is not more mable. Yesterday, radiant with the light of an world, in which he lives, the first of men; and oppressed by wants and by sickness, for which he thank himself. He resembles the pitiful drive whom travellers describe as frequenting the bar of Constantinople, who skulk about all day, ye emaciated, ragged, sneaking; and at evening, the bazaars are open, slink to the opium-shop, swatheir morsel, and become tranquil and glorified and who has not seen the tragedy of imprudent go struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulat last sinking, chilled, exhausted, and fruitless,

a giant slaughtered by pins?

Is it not better that a man should accept the first; and mortifications of this sort, which nature is not in sending him, as hints that he must expect no good than the just fruit of his own labour and denial? Health, bread, climate, social position, their importance, and he will give them their Let him esteem Nature a perpetual counsellor, and perfections the exact measure of our deviations. him make the night night, and the day day. Let control the habit of expense. Let him see that as a wisdom may be expended on a private economy an empire, and as much wisdom may be drawn from The laws of the world are written out for him on a piece of money in his hand. There is nothing he not be the better for knowing, were it only the woof Poor Richard; or the State-Street prudence of but by the acre to sell by the foot; or the thrift of the culturist, to stick a tree between whiles, because will grow whilst he sleeps; or the prudence which sists in husbanding little strokes of the tool, little por of time, particles of stock, and small gains. The of prudence may never shut. Iron, if kept at the monger's, will rust; beer, if not brewed in the right of the atmosphere, will sour; timber of ships will sea, or, if laid up high and dry, will strain, ware y-rot; money, if kept by us, yields no rent, and is ble to loss; if invested, is liable to depreciation of the rticular kind of stock. Strike, says the smith, the n is white; keep the rake, says the haymaker, as the scythe as you can, and the cart as nigh the ke. Our Yankee trade is reputed to be very much the extreme of this prudence. It takes bank-notes good, bad, clean, ragged—and saves itself by the speed th which it passes them off. Iron cannot rust, nor er sour, nor timber rot, nor calicoes go out of fashion, money stocks depreciate, in the few swift moments which the Yankee suffers any one of them to remain his possession. In skating over thin ice, our safety

n our speed.

Let him learn a prudence of a higher strain. Let him m that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he ps. By diligence and self-command, let him put bread he eats at his own disposal, that he may not nd in bitter and false relations to other men; for the t good of wealth is freedom. Let him practise the minor tues. How much of human life is lost in waiting! him not make his fellow-creatures wait. How many rds and promises are promises of conversation! let be words of fate. When he sees a folded and sealed ip of paper float around the globe in a pine ship, and ne safe to the eye for which it was written, amidst a rming population, let him likewise feel the admonition ntegrate his being across all these distracting forces, keep a slender human word among the storms, tances, and accidents that drive us hither and thither, d, by persistency, make the paltry force of one man ppear to redeem its pledge, after months and years, the most distant climates.

We must not try to write the laws of any one virtue, king at that only. Human nature loves no contrations, but is symmetrical. The prudence which ares an outward well-being is not to be studied by set of men, whilst heroism and holiness are studied another, but they are reconcilable. Prudence con-ns the present comparation of property, and exacting forms. But as every fact hath its roots in the and, if the soul were changed, would cease to be would become some other thing, the proper admitration of outward things will always rest on a apprehension of their cause and origin, that is, the man will be the wise man, and the single-hearted politic man. Every violation of truth is not only a of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of his society. On the most profitable lie, the course of expresently lays a destructive tax; whilst framinvites frankness, puts the parties on a convert footing, and makes their business a triendship. I men, and they will be true to you; treat them greated they will show themselves great, though make an exception in your favour to all their rule trade.

So, in regard to disagreeable and formidable the prudence does not consist in evasion, or in flight in courage. He who wishes to walk in the most peaparts of life with any serenity must screw himself a resolution. Let him front the object of his worst at hension, and his stoutness will commonly make his groundless. The Latin proverb says, that "in be the eye is first overcome." Entire self-possession make a battle very little more dangerous to life a match at foils or at football. Examples are cite soldiers, of men who have seen the cannon pois and the fire given to it, and who have stepped aside the path of the ball. The terrors of the storm are confined to the parlour and the cabin. The difference of the sailor, buffets it all day, and his health renews at as vigorous a pulse under the sleet, as under the standard.

In the occurrence of unpleasant things a neighbours, fear comes readily to heart, and may the consequence of the other party; but it is a counsellor. Every man is actually weak, and apparent strong. To himself, he seems weak; to others, it dable. You are afraid of Grim; but Grim also is a consequence of youngay was pricipally of the may person, uneasy at his ill-will. But the sturdlest of the s

your peace and of the neighbourhood, if you rip up claims, is as thin and timid as any; and the peace of icty is often kept, because, as children say, one is aid, and the other dares not. Far off, men swell, ly, and threaten; bring them hand to hand, and

y are a feeble folk.

is a proverb, that "courtesy costs nothing;" but ulation might come to value love for its profit. Love bled to be blind; but kindness is necessary to percep-; love is not a hood, but an eye-water. If you meet ectary, or a hostile partisan, never recognize the ding lines; but meet on what common ground reis-if only that the sun shines, and the rain rains oth; the area will widen very fast, and ere you know the boundary mountains, on which the eye had ened, have melted into air. If they set out to con-, Saint Paul will lie, and Saint John will hate. t low, poor, paltry, hypocritical people an argut on religion will make of the pure and chosen ! They will shuffle, and crow, crook, and hide, to confess here, only that they may brag and conthere, and not a thought has enriched either party, not an emotion of bravery, modesty, or hope. So er should you put yourself in a false position with contemporaries, by indulging a vein of hostility bitterness. Though your views are in straight gonism to theirs, assume an identity of sentiment, me that you are saying precisely that which all k, and in the flow of wit and love roll out your doxes in solid column, with not the infirmity of a t. So at least shall you get an adequate deliverance. natural motions of the soul are so much better than voluntary ones, that you will never do yourself ce in dispute. The thought is not then taken hold the right handle, does not show itself proportioned, in its true bearings, but bears extorted, hoarse, half witness. But assume a consent, and it shall ently be granted, since, really, and underneath their mal diversities, all men are of one heart and mind. isdom will never let us stand with any man or on an unfriendly working the westerns eight and the control of th DL. I.

intimacy with people, as if we waited for some! sympathy and intimacy to come. But whene when? To-morrow will be like to-day. Life itself whilst we are preparing to live. Our friends fellow-workers die off from us. Scarcely can we we see new men, new women, approaching us. W too old to regard fashion, too old to expect patr of any greater or more powerful. Let us suck thes ness of those affections and consuctudes that grow us. These old shoes are easy to the feet. Undoub we can easily pick faults in our company, can whisper names prouder, and that tickle the fancy Every man's imagination hath its friends; and would be dearer with such companions. But, i cannot have them on good mutual terms, you ca have them. If not the Deity, but our ambition, and shapes the new relations, their virtue esch as strawberries lose their flavour in garden beds.

Thus truth, frankness, courage, love, humility, all the virtues, range themselves on the side of prudion the art of securing a present well-being. I deal know if all matter will be found to be made of element, as oxygen or hydrogen, at last, but the vior of manners and actions is wrought of one stuff, g begin where we will, we are pretty sure in a short see

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VIII.—HEROISM.

Paradise is under the shadow of swords.

Mahomet.

Ruby wine is drunk by knaves, Sugar spends to fatten slaves, Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons; Thunderclouds are Jove's festoons, Drooping oft in wreaths of dread Lightning-knotted round his head; The hero is not fed on sweets, Daily his own heart he eats; Chambers of the great are jails, And head-winds right for royal sails.

the elder English dramatists, and mainly in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a con-recognition of gentility, as if a noble behaviour as easily marked in the society of their age, as r is in our American population. When any igo, Pedro, or Valerio enters, though he be a ger, the duke or governor exclaims, This is a eman,—and proffers civilities without end; but e rest are slag and refuse. In harmony with this it in personal advantages, there is in their plays tain heroic cast of character and dialogue, -as onduca, Sophocles, the Mad Lover, the Double age,—wherein the speaker is so earnest and cordial, n such deep grounds of character, that the dialogue, e slightest additional incident in the plot, rises ally into poetry. Among many texts, take the ring. The Roman Martius has conquered Athens, but the invincible spirits of Sophocles, the duke hens, and Dorigen, his wife. The beauty of the inflames Martius, and he seeks to save her husband; ophocles will not ask his life, although assured that d will save him, and the execution of both proceeds.

Valerius. Bid thy wife farewell.

Soph. No, I will take no leave. My Dorigen,

Inder, above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,

y spirit shall hover for thee. Prithee, haste.

Dor. Stay, Bophogles, was will be the upon Bight by eGangotri

the not soft nature so transformed be,

And lose her gentler sexed humanity, To make me see my lord bleed. So, 'tis well: Never one object underneath the sun Will I behold before my Sophocles: Farewell; now teach the Romans how to dic.

Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die? Soph. Thou dost not, Martius, And, therefore, not what 'tis to live; to die Is to begin to live. It is to end An old, stale, weary work, and to commence A newer and a better. 'Tis to leave Deceitful knaves for the society Of gods and goodness. Thou thyself must part At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs, And prove thy fortitude what then 'twill do.

Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave thy life thus? Why should I grieve or vex for being sent

To them I ever loved best? Now I'll kneel, But with my back toward thee; 'tis the last duty

This trunk can do the gods.

Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius, Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth, This is a man, a woman! Kiss thy lord, And live with all the freedom you were wont. O love! thou doubly hast afflicted me With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart, My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn, Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.

Val. What ails my brother? Soph. Martius, O Martius,

Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.

Dor. O star of Rome! what gratitude can speak Fit words to follow such a deed as this?

Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius, With his disdain of fortune and of death, Captived himself, has captivated me, And though my arm hath ta'en his body here, His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul. By Romulus, he is all soul, I think; He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyved; Then we have vanquished nothing; he is free, And Martius walks now in captivity."

I do not readily remember any poem, play, set novel, or oration, that our press vents in the last We have a f years, which goes to the same tune. many flutes and flageolets, but not often the sounds fife. Yet Wordsworth's Laodamia, and the ode of "I and some sonners, have a certain noble music; and sometimes draw a stroke like the portrait of Lord andale, given by Balfour of Burley. Thomas Carlyle, his natural taste for what is manly and daring in acter, has suffered no heroic trait in his favourites to from his biographical and historical pictures. Earlier, ert Burns has given us a song or two. In the leian Miscellanies, there is an account of the battle of zen, which deserves to be read. And Simon Ockley's ory of the Saracens recounts the prodigies of indual valour with admiration, all the more evident the part of the narrator, that he seems to think his place in Christian Oxford requires of him proper protestations of abhorrence. But, if we bre the literature of Heroism, we shall quickly e to Plutarch, who is its Doctor and historian. im we owe the Brasidas, the Dion, the Epaminondas, Scipio of old, and I must think we are more deeply bted to him than to all the ancient writers. is "Lives" is a refutation to the despondency and ardice of our religious and political theorists. courage, a Stoicism not of the schools, but of the d, shines in every anecdote, and has given that book nmense fame.

e need books of this tart cathartic virtue, more than s of political science, or of private economy. Life festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and ney-side of prudence, it wears a ragged and dangerous t. The violations of the laws of nature by our pressors and our contemporaries are punished in us also. disease and deformity around us certify the infraction tural, intellectual, and moral laws, and often violaon violation to breed such compound misery. A lockhat bends a man's head back to his heels, hydrophobia, makes him bark at his wife and babes, insanity, that es him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine, ate a certain ferocity in nature, which, as it had let by human crime, must have its outlet by human ring. Unhappily, no man exists who has not in wn person become, to some amount, a stockholder e sin, and sanganwali marif clieble to bight share in the tion.

Our culture, therefore, must not omit the armithe man. Let him hear in season, that he is born the state of war, and that the commonwealth arrown well-being require that he should not go dain the weeds of peace; but warned, self-collected neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him both reputation and life in his hand, and, with purbanity, dare the gibbet and the mob by the abstruth of his speech, and the rectitude of his behavior

Towards all this external evil, the man within the assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability cope single-handed with the infinite army of ene To this military attitude of the soul we give the of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for 5 and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prud in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair harms it may suffer. The hero is a mind of such be that no disturbances can shake his will, but please and, as it were, merrily, he advances to his own m alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of univ dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophic heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; it seem to know that other souls are of one texture with it has pride; it is the extreme of individual na Nevertheless, we must profoundly revere it. The somewhat in great actions, which does not allow to go behind them. Heroism feels and never rea and therefore is always right; and although a diffbreeding, different religion, and greater intelled activity would have modified or even reversed particular action, yet for the hero that thing he is the highest deed, and is not open to the census philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unsch man, that he finds a quality in him that is negler of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatra reproach, and knows that his will is higher and excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists

Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of kind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great ward world. The great ward world by the great ward works in contradiction to as the contradiction to the voice of the contradiction.

pulse of an individual's character. Now to no other a can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every a must be supposed to see a little farther on his a proper path than any one else. Therefore, just and a men take umbrage at his act, until after some little be past: then they see it to be in unison with their s. All prudent men see that the action is clean trary to a sensual prosperity; for every heroic act assures itself by its contempt of some external good. It it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent petrol.

elf-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last iance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, mful of petty calculations, and scornful of being med. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the eness of common life. That false prudence which es on health and wealth is the butt and merriment eroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed its body. What shall it say, then, to the sugarms and cats'-cradles, to the toilet, compliments, rrels, cards, and custard, which rack the wit of all ety? What joys has kind nature provided for us recreatures! There seems to be no interval between tness and meanness. When the spirit is not master the world, then it is its dupe. Yet the little man es the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headand believing, is born red, and dies grey, arranging toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for et food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little se, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at earnest nonsense. "Indeed, these humble conrations make me out of love with greatness. isgrace is it to me to take note how many pairs of stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that e the peach-coloured ones; or to bear the inventory of shirts, as one for superficiency, action received the Gaes of

Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, sider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at fireside, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the un display; the soul of a better quality thrusts back unseasonable economy into the vaults of life, and I will obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fir will provide. Ibn Hankal, the Arabian geogra-describes a heroic extreme in the hospitality of S in Bukharia, "When I was in Sogd, I saw a building, like a palace, the gates of which were and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked reason, and was told that the house had not been night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may prothemselves at any hour, and in whatever num the master has amply provided for the reception of men and their animals, and is never happier than they tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind ha seen in any other country." The magnanimous very well that they who give time, or money, or shelt the stranger-so it be done for love, and not for ost tion-do, as it were, put God under obligation to u so perfect are the compensations of the universe some way the time they seem to lose is redeemed the pains they seem to take remunerate thems These men fan the flame of human love, and rais standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospit must be for service, and not for show, or it pulls down host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value by the splendour of its table and draperies. It what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water belongs to city feasts.

The temperance of the hero proceeds from the wish to do no dishonour to the worthiness he has a he loves it for its elegancy, not for its austerity seems not worth his while to be solemn, and den with bitterness flesh-eating or wine-drinking, the of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A man scarcely knows how he dines, how he drift without railing or precision his living is not and poetic. John Eliot, the Indian Apostle, it

er, and said of wine,—" It is a noble, generous or, and we should be humbly thankful for it, but, remember, water was made before it." Better still he temperance of King David, who poured out on ground unto the Lord the water which three of warriors had brought him to drink, at the peril of rlives.

is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword, r the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides, O virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I thee at last but a shade." I doubt not the hero andered by this report. The heroic soul does not its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to nicely, and to sleep warm. The essence of greatis the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty sornament. It does not need plenty, and can very

abide its loss.

at that which takes my fancy most, in the heroic , is the good-humour and hilarity they exhibit. a height to which common duty can very well in, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these souls set opinion, success, and life, at so cheap a that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, he show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual tness. Scipio, charged with peculation, refuses to imself so great a disgrace as to wait for justifica-, though he had the scroll of his accounts in his s, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes. ates's condemnation of himself to be maintained in honour in the Prytaneum, during his life, and Sir mas More's playfulness at the scaffold, are of the strain. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Seage," Juletta tells the stout captain and his pany,—

dese replies are sound and whole. Sport is the and glow of a perfect health. The great will condescend to take anything seriousity of but Garageri

[&]quot; Jul. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye. Very likely ; 'Tis in our powers, then, to be hanged, and scorn ye."

be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were building of cities, or the eradication of old and for churches and nations, which have cumbered the clong thousands of years. Simple hearts put all history and customs of this world behind them, and their own game in innocent defiance of the Bluel of the world; and such would appear, could we see human race assembled in vision, like little child frolicking together; though, to the eyes of manking large, they wear a stately and solemn garb of works.

influences.

The interest these fine stories have for us, the pl of a romance over the boy who grasps the forbidden a under his bench at school, our delight in the hero, in main fact to our purpose. All these great and the cendent properties are ours. If we dilate in behold the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we already domesticating the same sentiment. Len find room for this great guest in our small houses. first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us oil superstitious associations with places and times, number and size. Why should these words, Athen Roman, Asia, and England, so tingle in the ear? Wa the heart is, there the muses, there the gods soid and not in any geography of fame. Massachus Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think po places, and the car loves names of foreign and control topography. But here we are; and, if we will be a little, we may come to learn that here is best. to it, only, that thyself is here; -and art and na hope and fate, friends, angels, and the Supreme Ba shall not be absent from the chamber where thou site Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does not si to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian ac He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys in handsome ground enough for Washington to tir and London streets for the feet of Milton. A sto man makes his climate genial in the imagination men, and its air the beloved element of all deler spirits. That country is the fairest, which is inhall by the noblest minds. The pictures awaith fill or agination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, lumbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how edlessly mean our life is, that we, by the depth of our ing, should deck it with more than regal or national endour, and act on principles that should interest

n and nature in the length of our days.

We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young , who never ripened, or whose performance in al life was not extraordinary. When we see their and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of ks, of religion, we admire their superiority, they seem brow contempt on our entire polity and social state; rs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to k revolutions. But they enter an active profession, the forming Colossus shrinks to the common size nan. The magic they used was the ideal tendencies, th always make the Actual ridiculous; but the tough d had its revenge the moment they put their horses he sun to plough in its furrow. They found no nple and no companion, and their heart fainted. t then? The lesson they gave in their first aspiras is yet true; and a better valour and a purer truth one day organize their belief. Or why should oman liken herself to any historical woman, and k, because Sappho, or Sévigné, or De Staël, or the tered souls who have had genius and cultivation, ot satisfy the imagination and the serene Themis, can-certainly not she. Why not? She has a and unattempted problem to solve, perchance that he happiest nature that ever bloomed. Let the en, with erect soul, walk serenely on her way, accept hint of each new experience, search in turn all the ets that solicit her eye, that she may learn the power the charm of her new-born being, which is the ling of a new dawn in the recesses of space. girl, who repels interference by a decided and proud e of influences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of own nobleness. The silent heart encourages her: riend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into greatly, or sail with Mand cliestiseas gittled by in Coasatri you live, for every passing eye is cheered and re-

by the vision.

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency, men have wandering impulses, fits, and start generosity. But when you have chosen your abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile; self with the world. The heroic cannot be common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have weakness to expect the sympathy of people in tactions whose excellence is that they outrun sympa and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do take back your words when you find that prudent ped on ot commend you. Adhere to your own act congratulate yourself if you have done some strange and extravagant, and broken the mono of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I heard given to a young person—"Always do what are afraid to do." A simple, manly character never make an apology, but should regard its past a with the calmness of Phocion, when he admitted the event of the battle was happy, yet did not a his dissuasion from the battle.

There is no weakness or exposure for which we can find consolation in the thought—this is a part of my stitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow ture. Has nature covenanted with me that I should appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure. Let us be generous of our dignity, as well as of our more Greatness once and for ever has done with ope we tell our charities, not because we wish to be prefer them, not because we think they have great mount for our justification. It is a capital blunder, and discover, when another man recites his charities.

To speak the truth, even with some austerity, the with some rigour of temperance, or some extrement of some extrements, seems to be an asceticism which considered the sound appoint to those who are at each in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the sound of some and the sound of some and the sound of t

abstinence, of debt, of solitude, of unpopularity, but behoves the wise man to look with a bold eye into ise rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, hsounds of execration, and the vision of violent death. fimes of heroism are generally times of terror, but day never shines in which this element may not work. circumstances of man, we say, are historically newhat better in this country, and at this hour, than haps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. will not now run against an axe at the first step out the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue ands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of secution always proceeds. It is but the other day the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets mob, for the rights of free speech and opinion, and

when it was better not to live.

see not any road of perfect peace which a man can k, but after the counsel of his own bosom. Let him too much association, let him go home much, and lish himself in those courses he approves. emitting retention of simple and high sentiments obscure duties is hardening the character to that per which will work with honour, if need be, in the ult, or on the scaffold. Whatever outrages have pened to men may befal a man again; and very y in a republic, if there appear any signs of a decay eligion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers, and gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind, with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties never it may please the next newspaper and a cient number of his neighbours to pronounce his ions incendiary.

may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most eptible heart to see how quick a bound nature has set ne utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach

ink over which no enemy can follow us.

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who not envy those who have seen safely to an end manful endeavour? Who that sees the meanness of politics, but inly congratulates Washington that hong already wrapped in his shroud, and for ever sthat he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanot yet subjugated in him? Who does not somethen yet subjugated in him? And await curious complacency the speedy term of his own versation with finite nature? And yet the love will be annihilated sooner than treacherous, has alreaded death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, have of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable because of the seeds of the seeds of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable because of the seeds of the s

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timost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach degree whether we can rollow us.

IX.—THE OVER-SOUL.

"But souls that of his own good life partake,
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye
They are to Him: He'll never them forsake:
When they shall die, then God himself shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity."

Henry More.

Space is ample, east and west,
But two cannot go abreast,
Cannot travel in it two:
Yonder masterful cuckoo
Crowds every egg out of the nest,
Quick or dead, except its own;
A spell is laid on sod and stone,
Night and Day 've been tampered with,
Every quality and pith
Surcharged and sultry with a power
That works its will on age and hour.

HERE is a difference between one and another hour of life, in their authority and subsequent effect. faith comes in moments; our vice is habitual. there is a depth in those brief moments which trains us to ascribe more reality to them than to other experiences. For this reason, the argument th is always forthcoming to silence those who conextraordinary hopes of man, namely, the appeal xperience, is for ever invalid and vain. We give he past to the objector, and yet we hope. ain this hope. We grant that human life is mean; how did we find out that it was mean? What is ground of this uneasiness of ours; of this old disent? What is the universal sense of want and rance, but the fine innuendo by which the soul makes normous claim? Why do men feel that the natural ry of man has never been written, but he is always ng behind what you have said of him, and it becomes and books of metaphysics worthless? The philosof six thousand years has not searched the chambers magazines of the soul. In its experiments there alwaysCfefnalangdmviaditWethl&ofleation.vaicitized tosicCancotri it could not resolve. Man is a stream whose sou hidden. Our being is descending into us from we not whence. The most exact calculator has no science that somewhat incalculable may not balk the next moment. I am constrained every moment to adledge a higher origin for events than the will I call. As with events, so is it with thoughts. When I

As with events, so is it with thoughts. When I's that flowing river, which, out of regions I see not, for a season its streams into me, I see that I a pensioner; not a cause, but a surprised spectar, this ethereal water; that I desire and look up, armyself in the attitude of reception, but from some

energy the visions come.

The Supreme Critic on the errors of the past are present, and the only prophet of that which mu is that great nature in which we rest, as the eart in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that Unity, Over-soul, within which every man's particular be contained and made one with all other; that con heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worto which all right action is submission; that overping reality which confutes our tricks and talents. constrains every one to pass for what he is, and to from his character, and not from his tongue, and a evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and be-We live in succession, in division, in parts, in parts Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the silence; the universal beauty, to which every and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE. this deep power in which we exist, and whose beath is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and per in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing is the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the op are one. We see the world piece by piece, as thip the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole which these are the shining parts, is the soul. Ore the vision of that Wisdom can the horoscope do ages be read, and by falling back on our better thois by yielding to the spirit of prophecy which is in it of prophecy which is in it of prophecy which is in it of prophecy which is in it. rds, who speaks from that life, must sound vain to se who do not dwell in the same thought on their part. I dare not speak for it. My words do not yits august sense; they fall short and cold. Only can inspire whom it will, and behold! their speech be lyrical, and sweet, and universal as the rising the wind. Yet I desire, even by profane words, may not use sacred, to indicate the heaven of this y, and to report what hints I have collected of transcendent simplicity and energy of the Highest

we consider what happens in conversation, in ries, in remorse, in times of passion, in surprises, e instructions of dreams, wherein often we see ours in masquerade—the droll disguises only magnifyand enhancing a real element, and forcing it on our nct notice—we shall catch many hints that will den and lighten into knowledge of the secret of re. All goes to show that the soul in man is not rgan, but animates and exercises all the organs; t a function, like the power of memory, of calculaof comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; t a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the but the master of the intellect and the will; is background of our being, in which they lie—an ensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed. within or from behind, a light shines through us things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, the light is all. A man is the façade of a temple ein all wisdom and all good abide. What we only call man, the eating, drinking, planting, ting man, does not, as we know him, represent ct, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let ear through his action, would make our knees bend. it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when s through his affection, it is love. And the blindof the intellect begins, when it would be something elf. The weakness of the will begins, when the dual would be something of himself the property reforms , I.

K

aims, in some one particular, to let the soul has way through us; in other words, to engage us to of this pure nature every man is at some time so Language cannot paint it with his colours. It subtle. It is undefinable, unmeasurable, but we that it pervades and contains us. We know the spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb "God comes to see us without bell;" that is, as the no screen or ceiling between our heads and the heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, The walls are taken away. We lie open on on to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attribut God. Justice we see and know, Love, Freedom, F These natures no man ever got above, but they over us, and most in the moment when our in tempt us to wound them.

The sovereignty of this nature whereof we sp made known by its independency of those limit which circumscribe us on every hand. The soul c scribes all things. As I have said, it contradis experience. In like manner it abolishes time and The influence of the senses has, in most men, overpose the mind to that degree, that the walls of time and have come to look real and insurmountable; speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the of insanity. Yet time and space are but inverse me of the force of the soul. The spirit sports with tir

"Can crowd eternity into an hour, Or stretch an hour to eternity."

We are often made to feel that there is another and age than that which is measured from the of our natural birth. Some thoughts always fi young, and keep us so. Such a thought is the of the universal and eternal beauty. Every man from that contemplation with the feeling that it belongs to ages than to mortal life. The least are of the intellectual powers redeems us in a degrees the conditions of time. In sickness, in languages and an arrange of the conditions of time. In sickness, in languages are the conditions of time. refreshed; or produce a volume of Plato, or Shake-ue, or remind us of their names, and instantly we e into a feeling of longevity. See how the deep, ne thought reduces centuries, and millenniums, and es itself present through all ages. Is the teaching Christ less effective now than it was when first mouth was opened? The emphasis of facts and ons in my thought has nothing to do with time. so, always, the soul's scale is one; the scale of senses and the understanding is another. Before revelations of the soul, Time, Space, and Nature k away. In common speech, we refer all things me, as we habitually refer the immensely sundered to one concave sphere. And so we say that the ment is distant or near, that the Millennium apches, that a day of certain political, moral, social ms is at hand, and the like, when we mean, that, in nature of things, one of the facts we contemplate ternal and fugitive, and the other is permanent connate with the soul. The things we now m fixed shall, one by one, detach themselves, ripe fruit, from our experience, and fall. The shall blow them none knows whither. The scape, the figures, Boston, London, are facts gitive as any institution past, or any whiff of mist noke, and so is society, and so is the world. The looketh steadily forwards, creating a world before leaving worlds behind her. She has no dates, rites, nor persons, nor specialties, nor men. knows only the soul, the web of events is the ng robe in which she is clothed. ter its own law and not by arithmetic is the rate

progress to be computed. The soul's advances are made by gradation, such as can be represented otion in a straight line; but rather by ascension of such as can be represented by metamorphosis—the egg to the worm, from the worm to the fly. The egg to the worm, from the worm to the fly. The egg to the worm, from the worm to the fly. The egg to the worm, from the worm to the fly. The egg to the worm, from the worm to the fly. The egg to the elect individual first over John, Adam, the elect individual first over John, adam, the elect inferiority, but by every throe of growth the

man expands there where he works, passing, a pulsation, classes, populations, of men. With divine impulse the mind rends the thin rinds wisible and finite, and comes out into eternity, and and expires its air. It converses with truths that always been spoken in the world, and becomes confidence of a closer sympathy with Zeno and Arrian, that

persons in the house.

This is the law of moral and of mental gain. There is as by specific levity, not into a particular but into the region of all the virtues. They are spirit which contains them all. The soul repurity, but purity is not it; requires justice, but is not that; requires beneficence, but is some better; so that there is a kind of descent and accordation felt when we leave speaking of moral naturge a virtue which it enjoins. To the well-born changes are natural, and not painfully acquired. To his heart, and the man becomes suddenly virtue.

the virtues are natural, and not painfully acquired to his heart, and the man becomes suddenly virtue. Within the same sentiment is the germ of intelegrowth, which obeys the same law. Those who capable of humility, of justice, of love, of aspir stand already on a platform that commands the stand arts, speech and poetry, action and grace whose dwells in this moral beatitude already antification that some special powers which men prize so highly, lover has no talent, no skill, which passes for nothing with his enamoured maiden, however she may possess of related faculty; and the which abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finding related to all its works, and will travel a royal reparticular knowledges and powers. In ascending primary and aboriginal sentiment, we have compour remote station on the circumference instantant to the centre of the world, where, as in the closeted we see causes, and anticipate the universe, will but a slow effect.

One mode of the divine teaching is the incarred of the spirit in a form—in forms, like my own in society; with persons who answer to thousand the spirit and both society in the spirit and both society in the spirit and both society.

incts to which I live. I see its presence to them, in certified of a common nature; and these other is, these separated selves, draw me as nothing else. They stir in me the new emotions we call passion; ove, hatred, fear, admiration, pity; thence comes versation, competition, persuasion, cities, and war. sons are supplementary to the primary teaching he soul. In youth we are mad for persons. Childed and youth see all the world in them. But the er experience of man discovers the identical nature earing through them all. Persons themselves active its with the impersonal. In all conversation ween two persons, tacit reference is made, as to a diparty, to a common nature. That third party common nature is not social; it is impersonal; is

And so in groups where debate is earnest, and cally on high questions, the company become aware the thought rises to an equal level in all bosoms, all have a spiritual property in what was said, as as the sayer. They all become wiser than they It arches over them like a temple, this unity of ght, in which every heart beats with nobler sense ower and duty, and thinks and acts with unusual unity. All are conscious of attaining to a higher possession. It shines for all. There is a certain om of humanity which is common to the greatest with the lowest, and which our ordinary education labours to silence and obstruct. The mind is one, the best minds, who love truth for its own sake, much less of property in truth. They accept ankfully everywhere, and do not label or stamp ith any man's name, for it is theirs long before-, and from eternity. The learned and the studious ought have no monopoly of wisdom. Their violence rection in some degree disqualifies them to think . We owe many valuable observations to people are not very acute or profound, and who say the without effort, which we want and have long been ng in vain. The action of the soul is oftener in which is felt and left unsaid, than in that which is in any conversation of the soul is oftener in the conversation. and they unconsciously seek for it in each other, know better than we do. We do not yet possess selves, and we know at the same time that we are more. I feel the same truth how often in my conversation with my neighbours, that somewhat him each of us overlooks this by-play, and Jove no Jove from behind each of us.

Men descend to meet. In their habitual and service to the world, for which they forsake their nobleness, they resemble those Arabian sheiks, who in mean houses, and affect an external poverty, to the rapacity of the Pacha, and reserve all their dof wealth for their interior and guarded retirements.

As it is present in all persons, so it is in every per life. It is adult already in the infant man. It dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my applishments and my money stead me nothing; hy much soul as I have avails. If I am wilful, he se will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I put the degradation of beating him by my superioristrength. But if I renounce my will, and act for the setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his is eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with

The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth b know truth when we see it, let sceptic and scoffe what they choose. Foolish people ask you, when have spoken what they do not wish to hear, "se do you know it is truth, and not an error of your oric We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we'm when we are awake that we are awake. It was a div sentence of Emanuel Swedenborg, which would le. indicate the greatness of that man's perception-th no proof of a man's understanding to be able to cont whatever he pleases; but to be able to discemin what is true is true, and that what is false is false is the mark and character of intelligence." Let book I read, the good thought returns to me, as int truth will, the image of the whole soul. To there thought which I find in it, the same soul becomes adison ing, separating sword, and lops it away. We are to will act entirely, or see how the thing stands in d, we know the particular thing, and every thing, every man. For the Maker of all things and all sons stands behind us, and casts his dread omniscience

ough us over things.

at beyond this recognition of its own in particular ages of the individual's experience, it also reveals h. And here we should seek to reinforce ourselves its very presence, and to speak with a worthier, erstrain of that advent. For the soul's communication of truth is the highest event in nature, since it does not give somewhat from itself, but it gives for passes into and becomes that man whom it hitens; or, in proportion to that truth he receives, we him to itself.

destations of its own nature, by the term Revelations of its own nature, by the term Revelations of its own nature, by the term Revelations are always attended by the emotion of the me. For this communication is an influx of the me mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual et before the flowing surges of the sea of life. Every not apprehension of this central commandment tes men with awe and delight. A thrill passes of all men at the reception of new truth, or at the mance of a great action, which comes out of the of nature. In these communications, the power is not separated from the will to do, but the insight eds from obedience, and the obedience proceeds a joyful perception. Every moment when the idual feels himself invaded by it is memorial.

By the necessity of our constitution, a certain siasm attends the individual's consciousness at divine presence. The character and duratof this enthusiasm varies with the state of adividual, from an ecstasy and trance and procinspiration—which is its rarer appearance—to the st glow of virtuous emotion, in which form it is, like our household fires, all the families and ations of men, and makes society possible. An tendency to insanity has always attended the of of the rangeous each to be stated the of the rangeous each to be stated the of the rangeous each to be stated the of the rangeous each to be stated to

been "blasted with excess of light." The trans Socrates, the "union" of Plotinus, the vision phyry, the conversion of Paul, the aurora of Be the convulsions of George Fox and his Quaker illumination of Swedenborg, are of this kind. was in the case of these remarkable persons a r ment has, in innumerable instances in common been exhibited in less striking manner. Every the history of religion betrays a tendency to enthus The rapture of the Moravian and Quietist; the of of the internal sense of the Word, in the language New Jerusalem Church; the revival of the Calv churches; the experiences of the Methodists, are ing forms of that shudder of awe and delight with the individual soul always mingles with the uni soul.

The nature of these revelations is the same; the perceptions of the absolute law. They are solutions soul's own questions. They do not answer the que which the understanding asks. The soul answers by words, but by the thing itself that is inquired a

Revelation is the disclosure of the soul. The po notion of a revelation is, that it is a telling of for In past oracles of the soul, the understanding to find answers to sensual questions, and under to tell from God how long men shall exist, what hands shall do, and who shall be their company, a names, and dates, and places. But we must pin locks. We must check this low curiosity. An ar in words is delusive; it is really no answer to the tions you ask. Do not require a description of countries towards which you sail. The description not describe them to you, and to-morrow you there, and know them by inhabiting them. Me concerning the immortality of the soul, the employ of heaven, the state of the sinner, and so forth. even dream that Jesus has left replies to precisely interrogatories. Never a moment did that suspirit speak in their patois. To truth, justice, the attributes of the soul philips of imputable is essentially associated. Jesus, living in these ntiments, heedless of sensual fortunes, heeding only manifestations of these, never made the separation the idea of duration from the essence of these attributes, ruttered a syllable concerning the duration of the soul. was left to his disciples to sever duration from the ral elements, and to teach the immortality of the soul a doctrine, and maintain it by evidences. The ment the doctrine of the immortality is separately ght, man is already fallen. In the flowing of love, the adoration of humility, there is no question of tinuance. No inspired man ever asks this question, condescends to these evidences. For the soul is true itself, and the man in whom it is shed abroad cannot ader from the present, which is infinite, to a future ch would be finite.

hese questions which we lust to ask about the future a confession of sin. God has no answer for them. answer in words can reply to a question of things. s not in an arbitrary "decree of God," but in the are of man, that a veil shuts down on the facts of norrow; for the soul will not have us read any other er than that of cause and effect. By this veil, which ains events, it instructs the children of men to live o-day. The only mode of obtaining an answer to e questions of the senses is to forego all low curiosity, accepting the tide of being which floats us into the et of nature, work and live, work and live, and all unres the advancing soul has built and forged for itself a condition, and the question and the answer are one. y the same fire, vital, consecrating, celestial, which as until it shall dissolve all things into the waves surges of an ocean of light, we see and know each er, and what spirit each is of. Who can tell the ands of his knowledge of the character of the several viduals in his circle of friends? No man. Yet r acts and words do not disappoint him. In that , though he knew no ill of him, he put no trust. hat other, though they had seldom met, authentic s had yet passed to signify that he might be trusted ne who had an interest in his own character. We we each other very well,—which of us has been just

to himself, and whether that which we teach or be is only an aspiration, or is our honest effort also.

We are all discerners of spirits. That diagnosis aloft in our life or unconscious power. The interest of society,—its trade, its religion, its friendship quarrels,—is one wide, judicial investigation of character is one wide, judicial investigation of character is face, accuser and accused, men offer themselves be judged. Against their will they exhibit those deterifles by which character is read. But who juit and what? Not our understanding. We do not them by learning or craft. No; the wisdom of wise man consists herein, that he does not judge the lets them judge themselves, and merely reads to the society of the

records their own verdict.

By virtue of this inevitable nature, private wal overpowered, and, maugre our efforts or our impertions, your genius will speak from you, and mine me. That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntary but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minavenues which we never left open, and thought out of our minds through avenues which we the voluntarily opened. Character teaches over our in The infallible index of true progress is found in the the man takes. Neither his age, nor his breeding company, nor books, nor actions, nor talents, not together, can hinder him from being deferential higher spirit than his own. If he have not found home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the of his sentences, the build, shall I say, of all his opinit will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out he will. If he have found his centre, the Deity willsp through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, genial temperament, of unfavourable circumstance. tone of seeking is one, and the tone of having is an

The great distinction between teachers sacreliterary,—between poets like Herbert, and poets Pope,—between philosophers like Spinoza, Kante Coleridge, and philosophers like Locke, Paley, Markets, and Stewart,—between men of the world, who reckniced watcomplished to the colering that the coleration of the world the coleration of the world the coleration of the coleration

went mystic, prophesying, half insane under the initude of his thought,—is, that one class speak in within, or from experience, as parties and possessors the fact; and the other class, from without, as spectators rely, or perhaps as acquainted with the fact on the dence of third persons. It is of no use to preach to from without. I can do that too easily myself. It is speaks always from within, and in a degree that is speaks all others. In that is the miracle. I believe or meand that it ought so to be. All men stand thought in the expectation of the appearance of such acher. But if a man do not speak from within the where the word is one with that it tells of, let him we confess it.

he same Omniscience flows into the intellect, and es what we call genius. Much of the wisdom of the d is not wisdom, and the most illuminated class en are no doubt superior to literary fame, and are not ers. Among the multitude of scholars and authors, feel no hallowing presence; we are sensible of a k and skill rather than of inspiration; they have a , and know not whence it comes, and call it their ; their talent is some exaggerated faculty, some grown member, so that their strength is a disease. hese instances the intellectual gifts do not make mpression of virtue, but almost of vice; and we feel a man's talents stand in the way of his advancement uth. But genius is religious. It is a larger img of the common heart. It is not anomalous, more like, and not less like other men. There is, Il great poets, a wisdom of humanity, which is rior to any talents they exercise. The author, vit, the partisan, the fine gentleman, does not take of the man. Humanity shines in Homer, in cer, in Spenser, in Shakespeare, in Milton. They content with truth. They use the positive degree. seem frigid and phlegmatic to those who have spiced with the frantic passion and violent colourf inferior, but popular writers. For they are poets he free course which they allow to the informing which through their eyes beholds again, and blesses the things which it hath made. The soul is supto its knowledge; wiser than any of its works.

great poet makes us feel our own wealth, and the
flink less of his compositions. His best commution to our mind is to teach us to despise all he
done. Shakespeare carries us to such a lofty straintelligent activity, as to suggest a wealth which be
his own; and we then feel that the splendid w
which he has created, and which in other hours we
as a sort of self-existent poetry, take no stronger
of real nature than the shadow of a passing traon the rock. The inspiration which uttered itse
Hamlet and Lear could utter things as good from
to day, for ever. Why, then, should I make account
Hamlet and Lear, as if we had not the soul from the

they fell as syllables from the tongue?

This energy does not descend into individual life or other condition than entire possession. It comes t lowly and simple; it comes to whomsoever will off what is foreign and proud; it comes as inst it comes as serenity and grandeur. When we see whom it inhabits, we are apprized of new degree greatness. From that inspiration the man of back with a changed tone. He does not talk with with an eye to their opinion. He tries them. It reco of us to be plain and true. The vain traveller atter to embellish his life by quoting my lord, and the pri and the countess, who thus said or did to him. ambitious vulgar show you their spoons, and broot and rings, and preserve their cards and complimate The more cultivated, in their account of their owner. perience, cull out the pleasing, poetic circumstant the visit to Rome, the man of genius they saw to brilliant friend they know; still further on, per the gorgeous landscape, the mountain lights mountain thoughts, they enjoyed yesterday,-are seek to throw a romantic colour over their life. [1] the soul that ascends to worship the great God is in and true; has no rose-colour, no fine friends, no chir I amon day,-by reason of the present moment and e mere trifle having become porous to thought, and

bulous of the sea of light.

Converse with a mind that is grandly simple, and rature looks like word-catching. The simplest utteres are worthiest to be written, yet are they so cheap, I so things of course, that, in the infinite riches of the I, it is like gathering a few pebbles off the ground, or tling a little air in a phial, when the whole earth the whole atmosphere are ours. Nothing can pass re, or make you one of the circle, but the casting aside r trappings, and dealing man to man in naked truth,

in confession, and omniscient affirmation. ouls such as these treat you as gods would; walk as s in the earth, accepting without any admiration your your bounty, your virtue even,-say rather your of duty, for your virtue they own as their proper od, royal as themselves, and overroyal, and the father the gods. But what rebuke their plain fraternal ring casts on the mutual flattery with which authors ce each other and wound themselves! These flatter I do not wonder that these men go to see Cromwell, Christina, and Charles the Second, and James the st, and the Grand Turk. For they are, in their own ation, the fellows of kings, and must feel the servile e of conversation in the world. They must always godsend to princes, for they confront them, a king king, without ducking or concession, and give a high are the refreshment and satisfaction of resistance, of n humanity, of even companionship, and of new s. They leave them wiser and superior men. Is like these make us feel that sincerity is more ellent than flattery. Deal so plainly with man and man, as to constrain the utmost sincerity, and destroy dope of trifling with you. It is the highest compli-ty you can pay. Their "highest praising," said on, "is not flattery, and their plainest advice is a

d of praising." neffable is the union of man and God in every act of soul. The simplest person, who in his integrity ships God, Becomes God, Colection Pictures and Severi

the influx of this better and universal self is now unsearchable. It inspires awe and astonishment. dear, how soothing, to man, arises the idea of peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of mistakes and disappointments! When we have by our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhe then may God fire the heart with his presence. the doubling of the heart itself, nay, the infinite en ment of the heart with a power of growth to a infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infa trust. He has not the conviction, but the sight, the best is the true, and may in that thought dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and ad to the sure revelation of time, the solution of his pr riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the of being. In the presence of law to his mind, overflowed with a reliance so universal, that it s away all cherished hopes and the most stable pm of mortal condition in its flood. He believes the cannot escape from his good. The things that are: for thee gravitate to thee. You are running to your friend. Let your feet run, but your mind not. If you do not find him, will you not acqu that it is best you should not find him? for there power, which, as it is in you, is in him also, and therefore very well bring you together if it were for best. You are preparing with eagerness to go and rea service to which your talent and your taste you, the love of men and the hope of fame. Has coccurred to you, that you have no right to go, you are equally willing to be prevented from go O, believe, as thou livest, that every sound the spoken over the round world, which thou out to hear, will vibrate on thine ear! Every pro-every book, every byword that belongs to thee for or comfort, shall surely come home through op-winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fant will, but the great and tender heart in thee crast shall lock thee in his embrace. And this, because heart in thee is the heart of all: not a valve, not a not a maintersection is there any where any that we have e blood rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation ough all men, as the water of the globe is all one

, and, truly seen, its tide is one.

let man, then, learn the revelation of all nature and thought to his heart; this, namely; that the Highest ells with him; that the sources of nature are in his mind, if the sentiment of duty is there. But if would know what the great God speaketh, he must into his closet and shut the door," as Jesus said. will not make himself manifest to cowards. He st greatly listen to himself, withdrawing himself n all the accents of other men's devotion. Even r prayers are hurtful to him, until he have made his Our religion vulgarly stands on numbers of evers. Whenever the appeal is made—no matter indirectly—to numbers, proclamation is then and made, that religion is not. He that finds God a et, enveloping thought to him never counts his pany. When I sit in that presence, who shall to come in? When I rest in perfect humility, n I burn with pure love, what can Calvin or denborg say?

makes no difference whether the appeal is to numbers to one. The faith that stands on authority is not a cone. The faith that stands on authority is not a cone. The faith that stands on authority is not a cone in have given to Jesus, now for many centuries of the cone in have given to Jesus, now for many centuries of the cone; is a position of authority. It characterizes is elves. It cannot alter the eternal facts. Great is soul, and plain. It is no flatterer, it is no follower; were appeals from itself. It believes in itself. Before immense possibilities of man, all mere experience, ast biography, however spotless and sainted, shrinks before that heaven which our presentiments show us, we cannot easily praise any form of life have seen or read of. We not only affirm that we few great men, but, absolutely speaking, that we have no history, no record of any factor or mode of living, that entirely contents us. It is no flower in the cone; that we have no history, no record of any factor or mode of living, that entirely contents us. It is no flower in the cone; that we have no history worships we constrained to accept with a grain or a howarder.

Though in our lonely hours we draw a new sire out of their memory, yet, pressed on our attention they are by the thoughtless and customary, fatigue and invade. The soul gives itself, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original, and who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and s through it. Then is it glad, young, and nimble. not wise, but it sees through all things. It is not religious, but it is innocent. It calls the light its and feels that the grass grows and the stone falls law inferior to, and dependent on, its nature. Be it saith, I am born into the great, the universal I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am how receptive of the great soul, and thereby I do look the sun and the stars, and feel them to be the accidents and effects which change and pass. More more the surges of everlasting nature enter into and I become public and human in my regard actions. So come I to live in thoughts, and act energies, which are immortal. Thus revering the and learning, as the ancient said, that "its beau, immense," man will come to see that the world in perennial miracle which the soul worketh, and be astonished at particular wonders: he will learn there is no profane history; that all history is say that the universe is represented in an atom, in a mon of time. He will weave no longer a spotted life of sand patches, but he will live with a divine unity. will cease from what is base and frivolous in his and be content with all places and with any sto he can render. He will calmly front the morrow rendering of that trust which carries God with it so hath already the whole future in the bottom of heart.

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PO

-CIRCLES.

Nature centres into balls. And her proud ephemerals, Fast to surface and outside, Scan the profile of the sphere; Knew they what that signified, A new genesis were here.

HE eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this ry figure is repeated without end. It is the highest m in the cipher of the world. St. Augustine bed the nature of God as a circle whose centre verywhere, and its circumference nowhere. l our lifetime reading the copious sense of this of forms. One moral we have already deduced; sidering the circular or compensatory character of human action. Another analogy we shall now that every action admits of being outdone. le is an apprenticeship to the truth, that around circle another can be drawn; that there is no end ure, but every end is a beginning; that there is another dawn risen on mid-noon, and under deep a lower deep opens.

fact, as far as it symbolizes the moral fact of the ainable, the flying Perfect, around which the hands n can never meet, at once the inspirer and the nner of every success, may conveniently serve connect many illustrations of human power in

department.

e are no fixtures in nature. The universe is and volatile. Permanence is but a word of degrees. obe seen by God is a transparent law, not a mass s. The law dissolves the fact and holds it fluid. lture is the predominance of an idea which draws t this train of cities and institutions. Let us to another idea: they will disappear. are is all melted away, as if it had been statues of nere and other an wed interly Chipeution of itregarent Gargotri g, as we see flecks and scraps of snow left in cold

dells and mountain clefts, in June and July. For genius that created it creates now somewhat else. Greek letters last a little longer, but are already pay under the same sentence, and tumbling into the table pit which the creation of new thought opens that is old. The new continents are built out that is old planet; the new races fed out decomposition of the foregoing. New arts determined the old. See the investment of capital in aque made useless by hydraulics; fortifications, by powder; roads and canals, by railways; sails, by s

steam, by electricity.

You admire this tower of granite, weathering the of so many ages. Yet a little waving hand buil huge wall, and that which builds is better than which is built. The hand that built can topple it much faster. Better than the hand, and nin was the invisible thought which wrought through and thus ever, behind the coarse effect, is a fine which, being narrowly seen, is itself the effect of a cause. Everything looks permanent until its set known. Arich estate appears to women a firm and fact; to a merchant, one easily created out of anymate and easily lost. An orchard, good tillage, good gro seem a fixture like a gold mine, or a river, to a cr but to a large farmer, not much more fixed that state of the crop. Nature looks provokingly state secular, but it has a cause like all the rest; and once I comprehend that, will these fields strets immovably wide, these leaves hang so indiviconsiderable? Permanence is a word of det Everything is medial. Moons are no more boul spiritual power than bat-balls.

The key to every man is his thought. Study defying though he look, he has a helm which he which is the idea after which all his facts are class. He can only be reformed by showing him a new which commands his own. The life of man is a evolving circle, which, from a ring imperceptibly constant and side of the constant and sides o

and that without end. The extent to which

cration of circles, wheel without wheel, will go, depends the force or truth of the individual soul. For it is inert effort of each thought, having formed itself a circular wave of circumstance,—as, for instance, empire, rules of an art, a local usage, a religious—to heap itself on that ridge, and to solidify and in the life. But if the soul is quick and strong, wasts over that boundary on all sides, and expands where orbit on the great deep, which also runs up a high wave, with attempt again to stop and to 1 But the heart refuses to be imprisoned; in its and narrowest pulses, it already tends outward a vast force, and to immense and innumerable unsions.

very ultimate fact is only the first of a new series. ry general law only a particular fact of some more ral law presently to disclose itself. There is no ide, no inclosing wall, no circumference to us. The finishes his story,—how good! how final! how ats a new face on all things! He fills the sky. on the other side rises also a man, and draws a around the circle we had just pronounced the outline e sphere. Then already is our first speaker not man, only a first speaker. His only redress is forthwith to ra circle outside of his antagonist. And so men do by selves. The result of to-day, which haunts the and cannot be escaped, will presently be abridged a word, and the principle that seemed to explain re will itself be included as one example of a bolder ralization. In the thought of to-morrow there is wer to upheave all thy creed, all the creeds, all the atures, of the nations, and marshal thee to a heaven h no epic dream has yet depicted. Every man is so much a workman in the world, as he is a suggesof that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of next age.

ep by step we scale this mysterious ladder: the steps actions; the new prospect is power. Every several it is threatened and judged by that which follows. The seems to be contradicted by the new; it is limited by the new; it is limited by the new;

hated by the old, and, to those dwelling in the old, on like an abyss of scepticism. But the eye soon wonted to it, for the eye and it are effects of one cathen its innocency and benefit appear, and presall its energy spent, it pales and dwindles before revelation of the new hour.

Fear not the new generalization. Does the fact crass and material, threatening to degrade thy to of spirit? Resist it not; it goes to refine and

thy theory of matter just as much.

There are no fixtures to men, if we appeal to sciousness. Every man supposes himself not to be understood; and if there is any truth in him, if he at last on the divine soul, I see not how it can be wise. The last chamber, the last closet, he must was never opened; there is always a residuum unkrunanalyzable. That is, every man believes that he

a greater possibility.

Our moods do not believe in each other. To-am full of thoughts, and can write what I please. no reason why I should not have the same the the same power of expression, to-morrow. What I whilst I write it, seems the most natural thing i world; but yesterday I saw a dreary vacuity i direction in which now I see so much; and a rehence, I doubt not, I shall wonder who he was wrote so many continuous pages. Alas for this faith, this will not strenuous, this vast cbb of a flow! I am God in nature; I am a weed by the was the continual effort to raise himself above himself.

The continual effort to raise himself above himsework a pitch above his last height, betrays itself man's relations. We thirst for approbation, yet of forgive the approver. The sweet of nature is yet, if I have a friend, I am tormented by my impletions. The love of me accuses the other party, were high enough to slight me, then could I love and rise by my affection to new heights. A regrowth is seen in the successive choirs of his reference of the property of the woods and more better. I thought as I walked in the woods and more my friends, why should I play with them this gap.

atry? I know and see too well, when not voluntarily d, the speedy limits of persons called high and thy. Rich, noble, and great they are by the liberality ur speech, but truth is sad. O blessed Spirit, whom sake for these, they are not thou! Every personal sideration that we allow costs us heavenly state. sell the thrones of angels for a short and turbulent sure.

low often must we learn this lesson? Men cease interest us when we find their limitations. The sin is limitation. As soon as you once come up a man's limitations, it is all over with him. Has he ats? has he enterprise? has he knowledge? it s not. Infinitely alluring and attractive was he ou yesterday, a great hope, a sea to swim in; now, have found his shores, found it a pond, and you care

f you never see it again.

ich new step we take in thought reconciles twenty ingly discordant facts, as expressions of one law. otle and Plato are reckoned the respective heads wo schools. A wise man will see that Aristotle mizes. By going one step farther back in thought, rdant opinions are reconciled, by being seen to be extremes of one principle, and we can never go so far

as to preclude a still higher vision.

ware when the great God lets loose a thinker on planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when flagration has broken out in a great city, and no knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is piece of science, but its flank may be turned toow; there is not any literary reputation, not the lled eternal names of fame, that may not be revised condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts s heart, the religion of nations, the manners and is of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new alization. Generalization is always a new influx e divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that ds it.

lour consists in the power of self-recovery, so that in cancoto hangarhisadianaka curacida. Cambata be cuntrotri alled, but put him where you will, he stands.

This can only be by his preferring truth to his apprehension of truth; and his alert accept of it, from whatever quarter; the intrepid convithat his laws, his relations to society, his Christianit world, may at any time be superseded and decease

There are degrees in idealism. We learn first to with it academically, as the magnet was once a Then we see in the heyday of youth and poetry it may be true, that it is true in gleams and fragm Then its countenance waxes stern and grand, and w that it must be true. It now shows itself ethical practical. We learn that God is; that he is in and that all things are shadows of him. The ide of Berkeley is only a crude statement of the ide of Jesus, and that again is a crude statement of fact, that all nature is the rapid efflux of goodness cuting and organizing itself. Much more obvious history and the state of the world at any one directly dependent on the intellectual classific then existing in the minds of men. The things w are dear to men at this hour are so on account of ideas which have emerged on their mental horizon which cause the present order of things as a tree! its apples. A new degree of culture would insta revolutionize the entire system of human pursuits.

Conversation is a game of circles. In convers we pluck up the termini which bound the comm silence on every side. The parties are not to be juby the spirit they partake and even express under Pentecost. To-morrow they will have receded this high-water mark. To-morrow you shall find stooping under the old pack-saddles. Yet let us the cloven flame whilst it glows on our walls. Ye each new speaker strikes a new light, emancipate from the oppression of the last speaker, to oppre with the greatness and exclusiveness of his own that then yields us to another redeemer, we seem to recour rights, to become men. O, what truths prove and executable only in ages and orbs are supposed. Cannon agament Math Comeryont Distributed the Cannon is society sits cold and statuesque. We all stand with

pty,-knowing, possibly, that we can be full surrounded mighty symbols which are not symbols to us, but seand trivial toys. Then cometh the god, and converts statues into fiery men, and by a flash of his eye burns the veil which shrouded all things, and the meaning he very furniture, of cup and saucer, of chair and clock lester, is manifest. The facts which loomed so large he fogs of yesterday,-property, climate, breeding, onal beauty, and the like, have strangely changed proportions. All that we reckoned settled shakes rattles; and literatures, cities, climates, religions; e their foundations, and dance before our eyes. And here again see the swift circumspection! Good s discourse, silence is better, and shames it. The ixt the speaker and the hearer. If they were at a ect understanding in any part, no words would be ssary thereon. If at one in all parts, no words would iffered. iterature is a point outside of our hodiernal circle,

ugh which a new one may be described. The use of ature is to afford us a platform whence we may mand a view of our present life, a purchase, by the we may move it. We fill ourselves with ancient ing, instal ourselves the best we can in Greek, in c, in Roman houses, only that we may wiselier see ch, English, and American houses and modes of living. ke manner, we see literature best from the midst of nature, or from the din of affairs, or from a high ion. The field cannot be well seen from within the ... The astronomer must have his diameter of the 's orbit as a base to find the parallax of any star. erefore we value the poet. All the argument and ne wisdom is not in the encyclopædia, or the treatise etaphysics, or the Body of Divinty, but in the sonnet ne play. In my daily work I incline to repeat my steps, and do not believe in remedial force, in the er of change and reform. But some Petrarch or sto, filled with the new wine of his imagination, ght and action. He smites and arouses me with his shrill tones, breaks up my whole chain of he and I open my eye on my own possibilities. He wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the wand I am capable once more of choosing a straight

in theory and practice.

We have the same need to command a view of religion of the world. We can never see Christi from the catechism:-from the pastures, from a in the pond, from amidst the songs of wood-bird possibly may. Cleansed by the elemental light wind; steeped in the sea of beautiful forms which field offers us, we may chance to cast a right glance upon biography. Christianity is rightly dear to the of mankind; yet was there never a young philos whose breeding had fallen into the Christian ch by whom that brave text of Paul's was not spe prized :- "Then shall also the Son be subject unto who put all things under him, that God may be all." Let the claims and virtues of persons be so great and welcome, the instinct of man property of the control of the contr eagerly onward to the impersonal and illimitable, gladly arms itself against the dogmatism of bigots this generous word out of the book itself.

The natural world may be conceived of as a sw of concentric circles, and we now and then d in nature slight dislocations, which apprize us this surface on which we now stand is not fixed. sliding. These manifold tenacious qualities, this chem and vegetation, these metals and animals, which to stand there for their own sake, are means and met only,-are words of God, and as fugitive as other wa Has the naturalist or chemist learned his craft, has explored the gravity of atoms and the elecaffinities, who has not yet discerned the deeper whereof this is only a partial or approximate stater namely, that like draws to like; and that the goods belong to you gravitate to you, and need not be pur with pains and cost? Yet is that statement appro mate also, and not final. Omnipresence is a higher Not through subtle, subterranean channels need it and last be drawn to their counterpart, but, it sidered, these things proceed from the eternal eration of the soul. Cause and effect are two sides one fact.

he same law of eternal procession ranges all that we the virtues, and extinguishes each in the light of a er. The great man will not be prudent in the ular sense; all his prudence will be so much deducfrom his grandeur. But it behoves each to see, n he sacrifices prudence, to what god he devotes it; ease and pleasure, he had better be prudent still; a great trust, he can well spare his mule and panniers has a winged chariot instead. Geoffrey draws on boots to go through the woods, that his feet may safer from the bite of snakes; Aaron never thinks sch a peril. In many years neither is harmed by such ccident. Yet it seems to me, that, with every preion you take against such an evil, you put yourself the power of the evil. I suppose that the highest lence is the lowest prudence. Is this too sudden shing from the centre to the verge of our orbit? k how many times we shall fall back into pitiful ulations before we take up our rest in the great iment, or make the verge of to-day the new centre. des, your bravestsentiment is familiar to the humblest The poor and the low have their way of expressing ast facts of philosophy as well as you. "Blessed othing," and "the worse things are, the better they are proverbs which express the transcendentalism ommon life.

he man's justice is another's injustice; one man's aty, another's ugliness; one man's wisdom, another's y; as one beholds the same objects from a higher at. One man thinks justice consists in paying as, and has no measure in his abhorrence of another is very remiss in this duty, and makes the creditor tediously. But that second man has his own way boking at things; asks himself which debt must I first, the debt to the rich, or the debt to the poor? debt of money, or the debt of thought to mankind, remius to nature? For you, O broker! there is no er principle but arithmetic.

is of trivial import; love, faith, truth of character, aspiration of man, these are sacred; nor can I do one duty, like you, from all other duties, and concern my forces mechanically on the payment of moneys, me live onward; you shall find that, though she the progress of my character will liquidate all the debts without injustice to higher claims. If a should dedicate himself to the payment of notes, we not this be injustice? Does he owe no debt but more And are all claims on him to be postponed to a landly or a banker's?

There is no virtue which is final; all are initial. virtues of society are vices of the saint. The term reform is the discovery that we must cast away virtues, or what we have always esteemed such, the same pit that has consumed our grosser vices.

"Forgive his crimes, forgive his virtues too,
Those smaller faults, half converts to the right."

It is the highest power of divine moments that abolish our contritions also. I accuse myself of and unprofitableness day by day; but when these of God flow into me, I no longer reckon lost time no longer poorly compute my possible achieved by what remains to me of the month or the year; these moments confer a sort of omnipresence omnipotence which asks nothing of duration, but that the energy of the mind is commensurate with work to be done, without time.

And thus, O circular philosopher, I hear some reexclaim, you have arrived at a fine Pyrrhonism, a equivalence and indifferency of all actions, and very fain teach us that, if we are true, for sooth, our can may be lively stones out of which we shall construct

temple of the true God!

I am not careful to justify myself. I own I gladdened by seeing the predominance of the sacciprinciple throughout vegetable nature, and not less beholding in morals that unrestrained inundation of principle of good into every chink and hole that see hers has left open, yea, into sein siness and sin is a

hat no evil is pure, nor hell itself without its extreme factions. But lest I should mislead any when I may own head and obey my whims, let me remind reader that I am only an experimenter. Do not the least value on what I do, or the least discredit that I do not, as if I pretended to settle any thing the or false. I unsettle all things. No facts are ne sacred; none are profane; I simply experiment,

adless seeker, with no Past at my back.

et this incessant movement and progression which things partake could never become sensible to us by contrast to some principle of fixture or stability the soul. Whilst the eternal generation of circles reds, the eternal generator abides. That central is somewhat superior to creation, superior to redge and thought, and contains all its circles ever it labours to create a life and thought as large excellent as itself; but in vain; for that which is

instructs how to make a better.

us there is no sleep, no pause, no preservation, but hings renew, germinate, and spring. Why should mport rags and relics into the new hour? Nature is the old, and old age seems the only disease; all is run into this one. We call it by many names, intemperance, insanity, stupidity, and crime; are all forms of old age; they are rest, conservatism, opriation, inertia, not newness, not the way onward. The grizzle every day. I see no need of it. Whilst onverse with what is above us, we do not grow old, grow young. Infancy, youth, receptive, aspiring, religious eye looking upward, counts itself nothing, abandons itself to the instruction flowing from all-

But the man and woman of seventy assume owall, they have outlived their hope, they renounce ation, accept the actual for the necessary, and talk to the young. Let them, then, become organs Holy Ghost; let them be lovers; let them behold; and their eyes are uplifted, their wrinkles thed, they are perfumed again with hope and power, old agroughtham was mark one of human mind Gambour every moment is new; the past is always

swallowed and forgotten; the coming only is a Nothing is secure but life, transition, the energy spirit. No love can be bound by oath or contour secure it against a higher love. No truth so subtuint may be trivial to-morrow in the light of thoughts. People wish to be settled; only as in

they are unsettled is there any hope for them. Life is a series of surprises. We do not guess tothe mood, the pleasure, the power of to-morrow, we are building up our being. Of lower statesacts of routine and sense,-we can tell somewing but the masterpieces of God, the total growths universal movements of the soul, he hideth; they incalculable. I can know that truth is divine helpful; but how it shall help me I can have no g for so to be is the sole inlet of so to know. The position of the advancing man has all the powers of old, yet has them all new. It carries in its bosom al energies of the past, yet is itself an exhalation of morning. I cast away in this new moment all my hoarded knowledge, as vacant and vain. Now, for first time, seem I to know anything rightly. The sim words,-we do not know what they mean, except we love and aspire.

The difference between talents and character adroitness to keep the old and trodden round, and mand courage to make a new road to new and be goals. Character makes an overpowering press a cheerful, determined hour, which fortifies all company, by making them see that much is possand excellent that was not thought of. Character that was not thought of. Character that was not thought of the dulls the impression of particular events. When we the conqueror, we do not think much of any one hour or success. We see that we had exaggerated the culty. It was easy to him. The great man is convulsible or tormentable; events pass over him out much impression. People say sometimes, what I have overcome; see how cheerful I am how completely I have triumphed over these levents." Not if they still remind me of the blacker True conquest is the causing the character to determine the conquest is the causing the character to determine the conquest is the causing the character to determine the character that the causing the character to determine the character that the causing the character to determine the character that the character t

appear, as an early cloud of insignificant result in a

tory so large and advancing.

The one thing which we seek with insatiable desire of forget ourselves, to be surprised out of our propriety, lose our sempiternal memory, and to do something hout knowing how or why; in short, to draw a new de. Nothing great was ever achieved without husiasm. The way of life is wonderful: it is by indonment. The great moments of history are the lities of performance through the strength of ideas, the works of genius and religion. "A man," said our Cromwell, "never rises so high as when he knows whither he is going." Dreams and drunkenness, use of opium and alcohol, are the semblance and interfeit of this oracular genius, and hence their gerous attraction for men. For the like reason, they the aid of wild passions, as in gaming and war, to in some manner these flames and generosities of the

XI.—INTELLECT.

Go, speed the stars of Thought On to their shining goals;— The sower scatters broad his seed, The wheat thou strew'st be souls,

VERY substance is negatively electric to that stands above it in the chemical tables, posit to that which stands below it. Water dissolves v and iron, and salt; air dissolves water; electric dissolves air, but the intellect dissolves fire, gra laws, method, and the subtlest unnamed relation Intellect nature, in its resistless menstruum. behind genius, which is intellect constructive. Inte is the simple power anterior to all action or construct Gladly would I unfold in calm degrees a natural his of the intellect, but what man has yet been all mark the steps and boundaries of that transpi essence? The first questions are always to be a and the wisest doctor is gravelled by the inquisitive of a child. How can we speak of the action of mind under any divisions, as of its knowledge, ethics, of its works, and so forth, since it melts into perception, knowledge into act? Each bed the other. Itself alone is. Its vision is not like vision of the eye, but is union with the things known

Intellect and intellection signify to the common consideration of abstract truth. The consideration of time and place, of you and me, of profit and tyrannize over most men's minds. Intellect separathe fact considered from you, from all local and per reference, and discerns it as if it existed for its owns. Heraclitus looked upon the affections as densely coloured mists. In the fog of good and evil affect wit is hard for man to walk forward in a straight in Intellect is void of affection, and sees an object of stands in the light of science, cool and disengaged intellect goes out of the individual, floats over its experience of the individual, floats over its experience of the individual floats over its experience.

in. He who is immersed in what concerns person or ace cannot see the problem of existence. This the ellect always ponders. Nature shows all things med and bound. The intellect pierces the form, rleaps the wall, detects intrinsic likeness between note things, and reduces all things into a few principles. The making a fact the subject of thought raises it. that mass of mental and moral phenomena, which do not make objects of voluntary thought, come hin the power of fortune; they constitute the circumace of daily life; they are subject to change, to fear, hope. Every man beholds his human condition with gree of melancholy. As a ship aground is battered the waves, so man, imprisoned in mortal life, lies to the mercy of coming events. But a truth, rated by the intellect, is no longer a subject of destiny. behold it as a god upraised above care and fear. so any fact in our life, or any record of our fancies reflections, disentangled from the web of our unciousness, becomes an object impersonal and ortal. It is the past restored, but embalmed. tter art than that of Egypt has taken fear and corrupout of it. It is eviscerated of care. It is offered cience. What is addressed to us for contemplation not threaten us, but makes us intellectual beings. be growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every msion. The mind that grows could not predict times, the means, the mode of that spontaneity. enters by a private door into every individual. prior to the age of reflection is the thinking of the Out of darkness, it came insensibly into the vellous light of to-day. In the period of infancy repted and disposed of all impressions from the ounding creation after its own way. Whatever mind doth or saith is after a law; and this native remains over it after it has come to reflection or cious thought. In the most worn, pedantic, introed self-tormentor's life, the greatest part is in-lable by him, unforeseen, unimaginable, and must ntil he can take himself up by his own ears. What ?: What has my will done to make gite that Tangeri Nothing. I have been floated into this thoughthour, this connection of events, by secret currently might and mind, and my ingenuity and wilfulness not thwarted, have not aided to an appreciable degrated.

Our spontaneous action is always the best. cannot, with your best deliberation and heed, com close to any question as your spontaneous glance bring you, whilst you rise from your bed, or walk at in the morning after meditating the matter le sleep the previous night. Our thinking is a reception. Our truth of thought is therefore vit as much by too violent direction given by our wiby too great negligence. We do not determine who will think. We only open our senses, clear away, can, all obstruction from the fact, and suffer the int to see. We have little control over our thought are the prisoners of ideas. They catch us up for mor into their heaven, and so fully engage us, that we no thought for the morrow, gaze like children, with an effort to make them our own. By-and-by w out of that rapture, bethink us where we have what we have seen, and repeat, as truly as we what we have beheld. As far as we can recall t ecstacies, we carry away in the ineffaceable me the result, and all men and all the ages confirm it. called Truth. But the moment we cease to report attempt to correct and contrive, it is not truth.

If we consider what persons have stimulated profited us, we shall perceive the superiority of spontaneous or intuitive principle over the arithms or logical. The first contains the second, but we and latent. We want, in every man, a long law cannot pardon the absence of it, but it must be spoken. Logic is the procession or proportion unfolding of the intuition; but its virtue is as method; the moment it would appear as proposition.

and have a separate value, it is worthless.

In every man's mind, some images, words, and remain, without effort on his part to imprint them, others forget and afterwards these illustrate to important laws. All our progress is an unfolding.

vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an mion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud, fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you render no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By sting it to the end, it shall ripen into truth, and you

know why you believe.

ach mind has its own method. A true man never wires after college rules. What you have aggregated natural manner surprises and delights when it is duced. For we cannot oversee each other's secret. hence the differences between men in natural owment are insignificant in comparison with their mon wealth. Do you think the porter and the cook e no anecdotes, no experiences, no wonders for you? rybody knows as much as the savant. The walls rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with ights. They shall one day bring a lantern and the inscriptions. Every man, in the degree in h he has wit and culture, finds his curiosity ined concerning the modes of living and thinking ther men, and especially of those classes whose is have not been subdued by the drill of school ation.

becomes richer and more frequent in its informations agh all states of culture. At last comes the era effection, when we not only observe, but take pains to eve; when we of set purpose sit down to consider the betract truth; when we keep the mind's eye open, at we converse, whilst we read, whilst we act, intentions

arn the secret law of some class of facts.

hat is the hardest task in the world? To think, ald put myself in the attitude to look in the eye an act truth, and I cannot. I blench and withdraw is side and on that. I seem to know what he meant said, No man can see God face to face and live. example, a man explores the basis of civil governt. Let him intend his mind without respite, without in one direction. His best heed long time avails nothing of the property of the same and but apprehend, we dimly forbode the transport of the same apprehend. It is not the same and the same apprehend that the same are flitting before him.

We say, I will walk abroad, and the truth will take and clearness to me. We go forth, but cannot for It seems as if we needed only the stillness and compatitive of the library to seize the thought. Become in, and are as far from it as at first. The amoment, and unannounced, the truth appear certain, wandering light appears, and is the distinct the principle, we wanted. But the oracle of because we had previously laid siege to the shring seems as if the law of the intellect resembled that of nature by which we now inspire, now expire the broad—the law of undulation. So now you must have with your brains, and now you must forbear activity, and see what the great Soul showeth.

The immortality of man is as legitimately proferom the intellections as from the moral volitions. If intellection is mainly prospective. Its present is its least. Inspect what delights you in Plut in Shakespeare, in Cervantes. Each truth that a vacquires is a lantern, which he turns full on what and thoughts lay already in his mind, and behold the mats and rubbish which had littered his given become precious. Every trivial fact in his probiography becomes an illustration of this new prince visits the day, and delights all men by its piquance new charm. Men say, Where did he get this? think there was something divine in his life. But they have myriads of facts just as good, would they get a lamp to ransack their attics withal.

We are all wise. The difference between persons in wisdom but in art. I knew, in an academical of person who always deferred to me, who, seeing whim for writing, fancied that my experiences somewhat superior; whilst I saw that his expensiver as good as mine. Give them to me, and I wmake the same use of them. He held the old; he the new; I had the habit of tacking together the and the new, which he did not use to exercise. This hold in the great examples. Perhaps if we should the constraint of the strength of the should be sharespeare, were should not since the strength of the should be sharespeare, were should not since the strength of the should be sharespeare, were should not since the strength of the should not since the strength of the should be sharespeare.

priority; no: but of great equality—only that he sessed a strange skill of using, of classifying, his es, which we lacked. For, notwithstanding our incapacity to produce anything like Hamlet Othello, see the perfect reception this wit, and sense knowledge of life, and liquid eloquence find as all.

you gather apples in the sunshine, or make hay, to corn, and then retire within doors, and shut your sand press them with your hand, you shall still see to hanging in the bright light, with boughs and thereto, or the tasselled grass, or the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew of the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew of the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew of the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew of the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew of the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew of the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew of the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew of the corn-flags, this for five or six hours afterwards.

is long ere we discover how rich we are. Our history, are sure, is quite tame: we have nothing to write, ing to infer. But our wiser years still run back he despised recollections of childhood, and always are fishing up some wonderful article out of that; until, by-and-by, we begin to suspect that the raphy of the one foolish person we know is, in reality, ingless than the miniature paraphrase of the hundred

mes of the Universal History.

the intellect constructive, which we popularly mate by the word Genius, we observe the same acc of two elements as in intellect receptive. The tructive intellect produces thoughts, sentences, poems, a designs, systems. It is the generation of the mind, marriage of thought with nature. To genius must appear to genius must be go two gifts, the thought and the publication. It is revelation, always a miracle, which no lency of occurrence or incessant study can ever larize, but which must always leave the inquirer of with wonder of the the advent of truth of the decided of the control of thought now, for the first time, bursting

into the universe, a child of the old eternal soul, a of genuine and immeasurable greatness. It for the time, to inherit all that has yet existed, a dictate to the unborn. It affects every thought of and goes to fashion every institution. But to it available, it needs a vehicle or art by which it is veyed to men. To be communicable, it must bec picture or sensible object. We must learn the lar of facts. The most wonderful inspirations die their subject, if he has no hand to paint them senses. The ray of light passes invisible through and only when it falls on an object is it seen. the spiritual energy is directed on something out then it is a thought. The relation between it an first makes you, the value of you, apparent to The rich, inventive genius of the painter mus smothered and lost for want of the power of dra and in our happy hours we should be inexhau poets, if once we could break through the silence adequate rhyme. As all men have some acce primary truth, so all have some art or power of munication in their head, but only in the artist d descend into the hand. There is an inequality, laws we do not yet know, between two men and be two moments of the same man, in respect to this fa In common hours, we have the same facts as it uncommon or inspired, but they do not sit for portraits; they are not detached, but lie in a The thought of genius is spontaneous; but the of picture or expression, in the most enriched flowing nature, implies a mixture of will, a co control over the spontaneous states, without while production is possible. It is a conversion of all I into the rhetoric of thought, under the eye of judg with a strenuous exercise of choice. And ye imaginative vocabulary seems to be spontaneous. It does not flow from experience only or maining from a richer source. Not by any conscious immore of particular forms are the grand strokes of the executed, but by repairing to the fountain head forms in his mand. Who is the first drawing mand the contraction of the property of the fountain head forms in his mand. thout instruction we know very well the ideal of the man form. A child knows if an arm or a leg be disred in a picture, if the attitude be natural or grand, mean, though he has never received any instruction drawing, or heard any conversation on the subject, can himself draw with correctness a single feature. good form strikes all eyes pleasantly, long before they eany science on the subject, and a beautiful face sets nty hearts in palpitation, prior to all consideration of mechanical proportions of the features and head. may owe to dreams some light on the fountain of skill; for, as soon as we let our will go, and let the poscious states ensue, see what cunning draughtsmen are! We entertain ourselves with wonderful forms pen, of women, of animals, of gardens, of woods, and nonsters, and the mystic pencil wherewith we then w has no awkwardness or inexperience, no meagreor poverty; it can design well, and group well; omposition is full of art, its colours are well laid on, the whole canvas which it paints is lifelike, and apt such us with terror, with tenderness, with desire, and grief. Neither are the artist's copies from exence ever mere copies, but always touched and med by tints from this ideal domain.

appear to be so often combined but that a good ence or verse remains fresh and memorable for a time. Yet when we write with ease, and come not the free air of thought, we seem to be assured nothing is easier than to continue this communicate at pleasure. Up, down, around, the kingdom ought has no inclosures, but the Muse makes us of her city. Well, the world has a million writers, would think, then, that good thought would be miliar as air and water, and the gifts of each new would exclude the last. Yet we can count all good books; nay, I remember any beautiful verse wenty years. It is true that the discerning intellect world is always much in advance of the creative, at there are many competent judges of the best, and few writers of the best books. But by officing the

the conditions of intellectual construction are docurrence. The intellect is a whole, and docurrency in every work. This is resisted equal a man's devotion to a single thought, and by his am

to combine too many.

Truth is our element of life, yet if a man fast attention on a single aspect of truth, and apply to that alone for a long time, the truth becomes distant and not itself, but falsehood; herein resembling the which is our natural element, and the breath of nostrils, but if a stream of the same be directed to body for a time, it causes cold, fever, and even to How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist political or religious fanatic, or indeed any post mortal whose balance is lost by the exaggeration single topic. It is incipient insanity. Every this is a prison also. I cannot see what you see, because am caught up by a strong wind, and blown string one direction that I am out of the hoop of horizon.

Is it any better, if the student, to avoid this of and to liberalize himself, aims to make a mechanism whole of history, or science, or philosophy, by a number addition of all the facts that fall within his vision? world refuses to be analyzed by addition and subtract When we are young, we spend much time and in filling our note-books with all definitions of Rel Love, Poetry, Politics, Art, in the hope that, in the of a few years, we shall have condensed into or cyclopædia the net value of all the theories at the world has yet arrived. But year after year tables get no completeness, and at last we discovered our curve is a parabola, whose arcs will never meet

Neither by detachment, neither by aggregation, is integrity of the intellect transmitted to its works, but a vigilance which brings the intellect in its great and best state to operate every moment. It must the same wholeness which nature has. Although diligence can rebuild the universe in a model, but best accumulation or disposition of details, yet the complete of the complete

the laws of nature may be read in the smallest fact. intellect must have the like perfection in its aphension and in its works. For this reason, an index mercury of intellectual proficiency is the perception dentity. We talk with accomplished persons who ear to be strangers in nature. The cloud, the tree, turf, the bird are not theirs, have nothing of them: world is only their lodging and table. But the poet, se verses are to be spheral and complete, is one whom are cannot deceive, whatsoever face of strangeness may put on. He feels a strict consanguinity, and cts more likeness than variety in all her changes. are stung by the desire for new thought; but when receive a new thought, it is only the old thought a new face, and though we make it our own, we mtly crave another; we are not really enriched. the truth was in us before it was reflected to us from ral objects; and the profound genius will cast the ess of all creatures into every product of his

t if the constructive powers are rare, and it is given we men to be poets, yet every man is a receiver of descending holy ghost, and may well study the laws influx. Exactly parallel is the whole rule of ectual duty to the rule of moral duty. A self-l, no less austere than the saint's, is demanded to scholar. He must worship truth, and foregoings for that, and choose defeat and pain, so that easure in thought is thereby augmented.

d offers to every mind its choice between truth and

e. Take which you please—you can never have Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates whom the love of repose predominates will accept inst creed, the first philosophy, the first political he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, odity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of He in whom the love of truth predominates seep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat ill abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the site negations, between which, as walls, his being is the submits to the inconvenience of suspense.

and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate forters as the other is not, and respects the highest law

being.

The circle of the green earth he must measure w shoes, to find the man who can yield him truth. He then know that there is somewhat more blessed and in hearing than in speaking. Happy is the man; unhappy the speaking man. As long as letruth, I am bathed by a beautiful element, and are conscious of any limits to my nature. The suggest are thousandfold that I hear and see. The waters great deep have ingress and egress to the soul. But speak, I define, I confine, and am less. When Sort speaks, Lysis and Menexenus are afflicted by no se that they do not speak. They also are good. He wise defers to them, loves them, whilst he spare Because a true and natural man contains and is the truth which an eloquent man articulates; but it eloquent man, because he can articulate it, it something the less to reside, and he turns to silent beautiful with the more inclination and rest The ancient sentence said, Let us be silent, for so are gods. Silence is a solvent that destroys personality gives us leave to be great and universal. Every gives us leave to be great and universal. Every reprogress is through a succession of teachers, ear whom seems at the time to have a superlative influe but it at last gives place to a new. Frankly let, accept it all. Jesus says, Leave father, mother, had and lands, and follow me. Who leaves all, recommonders in the seems at the time to have a morally. It new mind we approach seems to require an abdiction of all our past and present possessions. A new door seems, at first, a subversion of all our opinions, the and manner of living. Such has Swedenborg, such Kant, such has Coleridge, such has Hegelor his interpart of the seemed to many young men in this common content. Cousin, seemed to many young men in this correct Take thankfully and heartily all they can give. them, wrestle with them, let them not go until blessing be won, and, after a short season, the distance will be overpast, the excess of influence withdrawn. Cabeyangilinbeanovlongeneoncal anguing mescanging one ht star shining serenely in your heaven, and blending

light with all your day.

but whilst he gives himself up unreservedly to that th draws him, because that is his own, he is to refuse self to that which draws him not, whatsoever fame authority may attend it, because it is not his own. ire self-reliance belongs to the intellect. One soul counterpoise of all souls, as a capillary column of ris a balance for the sea. It must treat things, and is, and sovereign genius, as itself also a sovereign. schylus be that man he is taken for, he has not yet his office, when he has educated the learned of ope for a thousand years. He is now to approve elf a master of delight to me also. If he cannot hat, all his fame shall avail him nothing with me. are a fool not to sacrifice a thousand Æschyluses y intellectual integrity. Especially take the same ad in regard to abstract truth, the science of the The Bacon, the Spinoza, the Hume, Schelling, , or whosoever propounds to you a philosophy e mind, is only a more or less awkward translator ings in your consciousness, which you have also way of seeing, perhaps of denominating. Say, then, ad of too timidly poring into his obscure sense, he has not succeeded in rendering back to you your iousness. He has not succeeded; now let another If Plato cannot, perhaps Spinoza will. If Spinoza ot, then perhaps Kant. Anyhow, when at last lone, you will find it is no recondite, but a simple, al, common state, which the writer restores to

telet us end these didactics. I will not, though the ct might provoke it, speak to the open question ten Truth and Love. I shall not presume to interfere to old politics of the skies;—"The cherubim know; the seraphim love most." The gods shall their own quarrels. But I cannot recite, even rudely, laws of the intellect, without remembering lofty and sequestered class who have been its lets and orasics in high conjection of the principles in the Trismegisti, the expounders of the principles

of thought from age to age. When, at long inter we turn over their abstruse pages, wonderful sthe calm and grand air of these few, these great spir lords, who have walked in the world-these of the religion-dwelling in a worship which makes sanctities of Christianity look parvenues and population for "persuasion is in soul, but necessity is in intell This band of grandees, Hermes, Heraclitus, Empedo Plato, Plotinus, Olympiodorus, Proclus, Synesius, the rest, have somewhat so vast in their logic, so pri in their thinking, that it seems antecedent to all ordinary distinctions of rhetoric and literature, as be at once poetry, and music, and dancing, and astron and mathematics. I am present at the sowing of seed of the world. With a geometry of sunbeams soul lays the foundations of nature. The truth grandeur of their thought is proved by its scope applicability, for it commands the entire sche and inventory of things for its illustration. But marks its elevation, and has even a comic look to is the innocent serenity with which these babe Jupiters sit in their clouds, and from age to age pr to each other, and to no contemporary. Well ass that their speech is intelligible, and the most na thing in the world, they add thesis to thesis, with a moment's heed of the universal astonishment of human race below, who do not comprehend their pla argument; nor do they ever relent so much as to i a popular or explaining sentence; nor testify the displeasure or petulance at the dulness of their am auditory. The angels are so enamoured of the lang that is spoken in heaven, that they will not distort lips with the hissing and unmusical dialects of but speak their own, whether there be any who w stand it or not.

of laws of the intellect, without remembering

XII.-ART.

Give to barrows, trays, and pans Grace and glimmer of romance, Bring the moonlight into noon Hid in gleaming piles of stone; On the city's paved street Plant gardens lined with lilac sweet; Let spouting fountains cool the air, Singing in the sun-baked square; Let statue, picture, park, and hall, Ballad, flag, and festival, The past restore, the day adorn, And make each morrow a new morn. So shall the drudge in dusty frock Spy behind the city clock Retinues of airy kings, Skirts of angels, starry wings, His fathers shining in bright fables, His children fed at heavenly tables. 'Tis the privilege of Art Thus to play its cheerful part, Man in earth to acclimate, And bend the exile to his fate, And, moulded of one element With the days and firmament, Teach him on these as stairs to climb, And live on even terms with Time, Whilst upper life the slender rill Of human sense doth overfill.

repeats itself, but in every act attempts the protion of a new and fairer whole. This appears in the soul and the fine arts, if we employ appular distinction of works according to their either at use or beauty. Thus in our fine arts, not lation, but creation, is the aim. In landscapes, apainter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation we know. The details, the prose of nature he ald omit, and give us only the spirit and splendour. should know that the landscape has beauty for his because it expresses a thought which is to him and this, because the same power which sees ough his eyes the same power which eyes ough the eyes the

come to value the expression of nature, and not natiself, and so exalt in his copy the features that phim. He will give the gloom of gloom, and the sum of sunshine. In a portrait, he must inscribe the acter, and not the features, and must esteem the who sits to him as himself only an imperfect picture.

likeness of the aspiring original within.

What is that abridgment and selection we observall spiritual activity, but itself the creative imputor it is the inlet of that higher illumination which test to convey a larger sense by simpler symbols. What man but nature's finer success in self-explicate What is a man but a finer and compacter landscape the horizon figures—nature's eclecticism? and what speech, his love of painting, love of nature, but a finer success? all the weary miles and tons of space bulk left out, and the spirit or moral of it contracted in musical word, or the most cunning stroke of the per

But the artist must employ the symbols in use in day and nation, to convey his enlarged sense to his fel men. Thus the new in art is always formed out of old. The Genius of the Hour sets his ineffaceable on the work, and gives it an inexpressible charm the imagination. As far as the spiritual charaof the period overpowers the artist, and finds exprein his work, so far it will retain a certain grandeur, will represent to future beholders the Unknown Inevitable, the Divine. No man can quite exclude element of Necessity from his labour. No man quite emancipate himself from his age and cour or produce a model in which the education, the relithe politics, usages, and arts, of his times shall no share. Though he were never so original, n so wilful and fantastic, he cannot wipe out of his every trace of the thoughts amidst which it grew. very avoidance betrays the usage he avoids. A his will, and out of his sight, he is necessitated, by air he breathes, and the idea on which he and his temporaries live and toil, to share the manner of times, without knowing what that manner is. Continuous in the interpretation the interpretation the interpretation of th ART. 189

in individual talent can ever give, inasmuch as the ist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided a gigantic hand to inscribe a line in the history of the man race. This circumstance gives a value to the yptian hieroglyphics, to the Indian, Chinese, and xican idols, however gross and shapeless. They note the height of the human soul in that hour, and re not fantastic, but sprung from a necessity as deep the world. Shall I now add, that the whole extant duct of the plastic arts has herein its highest value, history; as a stroke drawn in the portrait of that perfect and beautiful, according to whose ordinaas all beings advance to their beatitude? hus, historically viewed, it has been the office of art ducate the perception of beauty. We are immersed leauty, but our eyes have no clear vision. It needs, the exhibition of single traits, to assist and lead dormant taste. We carve and paint, or we behold it is carved and painted, as students of the mystery Form. The virtue of art lies in detachment, in pestering one object from the embarrassing variety. il one thing comes out from the connection of igs, there can be enjoyment, contemplation, but thought. Our happiness and unhappiness are unductive. The infant lies in a pleasing trance, but individual character and his practical power depend his daily progress in the separation of things, and ling with one at a time. Love and all the passions centrate all existence around a single form. It is habit of certain minds to give an all-excluding ess to the object, the thought, the word, they alight n, and to make that for the time the deputy of the ld. These are the artists, the orators, the leaders

detaching, is the essence of rhetoric in the hands of orator and the poet. This rhetoric, or power to the momentary eminency of an object—so remarkable Burke, in Byron, in Carlyle—the painter and sculptor ibit in colour and in stone. The power depends the depth of the artist's insight of that object he templates. For every object has used in central

nature, and may of course be so exhibited to us: represent the world. Therefore, each work of is the tyrant of the hour, and concentrates atte on itself. For the time, it is the only thing worth ma to do that-be it a sonnet, an opera, a landsca statue, an oration, the plan of a temple, of a camp or of a voyage of discovery. Presently we pas some other object, which rounds itself into a who did the first; for example, a well-laid garden: and ing seems worth doing but the laying out of gar I should think fire the best thing in the world, if I not acquainted with air, and water, and earth. it is the right and property of all natural object all genuine talents, of all native properties whatso to be for their moment the top of the world. A squ leaping from bough to bough, and making the but one wide tree for his pleasure, fills the eye not than a lion-is beautiful, self-sufficing, and stands and there for nature. A good ballad draws my ear heart whilst I listen, as much as an epic has done be A dog, drawn by a master, or a litter of pigs, sati and is a reality not less than the frescoes of Am From this succession of excellent objects, we lear last the immensity of the world, the opulence of he nature, which can run out to infinitude in any direct But I also learn that what astonished and fascing me in the first work astonished me in the second also; that excellence of all things is one.

The office of painting and sculpture seems to be minitial. The best pictures can easily tell us there seems. The best pictures are rude draughts of a of the miraculous dots and lines and dyes which rup the ever-changing "landscape with figures" are which we dwell. Painting seems to be to the eye dancing is to the limbs. When that has edute the frame to self-possession, to nimbleness, to the steps of the dancing-master are better forget so painting teaches me the splendour of colour and expression of form, and, as I see many pictures higher genius in the art, I see the boundless opular the period, was middlessed by the world of the period.

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to choose out of the possible forms. If he can aw everything, why draw anything? and then is eye opened to the eternal picture which nature in the street with moving men and children, gars, and fine ladies, draped in red, and green, and r, and gray; long-haired, grizzled, white-faced, cfaced, wrinkled, giant, dwarf, expanded, elfish ped and based by heaven, earth, and sea. a gallery of sculpture teaches more austerely the ne lesson. As picture teaches the colouring, so pture the anatomy of form. When I have seen statues and afterwards enter a public assembly, nderstand well what he meant who said, "When ave been reading Homer, all men look like giants."
see that painting and sculpture are gymnastics the eye, its training to the niceties and curiosities is function. There is no statue like this living man, his infinite advantage over all ideal sculpture, of petual variety. What a gallery of art have I here! mannerist made these varied groups and diverse inal single figures. Here is the artist himself imrising, grim and glad, at his block. Now one thought tes him, now another, and with each moment he s the whole air, attitude, and expression of his Away with your nonsense of oil and easels, of ble and chisels: except to open your eyes to the teries of eternal art, they are hypocritical rubbish. he reference of all production at last to an aboriginal er explains the traits common to all works of the est art—that they are universally intelligible; they restore to us the simplest states of mind; are religious. Since what skill is therein shown he reappearance of the original soul, a jet of pure , it should produce a similar impression to that by natural objects. In happy hours, nature ears to us one with art; art perfected—the work of us. And the individual, in whom simple tastes and eptibility to all the great human influences overer the accidents of a local and special culture, is best critic of art. Though we travel the world over ind the beautiful, we may carry out Digitard by Grange tri

find it not. The best of beauty is a finer charm skill in surfaces, in outlines, or rules of art can teach, namely, a radiation from the work of art of he character-a wonderful expression through store canvas, or musical sound, of the deepest and sim attributes of our nature, and therefore most intell at last to those souls which have these attributes the sculptures of the Greeks, in the masonry of Romans, and in the pictures of the Tuscan and Ver masters, the highest charm is the universal lang they speak. A confession of moral nature, of p love, and hope, breathes from them all. That we carry to them, the same we bring back more illustrated in the memory. The traveller who the Vatican, and passes from chamber to cha through galleries of statues, vases, sarcophagi, candelabra, through all forms of beauty, cut in richest materials, is in danger of forgetting the simp of the principles out of which they all sprung, and they had their origin from thoughts and laws i own breast. He studies the technical rules on wonderful remains, but forgets that these works not always thus constellated; that they are the tributions of many ages and many countries; each came out of the solitary workshop of one who toiled perhaps in ignorance of the existen other sculpture, created his work without other m save life, household life, and the sweet and sma personal relations, of beating hearts, and meeting of poverty, and necessity, and hope, and fear. were his inspirations, and these are the effects he can home to your heart and mind. In proportion t force, the artist will find in his work an outlet for proper character. He must not be in any mapinched or hindered by his material, but through necessity of imparting himself the adamant will be in his hands, and will allow an adequate communic of himself, in his full stature and proportion. He not cumber himself with a conventional nature cculture nor ask what is the mode in Rome or in I but that house, and weather, and manner of living ART. 193

criy and the fate of birth have made at once so ous and so dear, in the gray, unpainted wood cabin, on corner of a New Hampshire farm, or in the log-hut he backwoods, or in the narrow lodging where he endured the constraints and seeming of a city criy, will serve as well as any other condition as the bol of a thought which pours itself indifferently

ough all.

remember, when in my younger days, I had heard of wonders of Italian painting, I fancied the great ures would be great strangers; some surprising bination of colour and form; a foreign wonder, paric pearl and gold, like the spontoons and standards he militia, which play such pranks in the eyes and ginations of schoolboys. I was to see and acquire ew not what. When I came at last to Rome, and with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to ces the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself red directly to the simple and true; that it was liar and sincere; that it was the old, eternal fact d met already in so many forms-unto which I ; that it was the plain you and me I knew so wellleft at home in so many conversations. I had same experience already in a church at Naples. e I saw that nothing was changed with me but place, and said to myself-"Thou foolish child, thou come out hither, over four thousand miles at water, to find that which was perfect to thee there ome?"-that fact I saw again in the Academmia aples, in the chambers of sculpture, and yet again I came to Rome, and to the paintings of Raphael, elo, Sacchi, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci. "What, mole! workest thou in the earth so fast?" It had elled by my side: that which I fancied I had left loston was here in the Vatican, and again at Milan, at Paris, and made all travelling ridiculous as a dmill. I now require this of all pictures, that they esticate me, not that they dazzle me. Pictures t not be too picturesque. Nothing astonishes men nuch as common sense and plain dealing. All great ons have been simple, and all great pictures are. N DL. 1.

The Transfiguration, by Raphael, is an eminerample of this peculiar merit. A calm, benignant to shines over all this picture, and goes directly theart. It seems almost to call you by name, sweet and sublime face of Jesus is beyond praishow it disappoints all florid expectations! This family simple, home-speaking countenance is as if one smeet a friend. The knowledge of picture-dealers its value, but listen not to their criticism when heart is touched by genius. It was not painted for it was painted for you; for such as had eyes can being touched by simplicity and lofty emotions.

Yet when we have said all our fine things about arts, we must end with a frank confession, that the as we know them, are but initial. Our best ; is given to what they aimed and promised, not t actual result. He has conceived meanly of the resu of man, who believes that the best age of produ is past. The real value of the Iliad, or the Transfi tion, is as signs of power; billows or ripples the of the stream of tendency; tokens of the everle betrays. Art has not yet come to its maturity, do not put itself abreast with the most potent influ of the world, if it is not practical and moral, if it d stand in connection with the conscience, if it de make the poor and uncultivated feel that it add them with a voice of lofty cheer. There is higher for Art than the arts. They are abortive birt an imperfect or vitiated instinct. Art is the ne create; but in its essence, immense and univeris impatient of working with lame or tied hands of making cripples and monsters, such as all pir and statues are. Nothing less than the creation of and nature is its end. A man should find in it and for his whole energy. He may paint and carve of long as he can do that. Art should exhilarate throw down the walls of circumstance on every awakening in the beholder the same sense of units and its highest effect is to make new artists. ART. 195

already History is old enough to witness the old and disappearance of particular arts. The art of pture is long ago perished to any real effect. It originally a useful art, a mode of writing, a savage's ord of gratitude or devotion, and among a people sessed of a wonderful perception of form this childish ring was refined to the utmost splendour of effect. it is the game of a rude and youthful people, and the manly labour of a wise and spiritual nation. der an oak-tree loaded with leaves and nuts, under a full of eternal eyes, I stand in a thoroughfare; in the works of our plastic arts, and especially of pture, creation is driven into a corner. I cannot from myself that there is a certain appearance altriness, as of toys, and the trumpery of a theatre, sculpture. Nature transcends all our moods of ight, and its secret we do not yet find. But the ry stands at the mercy of our moods, and there is oment when it becomes frivolous. I do not wonder Newton, with an attention habitually engaged he paths of planets and suns, should have wondered the Earl of Pembroke found to admire in "stone " Sculpture may serve to teach the pupil how is the secret of form, how purely the spirit can slate its meanings into that eloquent dialect. But statue will look cold and false before that new activity h needs to roll through all things, and is impatient counterfeits and things not alive. Picture and pture are the celebrations and festivities of form. true art is never fixed, but always flowing. The test music is not in the oratorio, but in the human when it speaks from its instant life tones of tendertruth, or courage. The oratorio has already lost elation to the morning, to the sun, and the earth, that persuading voice is in tune with these. All is of art should not be detached, but extempore ormances. A great man is a new statue in every tude and action. A beautiful woman is a picture th drives all beholders nobly mad. Life may be or epic as well as a poem or a romance. true announcement of the law of creation, by a sangor were found worthy to declare it, would carry a into the kingdom of nature, and destroy its sep and contrasted existence. The fountains of inve and beauty in modern society are all but dried up popular novel, a theatre, or a ball-room makes us that we are all paupers in the almshouse of this without dignity, without skill, or industry. Art poor and low. The old tragic Necessity, which is on the brows even of the Venuses and the Cupids antique, and furnishes the sole apology for the intr of such anomalous figures into nature—namely, they were inevitable; that the artist was drunk a passion for form which he could not resist, and vented itself in these fine extravagances-no ! dignifies the chisel or the pencil. But the artist the connoisseur now seek in art the exhibition of talent, or an asylum from the evils of life. Men ar well pleased with the figure they make in their imaginations, and they flee to art, and convey better sense in an oratorio, a statue, or a picture. makes the same effort which a sensual prosperity ma namely, to detach the beautiful from the useful, up the work as unavoidable, and, hating it, pasto enjoyment. These solaces and compensations division of beauty from use, the laws of nature d permit. As soon as beauty is sought, not from reand love, but for pleasure, it degrades the seeker. beauty is no longer attainable by him in canvas stone, in sound, or in lyrical construction; an effecti prudent, sickly beauty, which is not beauty, is all can be formed; for the hand can never execute any higher than the character can inspire.

The art that thus separates is itself first separated Art must not be a superficial talent, but must begin for back in man. Now men do not see nature to be beful, and they go to make a statue which shall be abhor men as tasteless, dull, and inconvertible, console themselves with colour-bags, and block marble. They reject life as prosaic, and create a convertible they call poetic. They despatch the weary chores, and fly to voluptious reverses. The

ART. 197

drink, that they may afterwards execute the ideal. s is art vilified; the name conveys to the mind econdary and bad senses; it stands in the imaginaas somewhat contrary to nature, and struck with from the first. Would it not be better to begin erup—to serve the ideal before they eat and drink; erve the ideal in eating and drinking, in drawing breath, and in the functions of life? Beauty must e back to the useful arts, and the distinction between fine and the useful arts be forgotten. If history truly told, if life were nobly spent, it would be onger easy or possible to distinguish the one from other. In nature, all is useful, all is beautiful. therefore beautiful, because it is alive, moving, oductive; it is therefore useful, because it is symical and fair. Beauty will not come at the call of islature, nor will it repeat in England or America istory in Greece. It will come, as always, ununced, and spring up between the feet of brave earnest men. It is in vain that we look for genius iterate its miracles in the old arts; it is its instinct id beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts, e field and road-side, in the shop and mill. Proing from a religious heart it will raise to a divine the railroad, the insurance office, the joint-stock any, our law, our primary assemblies, our come, the galvanic battery, the electric jar, the , and the chemist's retort, in which we seek now an economical use. Is not the selfish and even aspect which belongs to our great mechanical s-to mills, railways, and machinery-the effect e mercenary impulses which these works obey? n its errands are noble and adequate, a steamboat ing the Atlantic between Old and New England, arriving at its ports with the punctuality of a planet, step of man into harmony with nature. The boat t. Petersburgh, which plies along the Lena by netism, needs little to make it sublime. ce is learned in love, and its powers are wielded ove, they will amprendathe neurolements and conations of the material creation.

XIII.—THE POET

A moody child and wildly wise
Pursued the game with joyful eyes,
Which chose, like meteors, their way,
And rived the dark with private ray:
They overleapt the horizon's edge,
Searched with Apollo's privilege;
Through man, and woman, and sea, and star,
Saw the dance of nature forward far;
Through worlds, and races, and terms, and times,
Saw musical order, and pairing rhymes.

Olympian bards who sung Divine ideas below, Which always find us young, And always keep us so.

HOSE who are esteemed umpires of taste, are persons who have acquired some knowled; admired pictures or sculptures, and have an inclin for whatever is elegant; but if you inquire whe they are beautiful souls, and whether their own are like fair pictures, you learn that they are s and sensual. Their cultivation is local, as if you s rub a log of dry wood in one spot to produce fire the rest remaining cold. Their knowledge of the arts is some study of rules and particulars, or some lin judgment of colour or form, which is exercised amusement or for show. It is a proof of the shall ness of the doctrine of beauty, as it lies in the r of our amateurs, that men seem to have lost the pr tion of the instant dependence of form upon soul. is no doctrine of forms in our philosophy. We were into our bodies, as fire is put into a pan, to be a about; but there is no accurate adjustment ber the spirit and the organ, much less is the latter germination of the former. So in regard to otheris the intellectual men do not believe in any esse dependence of the material world on thought and tion, and Theologians think it a pretty air castle to of the spiritual meaning of a ship or a cloud, of contract, but they prefer to come again to the solid and of historical evidence; and even the poets are cented with a civil and conformed manner of living, to write poems from the fancy, at a safe distance their own experience. But the highest minds the world have never ceased to explore the double ming, or, shall I say, the quadruple, or the centuple, much more manifold meaning, of every sensuous r Orpheus, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Plato, Plutarch, ore, Swedenborg, and the masters of sculpture, ture, and poetry. For we are not pans and barrows, even porters of the fire and torch-bearers, but children he fire, made of it, and only the same divinity transted, and at two or three removes, when we know tabout it. And this hidden truth, that the fountains ace all this river of Time, and its creatures, floweth intrinsically ideal and beautiful, draws us to the ideration of the nature and functions of the Poet he man of Beauty, to the means and materials he and to the general aspect of the art in the present

he breadth of the problem is great, for the poet is esentative. He stands among partial men for the plete man, and apprizes us not of his wealth, but e commonwealth. The young man reveres men of us, because, to speak truly, they are more himself he is. They receive of the soul as he also receives, they more. Nature enhances her beauty, to the of loving men, from their belief that the poet is dding her shows at the same time. He is isolated ng his contemporaries, by truth and by his art, but this consolation in his pursuits, that they will draw en sooner or later. For all men live by truth, and in need of expression. In love, in art, in avarice, olitics, in labour, in games, we study to utter our ful secret. The man is only half himself, the other is his expression.

otwithstanding this necessity to be published, adee expression is rare. I know not how it is that we an interpreter; but the great majority of men seem e minors, who have not yellecome pieces by seement of their own, or mutes, who cannot report the contion they have had with nature. There is no man does not anticipate a supersensual utility in the and stars, earth, and water. These stand and to render him a peculiar service. But there is obstruction, or some excess of phlegm in our contion, which does not suffer them to yield the due Too feeble fall the impressions of nature on us to Every touch should thrill. Every should be so much an artist, that he could repo conversation what had befallen him. Yet, in experience, the rays or appulses have sufficient to arrive at the senses, but not enough to reach quick, and compel the reproduction of them in speech. The poet is the person in whom these p are in balance, the man without impediment, who see handles that which others dream of, traverses the scale of experience, and is representative of man, in of being the largest power to receive and to impart

For the Universe has three children, born at one which reappear, under different names, in every sof thought, whether they be called cause, open and effect; or, more poetically, Jove, Pluto, Nepor, theologically, the Father, the Spirit, and the Son which we will call here, the Knower, the Doer, and Sayer. These stand respectively for the love of for the love of good, and for the love of beauty. Three are equal. Each is that which he is essent so that he cannot be surmounted or analyzed each of these three has the power of the others!

in him, and his own patent.

The poet is the sayer, the namer, and reprebeauty. He is a sovereign, and stands on the conformation for the world is not painted, or adorned, but is the beginning beautiful; and God has not made beautiful things, but Beauty is the creator of the unit Therefore the poet is not any permissive potentate is emperor in his own right. Criticism is infested we cant of materialism, which assumes that manual skill activity is the first merit of all men, and dispersionly and the conformation of the first merit of all men, and dispersionly and assay and the conformation of the first merit of all men, and dispersionly the first merit of all men.

2, namely, poets, are natural sayers, sent into the id to the end of expression, and confounds them a those whose province is action, but who quit it to ate the sayers. But Homer's words are as costly admirable to Homer, as Agamemnon's victories to Agamemnon. The poet does not wait for the or the sage, but, as they act and think primarily, he writes primarily what will and must be spoken, oning the others, though primaries also, yet, in ect to him, secondaries and servants; as sitters or els in the studio of a painter, or as assistants who guilding materials to an architect.

by poetry was all written before time was, and whenever are so finely organized that we can penetrate that region where the air is music, we hear those all warblings, and attempt to write them down, we lose ever and anon a word, or a verse, and stitute something of our own, and thus miswrite poem. The men of more delicate ear write down a cadences more faithfully, and these transcripts, gh imperfect, become the songs of the nations. mature is as truly beautiful as it is good, or as it is ponable, and must as much appear, as it must be an or be known. Words and deeds are quite intent modes of the divine energy. Words are also ons, and actions are a kind of words.

ne sign and credentials of the poet are, that he punces that which no man foretold. He is the true only doctor; he knows and tells; he is the only of news, for he was present and privy to the apart and which he describes. He is a beholder of ideas, an utterer of the necessary and causal. For we do speak now of men of poetical talents, or of industry skill in metre, but of the true poet. I took part conversation, the other day, concerning a recent er of lyrics, a man of subtle mind, whose head aped to be a music-box of delicate tunes and rhythms, whose skill, and command of language, we could sufficiently praise. But when the question arose, ther he was not only a lyrist, but a poet, we were ged to confess and man present a poet, we were ged to confess and man present and present a poet, we were

not an eternal man. He does not stand out of culimitations, like a Chimborazo under the line, runnifrom a torrid base through all the climates of the with belts of the herbage of every latitude on its and mottled sides; but this genius is the lands garden of a modern house, adorned with four and statues, with well-bred men and women standing sitting in the walks and terraces. We hear, the all the varied music, the ground-tone of conventifie. Our poets are men of talents who sing, and the children of music. The argument is second

the finish of the verses is primary.

· For it is not metres, but a metre-making argu that makes a poem—a thought so passionate alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, an architecture of its own, and adorns nature w new thing. The thought and the form are equ the order of time, but in the order of genesis the th is prior to the form. The poet has a new thou he has a whole new experience to unfold; he wi us how it was with him, and all men will be the in his fortune. For the experience of each new requires a new confession, and the world seems a waiting for its poet. I remember, when I was y how much I was moved one morning by tidings genius had appeared in a youth who sat near me at He had left his work, and gone rambling none whither, and had written hundreds of lines, but not tell whether that which was in him was the told: he could tell nothing but that all was chang man, beast, heaven, earth, and sea. How glad-listened! how credulous! Society seemed to be promised. We sat in the aurora of a sunrise v was to put out all the stars. Boston seemed to twice the distance it had the night before, or was farther than that. Rome—what was Rome? Plus and Shakespeare were in the yellow leaf, and H no more should be heard of. It is much to know poetry has been written this very day, under this croof by your side. What I that wonderful that not expired! These stony moments are rkling and animated! I had fancied that the cles were all silent, and nature had spent her fires, behold! all night, from every pore, these fine auroras be been streaming. Every one has some interest in advent of the poet, and no one knows how much may concern him. We know that the secret of the lid is profound, but who or what shall be our interest, we know not. A mountain ramble, a new of face, a new person, may put the key into our is. Of course, the value of genius to us is in the city of its report. Talent may frolic and juggle; as realizes and adds. Mankind, in good earnest, availed so far in understanding themselves and twork, that the foremost watchman on the peak punces his news. It is the truest word ever spoken, the phrase will be the fittest, most musical, and the

ring voice of the world for that time.

I that we call sacred history attests that the birth poet is the principal event in chronology. Man, r so often deceived, still watches for the arrival of other who can hold him steady to a truth, until he made it his own. With what joy I begin to read em, which I confide in as an inspiration! And my chains are to be broken; I shall mount above clouds and opaque airs in which I live-opaque, gh they seem transparent-and from the heaven uth I shall see and comprehend my relations. That reconcile me to life, and renovate nature, to see s animated by a tendency, and to know what I am g. Life will no more be a noise; now I shall see and women, and know the signs by which they may iscerned from fools and satans. This day shall etter than my birthday: then I became an animal: I am invited into the science of the real. Such e hope, but the fruition is postponed. Oftener lls, that this winged man, who will carry me into neaven, whirls me into mists, then leaps and frisks t with me as it were from cloud to cloud, still ning that he is bound heavenward; and I, being of a novice, am slow in perceiving that he does not the way into the heavens, and the heavens of the he I should admire his skill to rise, like a fowl or a fish, a little way from the ground or the water; the all-piercing, all-feeding, and ocular air of he that man shall never inhabit. I tumble down a soon into my old nooks, and lead the life of exagger as before, and have lost my faith in the possibiliany guide who can lead me thither where I would be any guide who can lead me thither where I would be any guide who can lead me thither where I would be a second or second or

But, leaving these victims of vanity, let us, with hope, observe how nature, by worthier impulses insured the poet's fidelity to his office of announce and affirming, namely, by the beauty of things, becomes a new and higher beauty, when expre Nature offers all her creatures to him as a pir language. Being used as a type, a second wond value appears in the object, far better than its value, as the carpenter's stretched cord, if you your ear close enough, is musical in the breeze. "T more excellent than every image," says Jamble "are expressed through images." Things admi being used as symbols, because nature is a syr in the whole, and in every part. Every line we draw in the sand has expression; and there is no without its spirit of genius. All form is an effect character; all condition, of the quality of the life harmony, of health (and, for this reason, a perception beauty should be sympathetic, or proper only to the The beautiful rests on the foundations of the neces. The soul makes the body, as the wise Spenser tead

"So every spirit, as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight,
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For, of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Here we find ourselves, suddenly, not in a grospeculation, but in a holy place, and should go warily and reverently. We stand before the serior the world, there where Being passes into Appear and Unity into Variety.

CC-OTHER GOTOMACH Sollegues Existing the recommendation of the comments of the commen

Our science is sensual, and therefore superficial. e carth and the heavenly bodies, physics, and mistry, we sensually treat, as if they were self-stent; but these are the retinue of that Being were. "The mighty heaven," said Proclus, "exhibits, its transfigurations, clear images of the splendour intellectual perceptions; being moved in conjunction in the unapparent periods of intellectual natures." erefore, science always goes abreast with the just ration of the man, keeping step with religion and aphysics; or, the state of science is an index of our knowledge. Since everything in nature answers a moral power, if any phenomenon remains brute dark, it is because the corresponding faculty in the

erver is not yet active.

o wonder, then, if these waters be so deep, that we er over them with a religious regard. The beauty he fable proves the importance of the sense; to the , and to all others; or, if you please, every man far a poet as to be susceptible of these enchantments ature; for all men have the thoughts whereof the rerse is the celebration. I find that the fascination des in the symbol. Who loves nature? Who does ? Is it only poets, and men of leisure and cultiva-, who live with her? No; but also hunters, farmers, ms, and butchers, though they express their affection heir choice of life, and not in their choice of words. writer wonders what the coachman or the hunter es in riding, in horses, and dogs. It is not superqualities. When you talk with him, he holds at as slight a rate as you. His worship is symhetic; he has no definitions, but he is commanded ature, by the living power which he feels to be there sent. No imitation, or playing of these things, ld content him; he loves the earnest of the north d, of rain, of stone, and wood, and iron. A beauty explicable is dearer than a beauty which we can see he end of. It is nature the symbol, nature certifying supernatural body overflowed by life, which he ships, with coarse but sincere rifes. The inwardness and mystery of this attac drive men of every class to the use of emblems schools of poets, and philosophers, are not more cated with their symbols, than the populace with In our political parties, compute the power of and emblems. See the great ball which they roll Baltimore to Bunker Hill! In the political proce Lowell goes in a loom, and Lynn in a shoe, and in a ship. Witness the cider-barrel, the log-the hickory-stick, the palmetto, and all the cogniof party. See the power of national emblems, stars, lilies, leopards, a crescent, a lion, an easy other figure, which came into credit God knows on an old rag of bunting, blowing in the wind, on at the ends of the earth, shall make the blood tingle the rudest, or the most conventional exterior, people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all

and mystics!

Beyond this universality of the symbolic language we are apprized of the divineness of this superior of things, whereby the world is a temple, whose are covered with emblems, pictures, and comm ments of the Deity, in this, that there is no fact in a which does not carry the whole sense of nature: the distinctions which we make in events, and in a of low and high, honest and base, disappear nature is used as a symbol. Thought makes thing fit for use. The vocabulary of an omniscient would embrace words and images excluded from conversation. What would be base, or even obto the obscene, becomes illustrious, spoken in a connection of thought. The piety of the Hyprophets purges their grossness. The circum is an example of the power of poetry to raise than offensive. Small and mean things serve as a great symbols. The meaner the type by who law is expressed, the more pungent it is, and the plasting in the memories of men; just as we choose smallest box, or case, in which any needful means the symbols. smallest box, or case, in which any needful utens be carried. Bare lists of words are found suggested and excited mind; as it is not Lord Chatham, that he was accustomed to read in iley's Dictionary, when he was preparing to speak in ciament. The poorest experience is rich enough all the purposes of expressing thought. Why et a knowledge of new facts? Day and night, house garden, a few books, a few actions, serve us as well would all trades and all spectacles. We are far n having exhausted the significance of the few abols we use. We can come to use them yet with errible simplicity. It does not need that a poem ald be long. Every word was once a poem. Every relation is a new word. Also, we use defects and rmities to a sacred purpose, so expressing our sense the evils of the world are such only to the evil eye. the old mythology, mythologists observe, defects ascribed to divine natures, as lameness to Vulcan, dness to Cupid, and the like, to signify exuberances. or, as it is dislocation and detachment from the life od, that makes things ugly, the poet, who re-attaches so nature and the Whole—re-attaching even icial things, and violations of nature, to nature, deeper insight—disposes very easily of the most greeable facts. Readers of poetry see the factoryge, and the railway, and fancy that the poetry le landscape is broken up by these; for these works t are not yet consecrated in their reading; but the sees them fall within the great Order not less than bee-hive, or the spider's geometrical web. Nature ts them very fast into her vital circles, and the ng train of cars she loves like her own. Besides, in a red mind, it signifies nothing how many mechanical ntions you exhibit. Though you add millions, never so surprising, the fact of mechanics has not ed a grain's weight. The spiritual fact remains terable, by many or by few particulars; as no ntain is of any appreciable height to break the of the sphere. A shrewd country-boy goes to the for the first time, and the complacent citizen is not fied with his little wonder. It is not that he does see all the financhouses, and know that he never saw before, but he disposes of them as easily as the poet finds place for the railway. The chief valued new fact, is to enhance the great and constant of Life, which can dwarf any and every circumstand to which the belt of wampum, and the comme

America are alike.

The world being thus put under the mind forand noun, the poet is he who can articulate it. though life is great and fascinates, and absorbsthough all men are intelligent of the symbols, the which it is named—yet they cannot originally uset We are symbols, and inhabit symbols; workmen, and tools, words and things, birth and death, emblems; but we sympathize with the symbols, being infatuated with the economical uses of the we do not know that they are thoughts. The pos an ulterior intellectual perception, gives them a which makes their old use forgotten, and puts and a tongue, into every dumb and inanimate He perceives the independence of the thought a symbol, the stability of the thought, the accident fugacity of the symbol. As the eyes of Lyncæus said to see through the earth, so the poet turns world to glass, and shows us all things in their series and procession. For, through that better ception, he stands one step nearer to things, and the flowing or metamorphosis; perceives that the is multiform; that within the form of every cre is a force impelling it to ascend into a higher in and, following with his eyes the life, uses the which express that life, and so his speech flows the flowing of nature. All the facts of the 2 economy, sex, nutriment, gestation, birth, grant are symbols of the passage of the world into the of man, to suffer there a change, and reappear and higher fact. He uses forms according to the and not according to the form. This is true so The poet alone knows astronomy, chemistry, vegeting and animation, for he does not stop at these facts employs them as signs. He knows why the plan meadow of space was strown with these flowers rd CCstrilangamivadiobata, Callection apprisitized by e Clangereat of med with animals, with men, and gods; for, in my word he speaks he rides on them as the horses of

aght.

y virtue of this science the poet is the Namer, or guage-maker, naming things sometimes after their earance, sometimes after their essence, and giving every one its own name and not another's, thereby icing the intellect, which delights in detachment oundary. The poets made all the words, and therelanguage is the archives of history, and, if we must it, a sort of tomb of the muses. For, though the in of most of our words is forgotten, each word was sta stroke of genius, and obtained currency, because the moment it symbolized the world to the first ker and to the hearer. The etymologist finds the est word to have been once a brilliant picture. mage is fossil poetry. As the limestone of the ment consists of infinite masses of the shells of alcules, so language is made up of images, or tropes, now, in their secondary use, have long ceased emind us of their poetic origin. But the poet s the thing because he sees it, or comes one step r to it than any other. This expression, or naming, t art, but a second nature, grown out of the first, eaf out of a tree. What we call nature, is a certain egulated motion, or change; and nature does all s by her own hands, and does not leave another ptize her, but baptizes herself; and this through netamorphosis again. I remember that a certain described it to me thus:

Nature, through all her kingdoms, insures her-Nobody cares for planting the poor fungus; so hakes down from the gills of one agaric countless any one of which, being preserved, transmits billions of spores to-morrow or next day. The garic of this hour has a chance which the old one of. This atom of seed is thrown in the pay plantout billions to the accidents which destroyed its parent

two rods off. She makes a man; and having b him to ripe age, she will no longer run the risk of this wonder at a blow, but she detaches from him self, that the kind may be safe from accidents to the individual is exposed. So when the soul poet has come to ripeness of thought, she detach sends away from it its poems or songs-a fe sleepless, deathless progeny, which is not exposed accidents of the weary kingdom of time: a fe vivacious offspring, clad with wings (such was the of the soul out of which they came), which carry fast and far, and infix them irrecoverably into the of men. These wings are the beauty of the soul. The songs, thus flying immortal from mortal parent, are pursued by clamorous flight censures, which swarm in far greater numbers threaten to devour them; but these last are not we At the end of a very short leap they fall plump and rot, having received from the souls out of they came no beautiful wings. But the melod the poet ascend, and leap, and pierce into the deinfinite time.

So far the bard taught me, using his freer spatial traduce has a higher end, in the production of individuals, than security, namely, ascension, or passage of the soul into higher forms. I knew, in younger days, the sculptor who made the statued youth which stands in the public garden. He as I remember, unable to tell directly, what made happy, or unhappy, but by wonderful indirection could tell. He rose one day, according to his the before the dawn, and saw the morning break, gradentees the dawn, and saw the morning break, gradentees the eternity out of which it came, and, for many eafter, he strove to express this tranquillity, and his chisel had fashioned out of marble the form to be beautiful youth, Phosphorus, whose aspect is sythat, it is said, all persons who look on it becomes the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood, and the property of the poet also resigns himself to his mood.

mic, or, the new type which things themselves when liberated. As, in the sun, objects paint images on the retina of the eye, so they, sharing aspiration of the whole universe, tend to paint a far e delicate copy of their essence in his mind. Like metamorphosis of things into higher organic forms, eir change into melodies. Over everything stands temon, or soul, and, as the form of the thing is ried by the eye, so the soul of the thing is reflected melody. The sea, the mountain-ridge, Niagara, every flower-bed, pre-exist, or super-exist, in antations, which sail like odours in the air, and any man goes by with an ear sufficiently fine, werhears them, and endeavours to write down the s, without diluting or depraving them. And herein e legitimation of criticism, in the mind's faith, that poems are a corrupt version of some text in nature, which they ought to be made to tally. A rhyme e of our sonnets should not be less pleasing than iterated nodes of a sea-shell, or the resembling ence of a group of flowers. The pairing of the birds idyll, not tedious as our idylls are; a tempest rough ode, without falsehood or rant; a summer, its harvest sown, reaped, and stored, is an epic subordinating how many admirably executed Why should not the symmetry and truth that late these, glide into our spirits, and we participate vention of nature?

insight, which expresses itself by what is called ination, is a very high sort of seeing, which does ome by study, but by the intellect being where what it sees, by sharing the path or circuit of things igh forms, and so making them translucid to others, but of things is silent. Will they suffer a speaker with them? A spy they will not suffer; a lover, it, is the transcendency of their own nature—him will suffer. The condition of true naming, on opet's part, is his resigning himself to the divine which breathes through forms, and accompanying

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learns, that, beyond the energy of his possessed conscious intellect, he is capable of a new energy of an intellect doubled on itself), by abandonment the nature of things; that, beside his privacy of as an individual man, there is a great public pon which he can draw, by unlocking, at all risk human doors, and suffering the ethereal tides to and circulate through him: then he is caught up the life of the Universe, his speech is thunder, his th is law, and his words are universally intelligible a plants and animals. The poet knows that he s adequately, then, only when he speaks some wildly, or, "with the flower of the mind;" not the intellect, used as an organ, but with the in released from all service, and suffered to take its tion from its celestial life; or, as the ancients wont to express themselves, not with intellect a but with the intellect inebriated by nectar. A traveller who has lost his way, throws his reins horse's neck, and trusts to the instinct of the a to find his road, so must we do with the divine a who carries us through this world. For if in any m we can stimulate this instinct, new passages are for us into nature, the mind flows into and the things hardest and highest, and the metamorphe possible.

This is the reason why bards love wine, mead, name coffee, tea, opium, the fumes of sandal-wood and to or whatever other procurers of animal exhilaration men avail themselves of such means as they can, this extraordinary power to their normal powers to this end they prize conversation, music, picture, dancing, theatres, travelling, war, fires, gaming, politics, or love, or science, or a intoxication, which are several coarser or finer mechanical substitutes for the true nectar, which ravishment of the intellect by coming nearer to the These are auxiliaries to the centrifugal tendency man, to his passage out into free space, and they him to escape the custody of that body in which are a specific to the control of the coarse of the coar

which he is enclosed. Hence a great number of such were professionally expressors of Beauty, as painters, is, musicians, and actors, have been more than ers wont to lead a life of pleasure and indulgence; but the few who received the true nectar; and, as as a spurious mode of attaining freedom, as it was emancipation not into the heavens, but into the dom of baser places, they were punished for that antage they won, by a dissipation and deterioration. never can any advantage be taken of nature by a The spirit of the world, the great calm presence e Creator, comes not forth to the sorceries of opium wine. The sublime vision comes to the pure and ple soul in a clean and chaste body. That is not aspiration which we owe to narcotics, but some terfeit excitement and fury. Milton says, that the poet may drink wine and live generously, but the poet, he who shall sing of the gods, and their descent men, must drink water out of a wooden bowl.
poetry is not "Devil's wine," but God's wine. It is
this as it is with toys. We fill the hands and eries of our children with all manner of dolls, drums, horses, withdrawing their eyes from the plain face sufficing objects of nature, the sun, and moon, the als, the water, and stones, which should be their So the poet's habit of living should be set on a key w, that the common influences should delight him. cheerfulness should be the gift of the sunlight; air should suffice for his inspiration, and he should ipsy with water. That spirit which suffices quiet ts, which seems to come forth to such from every knoll of sere grass, from every pine-stump, and imbedded stone, on which the dull March sun shines, es forth to the poor and hungry, and such as are imple taste. If thou fill thy brain with Boston New York, with fashion and covetousness, and wilt ulate thy jaded senses with wine and French coffee, shalt find no radiance of wisdom in the lonely te of the pinewoods.

the imagination intoxicates the poet, it is not tive in other men. The metamorphissis excites min

the beholder an emotion of joy. The use of shas a certain power of emancipation and exhibit for all men. We seem to be touched by a wand makes us dance and run about happily, like cl We are like persons who come out of a cave of into the open air. This is the effect on us of fables, oracles, and all poetic forms. Poets a liberating gods. Men have really got a new sem found within their world, another world, or worlds; for, the metamorphosis once seen, we that it does not stop. I will not now consid much this makes the charm of algebra and the matics, which also have their tropes, but it is every definition; as, when Aristotle defines 5 be an immovable vessel, in which things are contain or, when Plato defines a line to be a flowing or, figure to be a bound of solid; and many t What a joyful sense of freedom we have, when vius announces the old opinion of artists, i architect can build any house well, who does no something of anatomy. When Socrates, in Cha tells us that the soul is cured of its maladies by incantations, and that these incantations are be reasons, from which temperance is generated in when Plato calls the world an animal; and affirms that the plants also are animals; or a man to be a heavenly tree, growing with h which is his head, upward; and, as George Ch following him, writes-

> "So in our tree of man, whose nervie root Springs in his top;"

when Orpheus speaks of hoariness as "that white which marks extreme old age;" when Procle the universe the statue of the intellect; when in his praise of "Gentilesse," compares good is mean condition to fire, which, though carried darkest house betwixt this and the mount of carwill yet hold its natural office, and burn as broken will yet hold its natural office, and burn as broken with the mount of the large with the condition of the large which is not the condition of the large with the large which is not the large with the

the Apocalypse, the ruin of the world through evil, the stars fall from heaven, as the fig-tree casteth untimely fruit; when Æsop reports the whole dogue of common daily relations through the querade of birds and beasts;—we take the cheerful tof the immortality of our essence, and its versatile it and escapes, as when the gipsies say of themselves,

is in vain to hang them, they cannot die."

he poets are thus liberating gods. The ancient tish bards had for the title of their order, "Those are free throughout the world." They are free, they make free. An imaginative book renders us th more service at first, by stimulating us through ropes, than afterward, when we arrive at the precise se of the author. I think nothing is of any value ooks, excepting the transcendental and extraordinary. man is inflamed and carried away by his thought, that degree that he forgets the authors and the lic, and heeds only this one dream, which holds him an insanity, let me read his paper, and you may have the arguments and histories and criticism. All the which attaches to Pythagoras, Paracelsus, Cornelius ippa, Cardan, Kepler, Swedenborg, Schelling, Oken, any other who introduces questionable facts into cosmogony, as angels, devils, magic, astrology, mistry, mesmerism, and so on, is the certificate we e of departure from routine, and that here is a new ness. That also is the best success in conversation, magic of liberty, which puts the world, like a ball, ur hands. How cheap even the liberty then seems; mean to study, when an emotion communicates he intellect the power to sap and upheave nature: great the perspective! nations, times, systems, er and disappear, like threads in tapestry of large re and many colours; dream delivers us to dream, while the drunkenness lasts, we will sell our bed, philosophy, our religion, in our opulence.

here is good reason why we should prize this liberathe fate of the poor shepherd, who, blinded and in the snow-storm, perishes in a drift within a few of his Coltago along Hatth condition of interest of his coltago along is the coltago along in the coltago along is the coltago along in the coltago along in the coltago along is the coltago along in the coltago al man. On the brink of the waters of life and the water miserably dying. The inaccessibleness of thought but that we are in, is wonderful. What is come near to it—you are as remote, when you are near the water of thought is a prison; every heaven is also a prison. Therefollowe the poet, the inventor, who in any form, whim an ode, or in an action, or in looks and behat has yielded us a new thought. He unlocks our dand admits us to a new scene.

This emancipation is dear to all men, and the to impart it, as it must come from greater depti scope of thought, is a measure of intellect. The all books of the imagination endure, all which a to that truth, that the writer sees nature beneath and uses it as his exponent. Every verse or sent possessing this virtue, will take care of its own in tality. The religions of the world are the ejacular

of a few imaginative men.

But the quality of the imagination is to flow, and freeze. The poet did not stop at the colour, or the but read their meaning; neither may he rest in meaning, but he makes the same objects exponentis new thought. Here is the difference betwin poet and the mystic, that the last nails a symbone sense, which was a true sense for a moment soon becomes old and false. For all symbols fluxional; all language is vehicular and transitive is good, as ferries and horses are, for conveyance as farms and houses are, for homestead. Myst consists in the mistake of an accidental and indivisymbol for a universal one. The morning-redness pens to be the favourite meteor to the eyes of labelmen, and comes to stand to him for truth and and he believes should stand for the same realist every reader. But the first reader prefers as natural exymbol of a mother and child, or a gardener and his every reader. But the first reader prefers as natural exymbol of a mother and child, or a gardener and his every reader. But the first reader prefers as natural exymbol of a mother and child, or a gardener and his every reader. But the first reader prefers as natural exymbol of a mother and child, or a gardener and his every reader. But the first reader prefers as natural exymbol of a mother and child, or a gardener and his every reader. Only they must be held if the language of the same realist every reader. Only they must be held if the language of the language of

swhich others use. And the mystic must be steadily —All that you say is just as true without the tedious of that symbol as with it. Let us have a little bra, instead of this trite rhetoric—universal signs, and of these village symbols—and we shall both be ers. The history of hierarchies seems to show, that eligious error consisted in making the symbol too and solid, and, at last, nothing but an excess of

organ of language.

redenborg, of all men in the recent ages, stands ently for the translator of nature into thought. not know the man in history to whom things stood niformly for words. Before him the metamorphosis inually plays. Everything on which his eye rests, s the impulses of moral nature. The figs become es whilst he eats them. When some of his angels ned a truth, the laurel twig, which they held, omed in their hands. The noise which, at a dis-, appeared like gnashing and thumping, on coming er was found to be the voice of disputants. in one of his visions, seen in heavenly light, apd like dragons, and seemed in darkness: but, ch other, they appeared as men, and, when the from heaven shone into their cabin, they comed of the darkness, and were compelled to shut the bw that they might see.

to higher intelligences. Certain priests, whom escribes as conversing very learnedly together, aped to the children, who were at some distance, like horses: and many the like misappearances. And mily the mind inquires, whether these fishes under bridge, yonder oxen in the pasture, those dogs in yard, are immutably fishes, oxen, and dogs, or only oppear to me, and whether I appear as a man to all eyes. Brahmins and Pythagoras propounded the same

Brahming and Rythagoras propounded the same tion; and if any poet has witnessed the transformation, he doubtless found it in harmony with va experiences. We have all seen changes as consider in wheat and caterpillars. He is the poet, and draw us with love and terror, who sees, through flowing vest, the firm nature, and can declare it.

I look in vain for the poet whom I describe do not, with sufficient plainness, or sufficient proness, address ourselves to life, nor dare we chauown times and social circumstance. If we filled day with bravery, we should not shrink from celebrate it. Time and nature yield us many gifts, but me the timely man, the new religion, the reconciler, all all things await. Dante's praise is, that he date write his autobiography in colossal cipher, or inter versality. We have yet had no genius in And with tyrannous eye, which knew the value of our comparable materials, and saw, in the barbarism materialism of the times, another carnival of the gods whose picture he so much admires in He then in the middle age; then in Calvinism. Bank tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, methodism unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people, but on the same foundations of wonder as the tor Troy, and the temple of Delphos, and are as a passing away. Our log-rolling, our stumps and politics, our fisheries, our Negroes, and Indians boats, and our repudiations, the wrath of rogues the pusillanimity of honest men, the northern t the southern planting, the western clearing, On and Texas, are yet unsung. Yet America is a pos our eyes; its ample geography dazzles the imagina and it will not wait long for metres. If I have not i that excellent combination of gifts in my country which I seek, neither could I aid myself to fix the of the poet by reading now and then in Chalman collection of five centuries of English poets. These wits, more than poets, though there have been; among them. But when we adhere to the ideal of poet, we have our difficulties even with Milton CC-U density and Homer too Land historical. Math Collection. Digitized by eGangotri

but I am not wise enough for a national criticism, must use the old largeness a little longer, to disge my errand from the muse to the poet concerning

art.

ttis the path of the creator to his work. The paths, sethods, are ideal and eternal, though few men ever them, not the artist himself for years, or for a lifeunless he come into the conditions. The painter, sculptor, the composer, the epic rhapsodist, the or, all partake one desire, namely, to express thems symmetrically and abundantly, not dwarfishly fragmentarily. They found or put themselves stain conditions, as, the painter and sculptor before impressive human figures; the orator, into the ably of the people; and the others, in such scenes ch has found exciting to his intellect; and each atly feels the new desire. He hears a voice, he sees koning. Then he is apprized, with wonder, what of dæmons hem him in. He can no more rest; ys, with the old painter, "By God, it is in me, nust go forth of me." He pursues a beauty, half which flies before him. The poet pours out verses ery solitude. Most of the things he says are cononal, no doubt; but by-and-by he says something is original and beautiful. That charms him. rould say nothing else but such things. In our of talking, we say, "That is yours, this is mine;" he poet knows well that it is not his; that it is as ge and beautiful to him as to you; he would fain the like eloquence at length. Once having tasted mmortal ichor, he cannot have enough of it, and, admirable creative power exists in these intellecit is of the last importance that these things get m. What a little of all we know is said! What of all the sea of our science are baled up! and hat accident it is that these are exposed, when so secrets sleep in nature! Hence the necessity of h and song; hence these throbs and heart-beatings e orator, at the door of the assembly, to the end, ly, that thought may be ejaculated as Logos or Doubt not, O poet, but persist. Say, "It is and shall out." Stand there, balked and dumb, ing and stammering, hissed and hooted, stand and until, at last, rage draw out of thee that dream which every night shows thee is thine own; a transcending all limit and privacy, and by virt which a man is the conductor of the whole ri electricity. Nothing walks, or creeps, or grow exists, which must not in turn arise and walk before as exponent of his meaning. Comes he to that p his genius is no longer exhaustible. All the creat by pairs and by tribes, pour into his mind as it Noah's ark, to come forth again to people a new ! This is like the stock of air for our respiration, the combustion of our fireplace, not a measure of ga but the entire atmosphere, if wanted. And the the rich poets, as Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare Raphael, have obviously no limits to their works, the limits of their lifetime, and resemble a r carried through the street, ready to render an ima every created thing.

O poet! a new nobility is conferred in groves pastures, and not in castles, or by the sword-blade longer. The conditions are hard, but equal. shalt leave the world, and know the muse only. shalt not know any longer the times, customs, g politics, or opinions of men, but shalt take all from muse. For the time of towns is tolled from the by funereal chimes, but in nature the universal are counted by succeeding tribes of animals and pl and by growth of joy on joy. God wills also that abdicate a manifold and duplex life, and that the content that others speak for thee. Others shall be gentlemen, and shall represent all courtesy and we life for thee; others shall do the great and resour actions also. Thou shalt lie close hid with nature canst not be afforded to the Capitol or the Exchi The world is full of renunciations and apprentice and this is thine; thou must pass for a fool and at for a long season. This is the screen and sheath in the CPan and she the known only to thine own, and they shall console with tenderest love. And thou shalt not be able rehearse the names of thy friends in thy verse, for old shame before the holy ideal. And this is the ard; that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the ressions of the actual world shall fall like summer copious, but not troublesome, to thy invulnerable are. Thou shalt have the whole land for thy and manor, the sea for thy bath and navigation, but tax and without envy; the woods and the se thou shalt own; and thou shalt possess that rein others are only tenants and boarders. Thou true blord! sea-lord! air-lord! Wherever snow falls, or at flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet wilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds, own with stars, wherever are forms with transparent daries, wherever are outlets into celestial space, sever is danger, and awe, and love, there is Beauty, the tender of the space are condition inopportune or ignoble.

XIV.—EXPERIENCE.

The lords of life, the lords of life,-I saw them pass, In their own guise, Like and unlike, Portly and grim, Use and Surprise, Surface and Dream, Succession swift, and spectral Wrong, Temperament without a tongue. And the inventor of the game Omnipresent without name ;-Some to see, some to be guessed, They marched from east to west: Little man, least of all, Among the legs of his guardians tall, Walked about with puzzled look :-Him by the hand dear Nature took; Dearest Nature, strong and kind, Whispered, "Darling, never mind! To-morrow they will wear another face. The founder thou ! these are thy race !"

HERE do we find ourselves ? In a series of we do not know the extremes, and believe it has none. We wake and find ourselves on a there are stairs below us, which we seem to have cended; there are stairs above us, many a one, go upward and out of sight. But the Genius according to the old belief, stands at the door by we enter, and gives us the lethe to drink, that we tell no tales, mixed the cup too strongly, and we c shake off the lethargy now at noonday. Sleep I all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers a in the boughs of the fir-tree. All things swim and g Our life is not so much threatened as our perce Ghostlike we glide through nature, and should know our place again. Did our birth fall in fit of indigence and frugality in nature, that sh so sparing of her fire and so liberal of her earth, t appears to us that we lack the affirmative prin and though we have health and reason, yet we no superiously of spiritor of cheerings. We to live and bring the year about, but not an to impart or to invest. Ah, that our Genius were a more of a genius! We are like millers on the lower of a stream, when the factories above them have usted the water. We too fancy that the upper

e must have raised their dams.

any of us knew what we were doing, or where we are then when we think we best know! We do not to-day whether we are busy or idle. In times we thought ourselves indolent, we have afterwards vered, that much was accomplished, and much begun in us. All our days are so unprofitable they pass, that 'tis wonderful where or when we got anything of this which we call wisdom, poetry, e. We never got it on any dated calendar day. heavenly days must have been intercalated where, like those that Hermes won with dice of Moon, that Osiris might be born. It is said, all yrdoms looked mean when they were suffered. y ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in. ark, and the romance quits our vessel, and hangs every other sail in the horizon. Our life looks al, and we shun to record it. Men seem to have reference. "Yonder uplands are rich pasturage, my neighbour has fertile meadow, but my field," the querulous farmer, "only holds the world ther." I quote another man's saying; unluckily, other withdraws himself in the same way, and tes me. 'Tis the trick of nature thus to degrade lay; a good deal of buzz, and somewhere a result ped magically in. Every roof is agreeable to the until it is lifted; then we find tragedy and moaning nen, and hard-eyed husbands, and deluges of lethe, the men ask, "What's the news?" as if the old were ad. How many individuals can we count in society? w many actions? how many opinions? So much of time is preparation, so much is routine, and so ch retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius ntracts itself to a very few hours. The history of rature—take the net result of the above of the history of or Schlegel—is a sum of very few ideas, and of few original tales—all the rest being variation of the So, in this great society wide lying around us, a contained analysis would find very few spontaneous and It is almost all custom and gross sense. There are few opinions, and these seem organic in the spead and do not disturb the universal necessity.

What opium is instilled into all disaster! It is formidable as we approach it, but there is at is rough rasping friction, but the most slippery surfaces: we fall soft on a thought: Ate Dea is go

"Over men's heads walking aloft, With tender feet treading so soft."

People grieve and bemoan themselves, but it is not so bad with them as they say. There are most which we court suffering, in the hope that her least, we shall find reality, sharp peaks and edge truth. But it turns out to be scene-painting counterfeit. The only thing grief has taught to know how shallow it is. That, like all the rest, about the surface, and never introduces me intreality, for contact with which, we would even particle. costly price of sons and lovers. Was it Boso who found out that bodies never come in con-Well, souls never touch their objects. An innavisea washes with silent waves between us and the we aim at and converse with. Grief too will make idealists. In the death of my son, now more than years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate more. I cannot get it nearer to me. If to-mile I should be informed of the bankruptcy of my pri debtors, the loss of my property would be a great convenience to me, perhaps, for many years; to would leave me as it found me—neither better nor was something which I fancied was a part of me, we could not be torn away without tearing me, nor extend the could not be torn away without tearing me, and leave of the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be to the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be to the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be to the could not be torn away without tearing me, and the could not be torn awa nothing, nor carry me one step into real nature. Indian who was laid under a curse, that the wind in the done blow on him, nor water flow to him, nor fire him, is a type of us all. The dearest events are mer-rain, and we the Para coats that shed every Nothing is left us now but death. We look at with a grim satisfaction, saying, there at least that will not dodge us.

ake this evanescence and lubricity of all objects, helts them slip through our fingers then when we hardest, to be the most unhandsome part of condition. Nature does not like to be observed, likes that we should be her fools and playmates. The lay have the sphere for our cricket-ball, but not a for our philosophy. Direct strokes she never us power to make; all our blows glance, all our are accidents. Our relations to each other are use and casual.

am delivers us to dream, and there is no end to n. Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, as we pass through them, they prove to be manyred lenses which paint the world their own hue, ach shows only what lies in its focus. From the tain you see the mountain. We animate what we and we see only what we animate. Nature and belong to the eyes that see them. It depends e mood of the man, whether he shall see the sunset fine poem. There are always sunsets, and there rays genius; but only a few hours so serene that an relish nature or criticism. The more or less ids on structure or temperament. Temperament iron wire on which the beads are strung. use is fortune or talent to a cold and defective e? Who cares what sensibility or discrimination n has at some time shown, if he falls asleep in his or if he laugh and giggle? or if he apologize? infected with egotism? or thinks of his dollar? nnot go by food? or has gotten a child in his boyor too concave, and cannot find a focal dystance P YOL. I.

within the actual horizon of human life? Of wh if the brain is too cold or too hot, and the mand care enough for results, to stimulate him to exper and hold him up in it? or if the web is too finely! too irritable by pleasure and pain, so that life sta from too much reception, without due outlet what use to make heroic vows of amendment, if th old law-breaker is to keep them? What che the religious sentiment yield, when that is sus to be secretly dependent on the seasons of the and the state of the blood? I knew a witty ph who found the creed in the biliary duct, and u affirm that if there was disease in the liver, the became a Calvinist, and if that organ was sou became a Unitarian. Very mortifying is the rel experience that some unfriendly excess or imb neutralizes the promise of genius. We see your who owe us a new world, so readily and lavish promise, but they never acquit the debt; they die and dodge the account: or if they live, they lose selves in the crowd.

Temperament also enters fully into the syst illusions, and shuts us in a prison of glass which we see. There is an optical illusion about every we meet. In truth, they are all creatures of temperament, which will appear in a given char whose boundaries they will never pass: but we at them, they seem alive, and we presume th impulse in them. In the moment it seems imin the year, in the lifetime, it turns out to be a co uniform tune which the revolving barrel of the box must play. Men resist the conclusion in the mo but adopt it as the evening wears on, that temper pro over everything of time, place, and condition, and consumable in the flames of religion. Some modifica the moral sentiment avails to impose, but the indir texture holds its dominion, if not to bias the judgments, yet to fix the measure of activity a enjoyment.

CC-0.1 Jahuan war want college a Solding Ferrande Cromothe plat of ordinary life, but must not leave it without no

capital exception. For temperament is a power the no man willingly hears any one praise but him-On the platform of physics, we cannot resist contracting influences of so-called science. Temperat puts all divinity to rout. I know the mental livity of physicians. I hear the chuckle of the nologists. Theoretic kidnappers and slave-drivers, esteem each man the victim of another, who is him round his finger by knowing the law of his g, and by such cheap signboards as the colour of beard, or the slope of his occiput, reads the inory of his fortunes and character. The grossest rance does not disgust like this impudent knowing-The physicians say, they are not materialists; they are :- Spirit is matter reduced to an extreme ness: O so thin !- But the definition of spiritual ld be, that which is its own evidence. What notions hey attach to love! what to religion! One would willingly pronounce these words in their hearing, give them the occasion to profane them. I saw acious gentleman who adapts his conversation to orm of the head of the man he talks with! I had ed that the value of life lay in its inscrutable bilities; in the fact that I never know, in addressing of to a new individual, what may befall me. the keys of my castle in my hand, ready to throw at the feet of my lord, whenever and in what dissoever he shall appear. I know he is in the neighhood hidden among vagabonds. Shall I preclude uture, by taking a high seat, and kindly adapting conversation to the shape of heads? When I to that, the doctors shall buy me for a cent.t, sir, medical history; the report to the Institute; proven facts!"-I distrust the facts and the inces. Temperament is the veto or limitation-power e constitution, very justly applied to restrain an site excess in the constitution, but absurdly offered bar to original equity. When virtue is in presence, abordinate powers sleep. On its own level, or in of nature, temperature that is final. I see not if one one caught in this trap of so-called sciences, any escape for the man from the links of the chain of planecessity. Given such an embryo, such a history follow. On this platform, one lives in a sty of sensurand would soon come to suicide. But it is important the creative power should exclude itself, every intelligence there is a door which is never through which the creator passes. The intellect, so of absolute truth, or the heart, lover of absolute intervenes for our succour, and at one whisper of high powers, we awake from ineffectual structure with this nightmare. We hurl it into its hell, and cannot again contract ourselves to so a state.

The secret of the illusoriness is in the necessity succession of moods or objects. Gladly we would a but the anchorage is quicksand. This onward of nature is too strong for us: Pero si muove. at night, I look at the moon and stars, I seem statis and they to hurry. Our love of the real draws permanence, but health of body consists in ci tion, and sanity of mind in variety or facility of as tion. We need change of objects. Dedication t thought is quickly odious. We house with the in and must humour them; then conversation die Once I took such delight in Montaigne, that I th I should not need any other book; before the Shakespeare; then in Plutarch; then in Plot at one time in Bacon; afterwards in Goethe; in Bettine; but now I turn the pages of either of languidly, whilst I still cherish their genius. So pictures; each will bear an emphasis of attention which it cannot retain, though we fain would com to be pleased in that manner. How strongly I felt of pictures, that when you have seen one you must take your leave of it; you shall never it again. I have had good lessons from pictures, I have since seen without emotion or remark. duction must be made from the opinion, which che wise express on a cley book or oscillatere. opinion gives me tidings of their mood, and some sat the new fact, but is nowise to be trusted as the relation between that intellect and that thing. child asks, "Mamma, why don't I like the story ell as when you told it me yesterday?" Alas, it is even so with the oldest cherubim of knowledge. will it answer thy question to say, Because thou wert to a whole, and this story is a particular? The nof the pain this discovery causes us (and we make in respect to works of art and intellect), is the tof tragedy which murmurs from it in regard to ms, to friendship and love.

at immobility and absence of elasticity which we in the arts, we find with more pain in the artist. e is no power of expansion in men. Our friends appear to us as representatives of certain ideas, they never pass or exceed. They stand on the of the ocean of thought and power, but they never the single step that would bring them there. is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre u turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular ; then it shows deep and beautiful colours. There adaptation or universal applicability in men, but has his special talent, and the mastery of successful consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and a that turn shall be oftenest to be practised. We that we must, and call it by the best names we can, would fain have the praise of having intended the t which ensues. I cannot recall any form of man is not superfluous sometimes. But is not this al? Life is not worth the taking, to do tricks

discourse, it needs the whole society, to give the metry we seek. The parti-coloured wheel must have very fast to appear white. Something is learned by conversing with so much folly and defect. In whoever loses, we are always of the gaining party, inity is behind our failures and follies also. The sys of children are nonsense, but very educative sense. So it is with the largest and solemnest and solemnest with commerce government, church, marriage, discount the history of every man solemnest.

ways by which he is to come by it. Like a bird alights nowhere, but hops perpetually from bough, is the Power which abides in no man and woman, but for a moment speaks from this crefor another moment from that one.

But what help from these fineries or pedar What help from thought? Life is not dia We, I think, in these times, have had lessons of the futility of criticism. Our young people thought and written much on labour and reform for all that they have written, neither the wor themselves have got on a step. Intellectual of life will not supersede muscular activity. If should consider the nicety of the passage of a of bread down his throat, he would starve. At tion-Farm, the noblest theory of life sat on the figures of young men and maidens, quite por and melancholy. It would not rake or pitch a hay; it would not rub down a horse; and the maidens it left pale and hungry. A political wittily compared our party promises to western which opened stately enough, with planted treither side, to tempt the traveller, but soon narrow and narrower, and ended in a squirrel and ran up a tree. So does culture with us; in headache. Unspeakably sad and barren do look to those, who a few months ago were dazzle the splendour of the promise of the times. "T now no longer any right course of action, nor as devotion left among the Iranis." Objection criticism we have had our fill of. There are obj to every course of life and action, and the privile wisdom infers an indifferency, from the omnip of objection. The whole frame of things prindifferency. Do not craze yourself with the but go about your business anywhere. Life intellectual or critical, but sturdy. Its chief & for well-mixed people who can enjoy what the CC-0 mothers speak her very seried when the year, "C

your victuals, and say no more of it." To fill the that is happiness; to fill the hour, and leave no ice for a repentance or an approval. We live amid ces, and the true art of life is to skate well on them. er the oldest mouldiest conventions, a man of native prospers just as well as in the newest world, and by skill of handling and treatment. He can take anywhere. Life itself is a mixture of power and , and will not bear the least excess of either. the moment, to find the journey's end in every of the road, to live the greatest number of good s, is wisdom. It is not the part of men, but of tics, or of mathematicians, if you will, to say, that, shortness of life considered, it is not worth caring ther for so short a duration we were sprawling in t, or sitting high. Since our office is with moments, shusband them. Five minutes of to-day are worth such to me, as five minutes in the next millennium. us be poised, and wise, and our own, to-day. reat the men and women well: treat them as if were real: perhaps they are. Men live in their y, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and julous for successful labour. It is a tempest of ies, and the only ballast I know, is a respect to the ent hour. Without any shadow of doubt, amidst vertigo of shows and politics, I settle myself ever firmer in the creed, that we should not postpone refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are, whomsoever we deal with, accepting our actual panions and circumstances, however humble or us, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has gated its whole pleasure for us. If these are mean malignant, their contentment, which is the last ry of justice, is a more satisfying echo to the heart, the voice of poets and the casual sympathy of rable persons. I think that however a thoughtful may suffer from the defects and absurdities of his pany, he cannot without affectation deny to any of men and women, a sensibility to extraordinary t. The coarse and frivolous have an instinct of riority,CA-OthlengamwedinMattaCollentizettDigitizedbhefiangotri it in their blind capricious way with

homage.

The fine young people despise life; but in me, such as with me are free from dyspepsia, and to a day is a sound and solid good, it is a great ex politeness to look scornful and to cry for comp am grown by sympathy a little eager and senting but leave me alone, and I should relish every home what it brought me, the potluck of the day, as he as the oldest gossip in the bar-room. I am the for small mercies. I compared notes with one friends who expects everything of the universe, disappointed when anything is less than the best, found that I begin at the other extreme, expecti thing, and am always full of thanks for moderates I accept the clangour and jangle of contrary tends I find my account in sots and bores also. The a reality to the circumjacent picture, which s vanishing meteorous appearance can ill spare the morning I awake, and find the old world, babes, and mother, Concord and Boston, the despiritual world, and even the dear old devil not is If we will take the good we find, asking no ques we shall have heaping measures. The great gift not got by analysis. Everything good is on the high The middle region of our being is the temperate: We may climb into the thin and cold realm of geometry and lifeless science, or sink into that of s tion. Between these extremes is the equator of of thought, of spirit, of poetry-a narrow belt. I over, in popular experience, everything good is a highway. A collector peeps into all the pictures of Europe, for a landscape of Poussin, a crayon-s of Salvator; but the Transfiguration, the Last Judge the Communion of St. Jerome, and what are as t cendent as these, are on the walls of the Vatican Uffizi, of the Louvre, where every footman my them; to say nothing of nature's pictures in street, of sunsets and sunrises every day, and these ture of the human body never absent. A confecently body that Appathic Digitations in the street of the street of the sunrises every day, and the street of the sunrises every day, and the street of the sunrises every day, and the sunrises every day, a are: but for nothing a schoolboy can read Hamlet, and detect secrets of highest concernment yet unpublished rin. I think I will never read any but the monest books—the Bible, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton. Then we are impatient of so public a life planet, and run hither and thither for nooks and ets. The imagination delights in the wood-craft of ians, trappers, and bee-hunters. We fancy that are strangers, and not so intimately domesticated he planet as the wild man, and the wild beast and But the exclusion reaches them also; reaches climbing, flying, gliding, feathered and four-footed . Fox and woodchuck, hawk and snipe, and em, when nearly seen, have no more root in the deep d than man, and are just as superficial tenants of globe. Then the new molecular philosophy shows pnomical interspaces betwixt atom and atom, shows

the world is all outside: it has no inside.

le mid-world is best. Nature, as we know her, is no . The lights of the church, the ascetics, Gentoos corn-eaters, she does not distinguish by any favour.
comes eating and drinking and sinning. Her ngs, the great, the strong, the beautiful, are not ren of our law, do not come out of the Sunday School, weigh their food, nor punctually keep the commands. If we will be strong with her strength, we must arbour such disconsolate consciences, borrowed too the consciences of other nations. We must p the strong present tense against all the rumours ath, past or to come. So many things are unsettled h it is of the first importance to settle-and, pendheir settlement, we will do as we do. Whilst the te goes forward on the equity of commerce, and will to closed for a century or two, New and Old England keep shop. Law of copyright and international right is to be discussed, and, in the interim, we sell our books for the most we can. Expediency terature, reason of literature, lawfulness of writing a thought, is questioned; much is to say on both and, while the fight waxes not Digital, buegangori scholar, stick to thy foolish task, add a line every and between whiles add a line. Right to hold right of property, is disputed, and the conve convene, and before the vote is taken, dig aw your garden, and spend your earnings as a waif or ge to all serene and beautiful purposes. Life itsel bubble and a scepticism, and a sleep within a Grant it, and as much more as they will-but God's darling! heed thy private dream: tho not be missed in the scorning and scepticism: the enough of them: stay there in thy closet, an until the rest are agreed what to do about it... sickness, they say, and thy puny habit, require thou do this or avoid that, but know that thy li flitting state, a tent for a night, and do thou, sick of finish that stint. Thou art sick, but shalt not be and the universe, which holds thee dear, shall

Human life is made up of the two elements, and form, and the proportion must be invariably if we would have it sweet and sound. Each of elements in excess makes a mischief as hurtful defect. Everything runs to excess: every good of is noxious, if unmixed, and, to carry the danger edge of ruin, nature causes each man's peculiar superabound. Here, among the farms, we a the scholars as examples of this treachery. The nature's victims of expression. You who see the the orator, the poet, too near, and find their life no excellent than that of mechanics or farmers, and selves victims of partiality, very hollow and have and pronounce them failures-not heroes, but qua conclude very reasonably, that these arts are no man, but are disease. Yet nature will not bear out. Irresistible nature made men such, and m legions more of such, every day. You love the reading in a book, gazing at a drawing, or a cast: what are these millions who read and behold, by cipient writers and sculptors? Add a little mr seize the pen and chisel. And if one remember exently he began to be an artist, he perceives that the joined with his enemy. A man is a golden cossibility. The line he must walk is a hair's adth. The wise through excess of wisdom is made tool.

How easily, if fate would suffer it, we might keep for these beautiful limits, and adjust ourselves, once all, to the perfect calculation of the kingdom of win cause and effect. In the street and in the newspers, life appears so plain a business, that manly olution and adherence to the multiplication-table ough all weathers, will insure success. But ah! sently comes a day, or is it only a half-hour, with angel-whispering-which discomfits the conclusions of ions and of years! To-morrow again, everything is real and angular, the habitual standards are istated, common sense is as rare as genius—is the is of genius, and experience is hands and feet to ry enterprise; -and yet, he who should do his iness on this understanding, would be quickly bankt. Power keeps quite another road than the turnes of choice and will, namely, the subterranean and isible tunnels and channels of life. It is ridiculous t we are diplomatists, and doctors, and considerate ple; there are no dupes like these. Life is a series of prises, and would not be worth taking or keeping, if it e not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide n us the past and the future. We would look about us, with grand politeness he draws down before us an imetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind of purest sky. "You will not remember," he seems say, "and you will not expect." All good conversation, nners, and action, come from a spontaneity which gets usages, and makes the moment great. Nature es calculators; her methods are saltatory and pulsive. Man lives by pulses; our organic movements such; and the chemical and ethereal agents are dulatory and alternate; and the mind goes antagonizon, and never prospers but by fits. We thrive by sualties. Our chief experiences have it been caspail. The most attractive class of people are these who powerful obliquely, and not by the direct structure. men of genius, but not yet accredited: one the cheer of their light, without paying too great a Theirs is the beauty of the bird, or the morning and not of art. In the thought of genius there is all a surprise; and the moral sentiment is well c "the newness," for it is never other; as new to oldest intelligence as to the young child—"the kim that cometh without observation." In like ma for practical success, there must not be too much de A man will not be observed in doing that which h do best. There is a certain magic about his propaction, which stupefies your powers of observa so that though it is done before you, you wist of it. The art of life has a pudency, and will no exposed. Every man is an impossibility, until born; everything impossible, until we see a suc The ardours of piety agree at last with the conscepticism—that nothing is of us or our works all is of God. Nature will not spare us the small leaf of laurel. All writing comes by the grace of and all doing and having. I would gladly be m and keep due metes and bounds, which I dearly and allow the most to the will of man; but I have my heart on honesty in this chapter, and I can nothing at last, in success or failure, than more or of vital force supplied from the Eternal. The reof life are uncalculated and uncalculable. The reach much which the days never know. The perwho compose our company, converse, and come go, and design and execute many things, and some comes of it all, but an unlooked-for result. individual is always mistaken. He designed z things, and drew in other persons as coadju quarrelled with some or all, blundered much, something is done; all are a little advanced the individual is always mistaken. It turns outs what new, and very unlike what he promised himself

CC-0. Jangamwadi Math Collection, Digitized by e Gangotri The ancients, struck with this irreducibleness d

ments of human life to calculation, exalted Chance padivinity, but that is to stay too long at the sparkch glitters truly at one point-but the universe is m with the latency of the same fire. The miracle if which will not be expounded, but will remain aracle, introduces a new element. In the growth the embryo, Sir Everard Home, I think, noticed the evolution was not from one central point, but ctive from three or more points. Life has no memory. t which proceeds in succession might be remembered, that which is co-existent, or ejaculated from a deeper e, as yet far from being conscious, knows not its tendency. So it is with us, now sceptical, or without y, because immersed in forms and effects all seemto be of equal yet hostile value, and now religious, st in the reception of spiritual law. Bear with e distractions, with this co-etaneous growth of parts, they will one day be members, and obey one On that one will, on that secret cause, they nail attention and hope. Life is hereby melted into an ctation or a religion. Underneath the inharmonious trivial particulars, is a musical perfection, the Ideal neying always with us, the heaven without rent am. Do but observe the mode of our illumination. n I converse with a profound mind, or if at any being alone I have good thoughts, I do not at arrive at satisfactions, as when, being thirsty, ink water, or go to the fire, being cold: no! but at first apprized of my vicinity to a new and exnt region of life. By persisting to read or to think, region gives further sign of itself, as it were in es of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound ty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it ed at intervals, and showed the approaching traveller nland mountains, with the tranquil eternal meadows ad at their base, whereon flocks graze, and shepherds and dance. But every insight from this realm of ght is felt as initial, and promises a sequel. I do make it; I arrive there, and behold what was there ady. I make! O no! I clap my hands in infantine and amazement, before the first opening to the first opening the firs this august magnificence, old with the love and her of innumerable ages, young with the life of life, sunbright Mecca of the desert. And what a future opens! I feel a new heart beating with the love on the beauty. I am ready to die out of nature, and born again into this new yet unapproachable Am I have found in the West.

"Since neither now nor yesterday began
These thoughts, which have been ever, nor yet can
A man be found who their first entrance knew."

If I have described life as a flux of moods, I must add that there is that in us which changes not, which ranks all sensations and states of mind. consciousness in each man is a sliding scale ridentifies him now with the First Cause, and now the flesh of his body; life above life, in infinite de The sentiment from which it sprung determined dignity of any deed, and the question ever is, what you have done or forborne, but, at whose comments and the control of the con

you have done or forborne it.

Fortune, Minerva, Muse, Holy Ghost—these are names, too narrow to cover this unbounded subst. The baffled intellect must still kneel before this which refuses to be named—ineffable cause, which refuses to be named—ineffable cause, every fine genius has essayed to represent by emphatic symbol, as, Thales by water, Anaximerair, Anaxagoras by (Novc) thought, Zoroaster by Jesus and the moderns by love: and the metanteach has become a national religion. The Commencius has not been the least successful in his genetion. "I fully understand language," he said, nourish well my vast-flowing vigour?"—"I beg twhat you call vast-flowing vigour?"—"I beg twhat you call vast-flowing vigour?"—said his panion. "The explanation," replied Mencius difficult. This vigour is supremely great, and highest degree unbending. Nourish it correctly do it no injury, and it will fill up the vacancy by the commencial commencial commencial commencial commencial that we will fill up the vacancy by the commencial commenci

correct writing, we give to this generalization the ras we can go. Suffice it for the joy of the universe, we have not arrived at a wall, but at interminable as. Our life seems not present, so much as proive; not for the affairs on which it is wasted, but hint of this vast-flowing vigour. Most of life seems mere advertisement of faculty: information is us not to sell ourselves cheap; that we are very So, in particulars, our greatness is always in a ency or direction, not in an action. It is for us lieve in the rule, not in the exception. The noble hus known from the ignoble. So in accepting the ng of the sentiments, it is not what we believe erning the immortality of the soul, or the like, but miversal impulse to believe, that is the material mstance, and is the principal fact in the history globe. Shall we describe this cause as that which directly? The spirit is not helpless or needful ediate organs. It has plentiful powers and direct s. I am explained without explaining, I am vithout acting, and where I am not. Therefore ist persons are satisfied with their own praise. refuse to explain themselves, and are content new actions should do them that office. They that we communicate without speech, and speech, and that no right action of ours is quite ecting to our friends, at whatever distance; for offluence of action is not to be measured by miles. should I fret myself, because a circumstance has red, which hinders my presence where I was exd? If I am not at the meeting, my presence I am, should be as useful to the commonwealth endship and wisdom, as would be my presence in place. I exert the same quality of power in all Thus journeys the mighty Ideal before us; ver was known to fall into the rear. No man ever to an experience which was satiating, but his is tidings of a better. Onward and onward! berated moments we know that a new picture of and duty is already possible; the elements are adjusted exist in many minds around you, of a doctrine which shall transcend any written record we have the new statement will comprise the scepticism well as the faiths of society, and out of unbeliefs as shall be formed. For scepticisms are not gratuited lawless, but are limitations of the affirmative state and the new philosophy must take them in, and affirmations outside of them, just as much as it include the oldest beliefs.

It is very unhappy, but too late to be helped discovery we have made, that we exist. That disc is called the Fall of Man. Ever afterwards, we so our instruments. We have learned that we do directly, but mediately, and that we have no of correcting these coloured and distorting lenses we are, or of computing the amount of their Perhaps these subject-lenses have a creative p perhaps there are no objects. Once we lived in we saw; now, the rapaciousness of this new power, threatens to absorb all things, engages us. Mart, persons, letters, religions—objects, success tumble in, and God is but one of its ideas. and literature are subjective phenomena; even and every good thing is a shadow which we cast, street is full of humiliations to the proud. As the contrived to dress his bailiffs in his livery, and them wait on his guests at table, so the chagrins the bad heart gives off as bubbles, at once take as ladies and gentlemen in the street, shopme bar-keepers in hotels, and threaten or insult what is threatenable and insultable in us. 'Tis the with our idolatries. People forget that it is the which makes the horizon, and the rounding minds which makes this or that man a type or represent of humanity with the name of hero or saint. the "providential man," is a good man on whom people are agreed that these optical laws shall effect. By love on one part, and by forbearant press objection on the other part, it is for a time stop that we will look at him in the centre of the house ascribe to him the properties that will attach to man so seen. But the longest love or aversion
a speedy term. The great and crescive self, rooted
absolute nature, supplants all relative existence, ruins the kingdom of mortal friendship and love. mage (in what is called the spiritual world) is im-ible, because of the inequality between every ect and every object. The subject is the receiver fodhead, and at every comparison must feel his enhanced by that cryptic might. Though not nergy, yet by presence, this magazine of substance not be otherwise than felt: nor can any force of lect attribute to the object the proper deity which s or wakes for ever in every subject. Never can make consciousness and ascription equal in force. will be the same gulf between every me and thee, tween the original and the picture. The universe bride of the soul. All private sympathy is partial. human beings are like globes, which can touch only point, and, whilst they remain in contact, all other s of each of the spheres are inert; their turn also come, and the longer a particular union the more energy of appetency the parts not in acquire.

will be imaged, but cannot be divided nor doubled. invasion of its unity would be chaos. The soul is twin-born, but the only begotten, and though ling itself as child in time, child in appearance, a fatal and universal power, admitting no co-life. It day, every act betrays the ill-concealed deity, elieve in ourselves, as we do not believe in others. Determit all things to ourselves, and that which all sin in others, is experiment for us. It is an use of our faith in ourselves, that men never speak me as lightly as they think: or, every man thinks tude safe for himself, which is nowise to be indulged other. The act looks very differently on the inside, on the outside; in its quality, and in its consecutes. Murder in the murderer is no such ruinous that as poets and romancers will have it; it does neetle him, or fright him from his ordinary notice.

of trifles: it is an act quite easy to be contembut in its sequel, it turns out to be a horrible and confounding of all relations. Especially the that spring from love, seem right and fair from the point of view, but, when acted, are found destri of society. No man at last believes that he lost, nor that the crime in him is as black as in the Because the intellect qualifies in our own case the judgments. For there is no crime to the intellect. is antinomian or hypernomian, and judges law a as fact. "It is worse than a crime, it is a blue said Napoleon, speaking the language of the in To it, the world is a problem in mathematics science of quantity, and it leaves out praise and and all weak emotions. All stealing is compa If you come to absolutes, pray who does not Saints are sad, because they behold sin (even they speculate) from the point of view of the cons and not of the intellect; a confusion of thought seen from the thought, is a diminution or less: from the conscience or will, it is privity or bail. intellect names it shade, absence of light, and no e The conscience must feel it as essence, essentia This it is not: it has an objective existence, b subjective.

Thus inevitably does the universe wear our and every object fall successively into the subject. The subject exists, the subject enlarges; all sooner or later fall into place. As I am, so I see what language we will, we can never say anythin what we are; Hermes, Cadmus, Columbus, No Buonaparte, are the mind's ministers. Instantiated feeling a poverty when we encounter a great must treat the new comer like a travelling geologic passes through our estate, and shows us good or limestone, or anthracite, in our brush pasture partial action of each strong mind in one direction telescope for the objects on which it is pointed every other part of knowledge is to be pushed to the extravagance, ere the soul attains her due splease.

rou could look with her eyes, you might see her counded with hundreds of figures performing comparations, with tragic and comic issues, long conversate, many characters, many ups and downs of fate—meantime it is only puss and her tail. How long to our masquerade will end its noise of tamboural laughter, and shouting, and we shall find it was litary performance?—A subject and an object—it is so much to make the galvanic circuit comparation, but magnitude adds nothing. What imports the here it is Kepler and the sphere; Columbus America; a reader and his book; or puss with tail?

is true that all the muses and love and religion hate developments, and will find a way to punish the sist, who publishes in the parlour the secrets of the ratory. And we cannot say too little of our constitu-I necessity of seeing things under private aspects, sturated with our humours. And yet is the God native of these bleak rocks. That need makes in als the capital virtue of self-trust. We must hold to this poverty, however scandalous, and by more ous self-recoveries, after the sallies of action, possess ixis more firmly. The life of truth is cold, and so far mful; but it is not the slave of tears, contritions, perturbations. It does not attempt another's nor adopt another's facts. It is a main lesson sdom to know your own from another's. I have ed that I cannot dispose of other people's facts; possess such a key to my own, as persuades me st all their denials, that they also have a key to 3. A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma swimmer among drowning men, who all catch at and if he give so much as a leg or a finger, they drown him. They wish to be saved from the hiefs of their vices, but not from their vices. ity would be wasted on this poor waiting on symptoms. A wise and hardy physician will Come out of that, as the first condition of

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good nature and listening on all sides. This com-takes away the power of being greatly useful. A should not be able to look other than directly and right. A preoccupied attention is the only a to the importunate frivolity of other people: an atte and to an aim which makes their wants fris This is a divine answer, and leaves no appeal, 2 hard thoughts. In Flaxman's drawing of the Eur. of Æschylus, Orestes supplicates Apollo, while Furies sleep on the threshold. The face of the presses a shade of regret and compassion, but with the conviction of the irreconcilableness of the spheres. He is born into other politics, into the and beautiful. The man at his feet asks for his in turmoils of the earth, into which his nature enter. And the Eumenides there lying express pict this disparity. The god is surcharged with his destiny.

Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Surface, Surf Reality, Subjectiveness-these are threads on the of time, these are the lords of life. I dare not a to give their order, but I name them as I find them way. I know better than to claim any comple for my picture. I am a fragment, and this is a fra of me. I can very confidently announce one or a law, which throws itself into relief and form, am too young yet by some ages to compile a I gossip for my hour concerning the eternal p I have seen many fair pictures not in vain. Av fourteen, nor yet seven years ago. Let who will where is the fruit? I find a private fruit suf This is a fruit—that I should not ask for a rash from meditations, counsels, and the hiving of I should feel it pitiful to demand a result on this and county, an overt effect on the instant moni year. The effect is deep and secular as the care works on periods in which mortal lifetime is los I know is reception; I am and I have: but I colored pyfatter gotten and I have but I colored pyfatter gotten gotten but I colored pyfatter gotten byfatter gotte and I did not. I worship with wonder the great me. My reception has been so large, that I am annoyed by receiving this or that superabundantly. to the Genius, if he will pardon the proverb, In mill, in for a million. When I receive a new gift, not macerate my body to make the account square, it should die, I could not make the account square. benefit overran the merit the first day, and has un the merit ever since. The merit itself, so-called,

con part of the receiving.

o, that hankering after an overt or practical effect s to me an apostasy. In good earnest, I am willing pare this most unnecessary deal of doing. Life to me a visionary face. Hardest, roughest is visionary also. It is but a choice between and turbulent dreams. People disparage knowing the intellectual life, and urge doing. I am very nt with knowing, if only I could know. That is an st entertainment, and would suffice me a great To know a little, would be worth the expense is world. I hear always the law of Adrastia, t every soul which had acquired any truth, should

fe from harm until another period." now that the world I converse with in the city and e farms, is not the world I think. I observe that rence, and shall observe it. One day, I shall the value and law of this discrepance. But I not found that much was gained by manipular into to realize the world of thought. Many eager successively make an experiment in this way, make themselves ridiculous. They acquire demomanners, they foam at the mouth, they hate and

Worse, I observe, that, in the history of mankind, is never a solitary example of success,-taking own tests of success. I say this polemically, reply to the inquiry, why not realize your world? far be from me the despair which prejudges the by a paltry empiricism,—since there never was a endeavour, but it succeeded. Patience and patience,

hall wing at the lasted Wan constribe Berry suspicious tre deceptions of the element of time. It takes a

good deal of time to eat or to sleep, or to earn a head dollars, and a very little time to entertain a hope an insight which becomes the light of our life. We our garden, eat our dinners, discuss the hope with our wives, and these things make no impressor forgotten next week; but in the solitude to every man is always returning, he has a sanity revelations, which in his passage into new work will carry with him. Never mind the ridicule, mind the defeat: up again: old heart!—it sees say,—there is victory yet for all justice; and the romance which the world exists to realize, will be transformation of genius into practical power.

non will the world Legenera with in the city and

I said to constain said to wal ban other

annot impart; which is company for his

XV.—CHARACTER.

The sun set; but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye:
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet,
As hid all measure of the feat.

Work of his hand He nor commends nor grieves; Pleads for itself the fact; As unrepenting Nature leaves Her every act.

HAVE read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man, anything which he said. It has been complained r brilliant English historian of the French Revoluthat when he has told all his facts about Mirabeau, do not justify his estimate of his genius. The chi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's s, do not in the record of facts equal their own Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter gh, are men of great figure, and of few deeds. We ot find the smallest part of the personal weight ashington, in the narrative of his exploits. The ority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books. inequality of the reputation to the works or the lotes, is not accounted for by saying that the beration is longer than the thunder-clap; but someresided in these men which begot an expectation outran all their performance. The largest part eir power was latent. This is that which we call acter,—a reserved force which acts directly by nce, and without means. It is conceived of as tain undemonstrable force, a Familiar or Genius, hose impribase transportation of the manufacture of the contract of the contr he cannot impart; which is company for him, 50 such men are often solitary, or if they chance to social, do not need society, but can entertain them. very well alone. The purest literary talent approximation at one time great, at another time small, but char is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness. others effect by talent or by eloquence, this man applishes by some magnetism. "Half his strengt put not forth." His victories are by demonstra of superiority, and not by crossing of bayonets. conquers, because his arrival alters the face of an "'O Iole, how did you know that Hercules was a g 'Because,' answered Iole, 'I was content the mo my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I de that I might see him offer battle, or at least guid horses in the chariot-race; but Hercules did not for a contest; he conquered whether he stood walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did." ordinarily a pendant to events, only half attached that awkwardly, to the world he lives in, in thes amples appears to share the life of things, and an expression of the same laws which control the and the sun, numbers and quantities.

But to use a more modest illustration, and nearer I observe, that in our political elections, where element, if it appears at all, can only occur in its con form, we sufficiently understand its incomparable The people know that they need in their represent much more than talent, namely, the power to his talent trusted. They cannot come at their by sending to Congress a learned, acute, and speaker, if he be not one, who, before he was appoint by the people to represent them, was appointed Almighty God to stand for a fact, -invincibly person of that fact in himself, -so that the most confident the most violent persons learn that here is resistant which both impudence and terror are wasted, no faith in a fact. The men who carry their points de need to inquire of their constituents what they CC-say but are themselves the country which they sent : nowhere are its emotions of opinions so true as in them, nowhere so pure from a selfish son. The constituency at home hearkens to their s, watches the colour of their cheek, and therein, a glass, dresses its own. Our public assemblies retty good tests of manly force. Our frank country-of the west and south have a taste for character, and to know whether the New Englander is a substantial

or whether the hand can pass through him.

e same motive force appears in trade. There are ises in trade, as well as in war, or the state, or letters; the reason why this or that man is fortunate, is not told. It lies in the man: that is all anybody tell you about it. See him, and you will know sily why he succeeds, as, if you see Napoleon, you d comprehend his fortune. In the new objects ecognize the old game, the habit of fronting the and not dealing with it at second hand, through the ptions of somebody else. Nature seems to authorize as soon as you see the natural merchant, who ars not so much a private agent, as her factor and ster of Commerce. His natural probity combines his insight into the fabric of society, to put him e tricks, and he communicates to all his own faith, contracts are of no private interpretation. The of his mind is a reference to standards of natural y and public advantage; and he inspires respect, the wish to deal with him, both for the quiet spirit mour which attends him, and for the intellectual me which the spectacle of so much ability affords. immensely stretched trade, which makes the capes e Southern Ocean his wharves, and the Atlantic is familiar port, centres in his brain only; and noin the universe can make his place good. In his our, I see very well that he has been at hard work morning, with that knitted brow, and that settled our, which all his desire to be courteous cannot e off. I see plainly how many firm acts have been ; how many valiant noes have this day been en, when others would have uttered ruinous yeas. I: with the pride of art, and skill of masterly arithmetic power of remote combination; ioth Pictors changes tri of being an agent and playfellow of the original of the world. He, too, believes, that none can shim, and that a man must be born to trade, or he callearn it.

This virtue draws the mind more, when it appear action to ends not so mixed. It works with most en in the smallest companies and in private relations. all cases, it is an extraordinary and incompa agent. The excess of physical strength is para by it. Higher natures overpower lower ones by affe them with a certain sleep. The faculties are l up, and offer no resistance. Perhaps that is the univ When the high cannot bring up the low to: it benumbs it, as man charms down the resistance lower animals. Men exert on each other a si occult power. How often has the influence of a master realized all the tales of magic! A rive command seemed to run down from his eyes into all: who beheld him, a torrent of strong sad light, in Ohio or Danube, which pervaded them with his thou and coloured all events with the hue of his mind. "I means did you employ?" was the question asked wife of Concini, in regard to her treatment of l of Medici; and the answer was, "Only that infi which every strong mind has over a weak one." (a Cæsar in irons shuffle off the irons, and transfer to the person of Hippo or Thraso the turnkey? iron handcuff so immutable a bond? Suppose as on the coast of Guinea should take on board a ga negroes, which should contain persons of the s of Toussaint L'Ouverture, or, let us fancy, under swarthy masks he has a gang of Washingtons in d When they arrive at Cuba, will the relative of the ship's company be the same? Is there is but rope and iron? Is there no love, no revers Is there never a glimpse of right in a poor slave-capmind; and cannot these be supposed available to or elude, or in any manner overmatch, the ten an inch or two of iron ring?

This is a natural power, like light and heat, a nature co-operates with it. The reason why

man's presence, and do not feel another's, is as le as gravity. Truth is the summit of being; ce is the application of it to affairs. All individual res stand in a scale, according to the purity of this ent in them. The will of the pure runs down them into other natures, as water runs down from ther into a lower vessel. This natural force is no to be withstood than any other natural force. can drive a stone upward for a moment into the but it is yet true that all stones will for ever fall; whatever instances can be quoted of unpunished or of a lie which somebody credited, justice prevail, and it is the privilege of truth to make believed. Character is this moral order seen igh the medium of an individual nature. An inhal is an encloser. Time and space, liberty and sity, truth and thought, are left at large no longer. the universe is a close or pound. All things in the man, tinged with the manners of his soul. what quality is in him he infuses all nature that m reach; nor does he tend to lose himself in vastbut, at how long a curve soever, all his regards n into his own good at last. He animates all he and he sees only what he animates. He encloses orld, as the patriot does his country, as a material for his character, and a theatre for action. A ly soul stands united with the Just and the True, e magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that ands to all beholders like a transparent object at them and the sun, and whose journeys towards in, journeys towards that person. He is thus the im of the highest influence to all who are not on ame level. Thus, men of character are the cone of the society to which they belong. natural measure of this power is the resistance of

nstances. Impure men consider life as it is rein opinions, events, and persons. They cannot
be action, until it is done. Yet its moral element
sisted in the actor, and its quality as right or
it was easy to predict. Everything in nature
local, or has a positive and legislive place by Thereories

is a male and a female, a spirit and a fact, a north south. Spirit is the positive, the event is the neg-Will is the north, action the south pole. Chamay be ranked as having its natural place in the It shares the magnetic currents of the system-feeble souls are drawn to the south or negative They look at the profit or hurt of the action. never behold a principle until it is lodged in a page. They do not wish to be lovely, but to be loved. of character like to hear of their faults: the class do not like to hear of faults; they worship en secure to them a fact, a connection, a certain chi circumstances, and they will ask no more. The sees that the event is ancillary: it must follow A given order of events has no power to secure to the satisfaction which the imagination attaches t the soul of goodness escapes from any set of circumsta whilst prosperity belongs to a certain mind, and introduce that power and victory which is its I fruit, into any order of events. No change of ci stances can repair a defect of character. We boas emancipation from many superstitions; but if we broken any idols, it is through a transfer of the idi What have I gained, that I no longer immolate: to Jove, or to Neptune, or a mouse to Hecate; t do not tremble before the Eumenides, or the Ca Purgatory, or the Calvinistic Judgment-day,-quake at opinion, the public opinion, as we call i at the threat of assault, or contumely, or bad neight or poverty, or mutilation, or at the rumour of revolution of murder? If I quake, what matters it what I at? Our proper vice takes form in one or a shape, according to the sex, age, or temperament person, and, if we are capable of fear, will readiterrors. The covetousness or the malignity which dens me, when I ascribe it to society, is my own always environed by myself. On the other part, reco is a perpetual victory, celebrated not by cries of june by serenity, which is joy fixed or habitual. It is constituted to fly to events for confirmation of our truth and the capitalist does not run every hour to the base in his advantages into current money of the realm; is satisfied to read in the quotations of the market, this stocks have risen. The same transport which occurrence of the best events in the best order would asson me, I must learn to taste purer in the perception to my position is every hour meliorated, and does ady command those events I desire. That exultation ally to be checked by the foresight of an order of as so excellent, as to throw all our prosperities into

deepest shade.

he face which character wears to me is self-sufficing-I revere the person who is riches; so that I ot think of him as alone, or poor, or exiled, or unoy, or a client, but as perpetual patron, benefactor, beatified man. Character is centrality, the imbility of being displaced or overset. A man dd give us a sense of mass. Society is frivolous, shreds its day into scraps, its conversation into monies and escapes. But if I go to see an ingenious I shall think myself poorly entertained, if he give imble pieces of benevolence and etiquette; rather all stand stoutly in his place, and let me apprehend, were only his resistance; know that I have entered a new and positive quality; -great refreshfor both of us. It is much, that he does not t the conventional opinions and practices. onformity will remain a goad and remembrancer, every inquirer will have to dispose of him, in the place. There is nothing real or useful that is not it of war. Our houses ring with laughter, and nal and critical gossip, but it helps little. But incivil, unavailable man, who is a problem and a t to society, whom it cannot let pass in silence, must either worship or hate,—and to whom all es feel related, both the leaders of opinion, and the are and eccentric,—he helps; he puts America Europe in the wrong, and destroys the scepticism says, "man is a doll, let us eat and drink, 'tis the we can do," by illuminating the untried and unn. Acquiescence in the establishment, and appeal trie public, indicate infirm faith, heads which are not clear, and which must see a house built before can comprehend the plan of it. The wise man not leaves out of his thought the many, but leaves on few. Fountains, the self-moved, the absorbed commander because he is commanded, the ass the primary,—they are good; for these announce

instant presence of supreme power. Our action should rest mathematically on our stance. In nature, there are no false valuation pound of water in the ocean tempest has no more g than in a midsummer pond. All things work e according to their quality, and according to quantity; attempt nothing they cannot do, excep only. He has pretension: he wishes and att things beyond his force. I read in a book of E memoirs, "Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) he must have the Treasury; he had served up to would have it." - Xenophon and his Ten Tho were quite equal to what they attempted, and d so equal, that it was not suspected to be a gran inimitable exploit. Yet there stands that fact peated, a high-water-mark in military history. have attempted it since, and not been equal to it. only on reality that any power of action can be No institution will be better than the institutor. I an amiable and accomplished person who und a practical reform, yet I was never able to find i the enterprise of love he took in hand. He ad it by ear, and by the understanding from the boo had been reading. All his action was tentative, a of the city carried out into the fields, and was the still, and no new fact, and could not inspire enthe Had there been something latent in the man, a te undemonstrated genius agitating and embarrassing meanour, we had watched for its advent. It is not a that the intellect should see the evils and their re-We shall still postpone our existence, nor take the to which we are entitled, whilst it is only a the and not a spirit, that incites us. We have me

CC-seranglampatoMath Collection. Digitized by eGangotri These are properties of life, and another trait te of incessant growth. Men should be intelligent earnest. They must also make us feel that they have atrolling happy future opening before them, whose willights already kindle in the passing hour. Hero is misconceived and misreported: he cannot afore wait to unravel any man's blunders: he is non his road, adding new powers and honours is domain, and new claims on your heart, which will knupt you, if you have loitered about the old things, have not kept your relation to him, by adding to wealth. New actions are the only apologies and mations of old ones, which the noble can bear to or to receive. If your friend has displeased you, shall not sit down to consider it, for he has already all memory of the passage, and has doubled his er to serve you, and, ere you can rise up again, will

en you with blessings.

have no pleasure in thinking of a benevolence that ly measured by its works. Love is inexhaustible, and s estate is wasted, its granary emptied, still cheers enriches, and the man, though he sleep, seems to fy the air, and his house to adorn the landscape strengthen the laws. People always recognize this rence. We know who is benevolent by quite other ns than the amount of subscription to soup societies. only low merits that can be enumerated. Fear, n your friends say to you what you have done well, say it through; but when they stand with uncertain d looks of respect and half-dislike, and must suspend judgment for years to come, you may begin to hope. se who live to the future must always appear selfish those who live to the present. Therefore it was l in the good Riemer, who has written memoirs oethe, to make out a list of his donations and good is, as, so many hundred thalers given to Stilling, to el, to Tischbein: a lucrative place found for Proor Voss, a post under the Grand Duke for Herder, ension for Meyer, two professors recommended to ign universities, &c., &c. The longest list of ifications of benefit would look very short. A is a poor creature, if he is to be measured by eGproptri all these, of course, are exceptions; and the n hodiernal life of a good man is benefaction. The charity of Goethe is to be inferred from the he gave Dr. Eckermann of the way in which spent his fortune. "Each bon-mot of mine ha a purse of gold. Half a million of my own the fortune I inherited, my salary, and the large derived from my writings for fifty years back, have expended to instruct me in what I now know. I besides seen," &c.

I own it is but poor chat and gossip to go to enum traits of this simple and rapid power, and we are particle. the lightning with charcoal; but in these long and vacations, I like to console myself so. Nothing itself can copy it. A word warm from the enriches me. I surrender at discretion. How cold is literary genius before this fire of life! are the touches that reanimate my heavy soul, and it eyes to pierce the dark of nature. I find, when thought myself poor, there was I most rich. The comes a new intellectual exaltation, to be again re-

by some new exhibition of character. Strange · tion of attraction and repulsion! Character reput intellect, yet excites it; and character passes thought, is published so, and then is ashamed new flashes of moral worth.

Character is nature in the highest form. It is use to ape it, or to contend with it. Somewh possible of resistance, and of persistence, and of cre

to this power, which will foil all emulation.

This masterpiece is best where no hands but nat have been laid on it. Care is taken that the gredestined shall slip up into life in the shade, with thousand-eyed Athens to watch and blazon new thought, every blushing emotion of young go Two persons lately,-very young children of the high God,—have given me occasion for thought. I explored the source of their sanctity, and charthe imagination, it seemed as if each answered, "I my nonconformity: I never listened to your par CC farting many Math And octant Dibetic to specify mathin waste I was content with the simple rural poverty

my own: hence this sweetness: my work never inds you of that;—is pure of that." And nature rises me in such persons, that, in democratic ica, she will not be democratized. How cloistered constitutionally sequestered from the market and scandal! It was only this morning, that I sent some wild flowers of these wood-gods. They are lef from literature,—these fresh draughts from sources of thought and sentiment; as we read, in an of polish and criticism, the first lines of written and verse of a nation. How captivating is their tion to their favourite books, whether Æschylus, ie, Shakespeare, or Scott, as feeling that they have ke in that book : who touches that, touches them ;specially the total solitude of the critic, the Patmos ought from which he writes, in unconsciousness of eyes that shall ever read this writing. Could they n on still, as angels, and not wake to comparisons, to be flattered! Yet some natures are too good to oiled by praise, and wherever the vein of thought es down into the profound, there is no danger vanity. Solemn friends will warn them of the er of the head's being turned by the flourish of pets, but they can afford to smile. I remember indignation of an eloquent Methodist at the kind mitions of a Doctor of Divinity,—"My friend, a can neither be praised nor insulted." But forgive counsels; they are very natural. I remember thought which occurred to me when some inus and spiritual foreigners came to America, was, you been victimized in being brought hither?or to that, answer me this, "Are you victimizable?" I have said. Nature keeps these sovereignties in her lands, and however pertly our sermons and discipwould divide some share of credit, and teach that ws fashion the citizen, she goes her own gait, and the wisest in the wrong. She makes very light spels and prophets, as one who has a great many to produce, and no excess of time to spare on any. There is a class of men, individuals of which R 1. I.

appear at long intervals, so eminently endowed insight and virtue, that they have been unanim saluted as divine, and who seem to be an accumu of that power we consider. Divine persons are char born, or, to borrow a phrase from Napoleon, the victory organized. They are usually received ill-will, because they are new, and because they bound to the exaggeration that has been made personality of the last divine person. Nature rhymes her children, nor makes two men alike. we see a great man, we fancy a resemblance to historical person, and predict the sequel of his cha and fortune, a result which he is sure to disap None will ever solve the problem of his cha according to our prejudice, but only in his own his precedented way. Character wants room; mus be crowded on by persons, nor be judged from gliggot in the press of affairs or on few occasion needs perspective, as a great building. It may probably does not, form relations rapidly; and we s not require rash explanation, either on the popular . or on our own, of its action.

I look on Sculpture as history. I do not thin Apollo and the Jove impossible in flesh and blood. trait which the artist recorded in stone, he had in life, and better than his copy. We have seen counterfeits, but we are born believers in great How easily we read in old books, when men were of the smallest action of the patriarchs. We re that a man should be so large and columnar in landscape, that it should deserve to be recorded, the arose, and girded up his loins, and departed to st place. The most credible pictures are those of ma men who prevailed at their entrance, and conv the senses; as happened to the eastern magian was sent to test the merits of Zertusht or Zoroz When the Yunani sage arrived at Balkh, the Pertell us, Gushtasp appointed a day on which the Me of every country should assemble, and a golden of the placed for the Yunani sage of the below Yezdam, the prophet Zertusht, advanced into the

rassembly. The Yunani sage, on seeing that chief, "This form and this gait cannot lie, and nothing ruth can proceed from them." Plato said, it was cible not to believe in the children of the gods, igh they should speak without probable or necessary rents." I should think myself very unhappy in sociates, if I could not credit the best things in John Bradshaw," says Milton, "appears consul, from whom the fasces are not to depart the year; so that not on the tribunal only, but whout his life, you would regard him as sitting a signer upon kings." I find it more creditable, it is anterior information, that one man should the work, as the Chinese say, than that so many men is know the world. "The virtuous prince cons the gods, without any misgiving. He waits a ted ages till a sage comes, and does not doubt. who confronts the gods, without any misgiving, s heaven; he who waits a hundred ages until a comes, without doubting, knows men. Hence the ous prince moves, and for ages shows empire the But there is no need to seek remote examples. a dull observer whose experience has not taught he reality and force of magic, as well as of chemistry. coldest precisian cannot go abroad without entering inexplicable influences. One man fastens e on him, and the graves of the memory render eir dead; the secrets that make him wretched either p or to betray, must be yielded; -another, and mot speak, and the bones of his body seem to lose cartilages; the entrance of a friend adds grace, ess, and eloquence to him; and there are persons, anot choose but remember, who gave a transcendent sion to his thought, and kindled another life in his

spring from this deep root? The sufficient reply to reptic, who doubts the power and the furniture of is in that possibility of joyful intercourse with the power and the furniture of is in that possibility of joyful intercourse with the power and the possibility of joyful intercourse with the power and the furniture of its power and the power and the furniture of its power and the furnitu

so satisfying as the profound good understanding, a can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, but two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself sure of his friend. It is a happiness which postulated all other gratifications, and makes politics, and merce, and churches, cheap. For, when men meet as they ought, each a benefactor, a shower of clothed with thoughts, with deeds, with accomments, it should be the festival of nature which things announce. Of such friendship, love in the is the first symbol, as all other things are symbolove. Those relations to the best men, which, at time, we reckoned the romances of youth, become the progress of the character, the most solid enjoy. If it were possible to live in right relations with me if we could abstain from asking anything of them.

if we could abstain from asking anything of them, asking their praise, or help, or pity, and content we compelling them through the virtue of the eldest leader the unwritten statutes, and make an expension of their efficacy? Could we not pay our friend compliment of truth, of silence, of forbearing? we be so eager to seek him? If we are related, we meet. It was a tradition of the ancient world, no metamorphosis could hide a god from a god;

there is a Greek verse which runs,

"The Gods are to each other not unknown."

Friends also follow the laws of divine necessity; gravitate to each other, and cannot otherwise:

"When each the other shall avoid, Shall each by each be most enjoyed."

Their relation is not made, but allowed. The gods seat themselves without seneschal in our Olympus as they can instal themselves by seniority of Society is spoiled, if pains are taken, if the associate brought a mile to meet. And if it be not so it is a mischievous, low, degrading jangle, thought up of the best. All the greatness of each is kept and every foible in painful activity, as if the Olympus of the best of the celebration of the olympus of the celebration of the olympus of the celebration of the olympus of the olympu

is goes headlong. We chase some flying scheme, or are hunted by some fear or command behind us. if suddenly we encounter a friend, we pause; our and hurry look foolish enough; now pause, now ssion, is required, and the power to swell the tent from the resources of the heart. The moment

in all noble relations.

divine person is the prophecy of the mind; a is the hope of the heart. Our beatitude waits he fulfilment of these two in one. The ages are ing this moral force. All force is the shadow or ol of that. Poetry is joyful and strong, as it draws spiration thence. Men write their names on the , as they are filled with this. History has been ; our nations have been mobs; we have never a man: that divine form we do not yet know, mly the dream and prophecy of such: we do not the majestic manners which belong to him, which se and exalt the beholder. We shall one day see the most private is the most public energy, that y atones for quantity, and grandeur of character in the dark, and succours them who never saw it. greatness has yet appeared, is beginnings and ragements to us in this direction. The history ose gods and saints which the world has written, hen worshipped, are documents of character. The have exulted in the manners of a youth who owed ing to fortune, and who was hanged at the Tyburn nation, who, by the pure quality of his nature, an epic splendour around the facts of his death, has transfigured every particular into a univermbol for the eyes of mankind. This great defeat therto our highest fact. But the mind requires tory to the senses, a force of character which will ert judge, jury, soldier, and king; which will rule al and mineral virtues, and blend with the courses of rivers, of winds, of stars, and of moral agents. we cannot attain at a bound to these grandeurs, at let us do them homage. In society, high adages are get down to the possessor as disadvantages quires the more wariness in our private estimates.

I do not forgive in my friends the failure to know character, and to entertain it with thankful hospit When, at last, that which we have always longe is arrived, and shines on us with glad rays out far celestial land, then to be coarse, then to be cr and treat such a visitant with the jabber and sus of the streets, argues a vulgarity that seems to the doors of heaven. This is confusion, this the insanity, when the soul no longer knows its own where its allegiance, its religion, are due. Is any religion but this, to know, that wherever wide desert of being, the holy sentiment we chas opened into a flower, it blooms for me? sees it, I see it; I am aware, if I alone, of the ness of the fact. Whilst it blooms, I will keep sa or holy time, and suspend my gloom, and my and jokes. Nature is indulged by the presence quest. There are many eyes that can detect honour the prudent and household virtues; are many that can discern Genius on his starry though the mob is incapable; but when that love is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring, which vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also in this world, sooner than soil its white hands b compliances, comes into our streets and hor only the pure and aspiring can know its face, an only compliment they can pay it, is to own it.

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XVI.-MANNERS.

How near to good is what is fair! Which we no sooner see, But with the lines and outward air, Our senses taken be.

Again yourselves compose,
And now put all the aptness on
Of Figure, that Proportion
Or Colour can disclose;
That if those silent arts were lost,
Design and Picture, they might boast
From you a newer ground,
Instructed by the heightening sense
Of dignity and reverence
In their true motions found.

BEN JONSON.

ALF the world, it is said, knows not how the other half live. Our Exploring Expedition saw the ee islanders getting their dinner off human bones; they are said to eat their own wives and children. husbandry of the modern inhabitants of Gournou t of old Thebes) is philosophical to a fault. To set their housekeeping, nothing is requisite but two hree earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat h is the bed. The house, namely, a tomb, is ready out rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the , and there is no door, for there is no want of one, here is nothing to lose. If the house do not please n, they walk out and enter another, as there are ral hundreds at their command. "It is somewhat ular," adds Belzoni, to whom we owe this account, talk of happiness among people who live in sepuls, among the corpses and rags of an ancient nation th they know nothing of." In the deserts of Borgoo, rock-Tibboos still dwell in caves, like cliff-swallows, the language of these negroes is compared by their bours to the shrieking of bats, and to the whistling irds. Again, the Bornoos have no proper names; viduals are called after their height, thickness, or er accidentalangamyagi Matt Univerionidiatizaesyraesevotri But the salt, the dates, the ivory, and the gold which these horrible regions are visited, find their into countries, where the purchaser and conscan hardly be ranked in one race with these can and man-stealers; countries where man serves him with metals, wood, stone, glass, gum, cotton, silk wool; honours himself with architecture; write and contrives to execute his will through the harmany nations; and, especially, establishes a society, running through all the countries of intell men, a self-constituted aristocracy, or fraternity dest, which, without written law or exact usage of kind, perpetuates itself, colonizes every new-passisland, and adopts and makes its own whatever perspectuatey or extraordinary native endowment any

appears.

What fact more conspicuous in modern history, the creation of the gentleman? Chivalry is that, loyalty is that, and, in English literature, half drama, and all the novels, from Sir Philip Sidney to Walter Scott, paint this figure. The word gentle which, like the word Christian, must hereafter character the present and the few preceding centuries, by importance attached to it, is a homage to personal incommunicable properties. Frivolous and fants additions have got associated with the name, but steady interest of mankind in it must be attrib to the valuable properties which it designates, element which unites all the most forcible person every country; makes them intelligible and agree to each other, and is somewhat so precise, that i at once felt if an individual lack the masonic sign, car be any casual product, but must be an average of the character and faculties universally found men. It seems a certain permanent average; as atmosphere is a permanent composition, whilst some gases are combined only to be decompounded. Com il faut, is the Frenchman's description of good socia as we must be. It is a spontaneous fruit of talents feelings of precisely that class who have most vist CCWhargarewadi Metal Gollettion, Divilized this Gangetrand, the from pure, far from constituting the gladdest and st tone of human feeling, is as good as the whole by permits it to be. It is made of the spirit, than of the talent of men, and is a compound result, which every great force enters as an ingredient, ly, virtue, wit, beauty, wealth, and power.

ere is something equivocal in all the words in use press the excellence of manners and social cultiva-because the quantities are fluxional, and the last is assumed by the senses as the cause. The word man has not any correlative abstract to express the ty. Gentility is mean, and gentilesse is obsolete. we must keep alive in the vernacular, the distincbetween fashion, a word of narrow and often sinister ing, and the heroic character which the gentleman its. The usual words, however, must be respected: will be found to contain the root of the matter. point of distinction in all this class of names, as tsy, chivalry, fashion, and the like, is, that the and fruit, not the grain of the tree, are contemplated. beauty which is the aim this time, and not worth.
result is now in question, although our words
ate well enough the popular feeling, that the rance supposes a substance. The gentleman is a of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing lordship in his behaviour, not in any manner dent and servile either on persons, or opinions, ssessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real the word denotes good-nature or benevolence:
ood first, and then gentleness. The popular certainly adds a condition of ease and fortune; hat is a natural result of personal force and love, hey should possess and dispense the goods of the

In times of violence, every eminent person fall in with many opportunities to approve his less and worth; therefore every man's name that ed at all from the mass in the feudal ages, rattles ear like a flourish of trumpets. But personal never goes out of fashion. That is still paramount y, and in the moving crowd of good society the of valour and reality are known, and rise to their

natural place. The competition is transferred war to politics and trade, but the personal force a

readily enough in these new arenas.

Power first, or no leading class. In politics and in bruisers and pirates are of better promise than talke clerks. God knows that all sorts of gentlemen kn the door; but whenever used in strictness, and with emphasis, the name will be found to point at or energy. It describes a man standing in his own and working after untaught methods. In a good there must first be a good animal, at least to the of yielding the incomparable advantage of a spirits. The ruling class must have more, but they have these, giving in every company the sense of p which makes things easy to be done which daur wise. The society of the energetic class, in their frie and festive meetings, is full of courage, and of atter which intimidate the pale scholar. The courage girls exhibit is like a battle of Lundy's Lane, or a fight. The intellect relies on memory to make supplies to face these extemporaneous square But memory is a base mendicant with basket badge, in the presence of these sudden masters. rulers of society must be up to the work of the vand equal to their versatile office: men of the Cæsarian pattern, who have great range of affil I am far from believing the timid maxim of Lord land ("that for ceremony there must go two the since a bold fellow will go through the cumiforms"), and am of opinion that the gentleman in forms"), and am of opinion that the gentleman is bold fellow whose forms are not to be broken three and only that plenteous nature is rightful master, is the complement of whatever person it complete with. My gentleman gives the law where he is p will outpray saints in chapel, outgeneral veterans p field, and outshine all courtesy in the hall. He is an company for pirates, and good with academia so that it is useless to fortify yourself against of the has the private entract to all minds, and it as easily exclude myself as himself be a famous of the standard of the standard of this strong of this strong of the strong of this strong of the strong din, Sapor, the Cid, Julius Cæsar, Scipio, Alexander, ricles, and the lordliest personages. They sat very elessly in their chairs, and were too excellent them-

res, to value any condition at a high rate.

I plentiful fortune is reckoned necessary, in the pular judgment, to the completion of this man of world: and it is a material deputy which walks ough the dance which the first has led. essential, but this wide affinity is, which transcends habits of clique and caste, and makes itself felt by of all classes. If the aristocrat is only valid in hionable circles, and not with truckmen, he will er be a leader in fashion; and if the man of the people not speak on equal terms with the gentleman, so that gentleman shall perceive that he is already really his own order, he is not to be feared. Diogenes, rates, and Epaminondas, are gentlemen of the best d, who have chosen the condition of poverty, when of wealth was equally open to them. names, but the men I speak of are my contemporaries. tune will not supply to every generation one of these appointed knights, but every collection of men ishes some example of the class: and the politics his country, and the trade of every town, are coned by these hardy and irresponsible doers, who invention to take the lead, and a broad sympathy th puts them in fellowship with crowds, and makes action popular.

he manners of this class are observed and caught devotion by men of taste. The association of masters with each other, and with men intelligent heir merits, is mutually agreeable and stimulating. good forms, the happiest expressions of each, are ated and adopted. By swift consent, everything rfluous is dropped, everything graceful is renewed. manners show themselves formidable to the unwated man. They are a subtler science of defence arry and intimidate; but once matched by the skill he other party, they drop the point of the swordits and cleinceardina preservant contribution of the feet sylverself more transparent atmosphere, wherein life is a less

troublesome game, and not a misunderstanding between the players. Manners aim to facilitate to get rid of impediments, and bring the man penergize. They aid our dealing and conversation railway aids travelling, by getting rid of all averables of the road, and leaving nothing to be quered but pure space. These forms very soon be fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated the more heed, that it becomes a badge of sociativil distinctions. Thus grows up Fashion, an equipmental sense of propriety is cultivated to the most head, the most puissant, the most fantastic frivolous, the most feared and followed, and in

morals and violence assault in vain.

There exists a strict relation between the class power, and the exclusive and polished circles. The are always filled or filling from the first. The st men usually give some allowance even to the petuof fashion, for that affinity they find in it. Nap. child of the revolution, destroyer of the old not never ceased to court the Faubourg St. Gern doubtless with the feeling, that fashion is a her to men of his stamp. Fashion, though in a stranger represents all manly virtue. It is virtue gone to it is a kind of posthumous honour. It does not caress the great, but the children of the great: it hall of the Past. It usually sets its face against great of this hour. Great men are not common its halls: they are absent in the field: they are work not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their child of those, who, through the value and virtue of some have acquired lustre to their name, marks of distinct means of cultivation and generosity, and, in their phr organization, a certain health and excellence, secures to them, if not the highest power to work high power to enjoy. The class of power, the we heroes, the Cortez, the Nelson, the Napoleon, set this is the festivity and permanent celebration of as they; that fashion is funded talent; is Me Marengo, and Trafalgar beaten out thin; that brilliant names of fashion run back to just such names as the Math Callefiter Distinct by earnings. The sowers, their sons shall be the reapers, and their s, in the ordinary course of things, must yield the session of the harvest to new competitors with ner eyes and stronger frames. The city is recruited in the country. In the year 1805, it is said, every timate monarch in Europe was imbecile. The city ld have died out, rotted, and exploded, long ago, that it was reinforced from the fields. It is only atry which came to town day before yesterday, that is

and court to-day.

ristocracy and fashion are certain inevitable results. se mutual selections are indestructible. If they oke anger in the least favoured class, and the exded majority revenge themselves on the excluding pority, by the strong hand, and kill them, at once w class finds itself at the top, as certainly as cream in a bowl of milk: and if the people should destroy after class, until two men only were left, one of would be the leader, and would be involuntarily ed and copied by the other. You may keep this prity out of sight and out of mind, but it is tenacious ife, and is one of the estates of the realm. I am more struck with this tenacity, when I see its work. respects the administration of such unimportant ters, that we should not look for any durability rule. We sometimes meet men under some strong al influence, as, a patriotic, a literary, a religious ement, and feel that the moral sentiment rules and nature. We think all other distinctions and will be slight and fugitive, this of caste or fashion, example; yet come from year to year, and see how nament that is, in this Boston or New York life of where, too, it has not the least countenance from law of the land. Not in Egypt or in India a firmer nore impassable line. Here are associations whose go over, and under, and through it, a meeting of thants, a military corps, a college class, a fire-club, ofessional association, a political, a religious conion;—the persons seem to draw inseparably near; that assembly once dispersed its members will not be year meet again. Each returns to his degree in the scale of good society, porcelain remains porce and earthen earthen. The objects of fashion may frivolous, or fashion may be objectless, but the of this union and selection can be neither frivolous accidental. Each man's rank in that perfect gration depends on some symmetry in his structure some agreement in his structure to the symmetry society. Its doors unbar instantaneously to a miclaim of their own kind. A natural gentleman his way in, and will keep the oldest patrician out, has lost his intrinsic rank. Fashion understands it good-breeding and personal superiority of what country readily fraternize with those of every to The chiefs of savage tribes have distinguished thems in London and Paris by the purity of their tournur. To say what good of fashion we can—it rests on read hates nothing or many hates noth

and hates nothing so much as pretenders;-to ex and mystify pretenders, and send them into everla-"Coventry," is its delight. We contemn, in every other gift of men of the world; but the even in little and the least matters, of not appear to any but our own sense of propriety, constitution the foundation of all chivalry. There is almost no of self-reliance, so it be sane and proportioned, wi fashion does not occasionally adopt, and give it freedom of its saloons. A sainted soul is always elegand, if it will, passes unchallenged into the most guz But so will Jock the teamster pass, in s crisis that brings him thither, and find favour, as as his head is not giddy with the new circumsta and the iron shoes do not wish to dance in waltzes cotillons. For there is nothing settled in man but the laws of behaviour yield to the energy of individual. The maiden at her first ball, the cour man at a city dinner, believes that there is a ni according to which every act and compliment must performed, or the failing party must be cast out of presence. Later, they learn that good sense and charge make their own forms every moment, and speak abstain, take wine or refuse it, stay or go, sit in according to the property of stand on the property of the pr

d, or what else soever, in a new and aboriginal way: that strong will is always in fashion, let who will be shionable. All that fashion demands is composure self-content. A circle of men perfectly well-bred d be a company of sensible persons, in which every is native manners and character appeared. If the conist have not this quality, he is nothing. We are lovers of self-reliance, that we excuse in a man y sins, if he will show us a complete satisfaction in osition, which asks no leave to be of mine, or any sgood opinion. But any deference to some eminent or woman of the world, forfeits all privilege of lity. He is an underling: I have nothing to do him; I will speak with his master. A man should to where he cannot carry his whole sphere or society him-not bodily, the whole circle of his friends, atmospherically. He should preserve in a new which his daily associates draw him to, else he orn of his best beams, and will be an orphan in the iest club. "If you could see Vich Ian Vohr with all on!——" But Vich Ian Vohr must always carry elongings in some fashion, if not added as honour, severed as disgrace.

ere will always be in society certain persons who hercuries of its approbation, and whose glance will by time determine for the curious their standing world. These are the chamberlains of the lesser

Accept their coldness as an omen of grace with oftier deities, and allow them all their privilege, are clear in their office, nor could they be thus dable, without their own merits. But do not ure the importance of this class by their pretension, agine that a fop can be the dispenser of honour and e. They pass also at their just rate; for how can otherwise, in circles which exist as a sort of herald's for the sifting of character?

the first thing man requires of man is reality, so, appears in all the forms of society. We pointedly, by name, introduce the parties to each other you before all heaven and control, that this is

Andrew, and this is Gregory; -they look each t in the eye; they grasp each other's hand, to ite and signalize each other. It is a great satisfact A gentleman never dodges: his eyes look str forward, and he assures the other party, first of that he has been met. For what is it that we in so many visits and hospitalities? Is it your drag pictures, and decorations? Or, do we not insatiable Was a man in the house? I may easily go into a household where there is much substance, exc provision for comfort, luxury, and taste, and ye encounter there any Amphitryon, who shall suborc these appendages. I may go into a cottage, and i farmer who feels that he is the man I have come to and fronts me accordingly. It was therefore a natural point of old feudal etiquette, that a gentle who received a visit, though it were of his sover should not leave his roof, but should wait his a at the door of his house. No house, though it wer Tuileries, or the Escurial, is good for any thing with a master. And yet we are not often gratified by hospitality. Everybody we know surrounds his with a fine house, fine books, conservatory, gar equipage, and all manner of toys, as screens to pose between himself and his guest. Does it not as if man was of a very sly, elusive nature, and dre nothing so much as a full rencontre front to front his fellow? It were unmerciful, I know, quite to al the use of these screens, which are of eminent venience, whether the guest is too great, or too! We call together many friends who keep each other play, or, by luxuries and ornaments we amuse the people, and guard our retirement. Or if, perch a searching realist comes to our gate, before whose we have no care to stand, then again we run to our cu and hide ourselves as Adam at the voice of the God in the garden. Cardinal Caprara, the P legate at Paris, defended himself from the gland Napoleon by an immense pair of green specta Napoleon remarked them, and speedily managed to CC-4 Hangerffwadi Mathy Collegion Congitizad bise Cangotias not gh, with eight hundred thousand troops at his back, ice a pair of freeborn eyes, but fenced himself with gette, and within triple barriers of reserve: and, the world knows from Madame de Stael, was wont, he found himself observed, to discharge his face expression. But emperors and rich men are by peans the most skilful masters of good manners. ent-roll nor army-list can dignify skulking and aulation: and the first point of courtesy must is be truth, as really all the forms of good-breeding that way.

ave just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's translation, aigne's account of his journey into Italy, and am with nothing more agreeably than the selfcting fashions of the time. His arrival in each the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event me consequence. Wherever he goes, he pays a to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides his road, as a duty to himself and to civilization. he leaves any house in which he has lodged few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the

m of gentlemen.

e complement of this graceful self-respect, and of all the points of good-breeding, I most require insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair d be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency ateliness, to an excess of fellowship. nunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical ion of man teach us independence. Let us not o much acquainted. I would have a man enter his through a hall filled with heroic and sacred tures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity We should meet each morning, as self-poise. foreign countries, and spending the day together, ld depart at night, as into foreign countries. In hings I would have the island of a man inviolate. us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak ound Olympus. No degree of affection need invade religion of This is much and resemany to keep the sweet. Lovers should guard them strangeness,

If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Ch etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at invaders who fill a studious house with blast and run to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I de a low sympathy of each with his neighbour's to Must we have a good understanding with one and palates? as foolish people who have lived long tog know when each wants salt or sugar. I pray my panion, if he wishes for bread, to ask me for bread if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for t and not to hold out his plate, as if I knew alre Every natural function can be dignified by liberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to sh The compliments and ceremonies of our bree should recall, however remotely, the grandeur of

destiny.

The flower of courtesy does not very well bide hand but if we dare to open another leaf, and explore parts go to its conformation, we shall find an intellectual quality. To the leaders of men brain as well as the flesh and the heart must fur a proportion. Defect in manners is usually the doffine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. In not quite sufficient to good-breeding, a union of kind and independence. We imperatively require a pertion of, and a homage to beauty in our compan Other virtues are in request in the field and work but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in the we sit with. I could better eat with one who did respect the truth or the laws, than with a sloven unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the way but at short distances, the senses are despotic. These discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less is into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energy class is good sense, acting under certain limitations to certain ends. It entertains every natural contains the flower of the contained which is a contained to certain ends. It entertains every natural contains the flower of the contained that the contained to certain ends. It entertains every natural contains the flower of the contained to certain another contained to certain ends. It entertains every natural contains the contained to certain ends. It entertains every natural contains the contained to the contained t

the men. It delights in measure. The love of the in measure or proportion. rerson who screams, or uses the superlative degree, converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms the lifty ou wish to be loved, love measure. You have genius, or a prodigious usefulness, if you will the want of measure. This perception comes in ish and perfect the parts of the social instrument. ty will pardon much to genius and special gifts, being in its nature a convention, it loves what is ational, or what belongs to coming together. That s the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps aders fellowship. For, fashion is not good sense ite, but relative; not good sense private, but good entertaining company. It hates corners and points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotisti-plitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can are with total blending of parties; whilst it values miarities as in the highest degree refreshing, which onsist with good fellowship. And besides the infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct our of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine y as the costliest addition to its rule and its

dry light must shine in to adorn our festival, but the tempered and shaded, or that will also offend. The session of the too purchase to beauty, and quick perceptions diteness, but not too quick perceptions. One too punctual and too precise. He must leave miscience of business at the door, when he comes to palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures, the palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures, the palace, and good-will: the air of drowsy strength, disarms criticism; perhaps, because such a person to reserve himself for the best of the game, and the palace of the set of the game, and the palace of the set of the game, and the palace of the set of the set of the game, and the palace of the set of the set of the game, and the palace of the set of the s

refore Cosider and a constitutes unerring taste, society demands

in its patrician class another element already intiwhich it significantly terms good-nature, expeall degrees of generosity, from the lowest willing and faculty to oblige, up to the heights of magnat and love. Insight we must have, or we shall run a one another, and miss the way to our food; but inter is selfish and barren. The secret of success in so is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man is not happy in the company, cannot find any we his memory that will fit the occasion. All his infetion is a little impertinent. A man who is happy finds in every turn of the conversation equally occasions for the introduction of that which he has to The favourites of society, and what it calls whole: are able men, and of more spirit than wit, who have uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the and the company, contented and contenting, marriage or a funeral, a ball or a jury, a wateror a shooting-match. England, which is rich in ga men, furnished, in the beginning of the present cent a good model of that genius which the world love Mr. Fox, who added to his great abilities the social disposition and real love of men. Parliamer history has few better passages than the de · in which Burke and Fox separated in the House Commons; when Fox urged on his old friend the of old friendship with such tenderness, that the was moved to tears. Another anecdote is so clos my matter, that I must hazard the story. A tra man who had long dunned him for a note of three hur guineas, found him one day counting gold, and demz payment: "No," said Fox, "I owe this money Sheridan, it is a debt of honour: if an accident shappen to me, he has nothing to show." "The said the creditor, "I change my debt into a debt honour," and tore the note in pieces. Fox that the man for his confidence, and paid him, saying, debt was of older standing, and Sheridan must we Lover of liberty, friend of the Hindoo, friend of African slave, he possessed a great personal popular CCanda Mapwed Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Mapwed Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the possessed a great personal popular CCanda Manifel of the popular CCAnda Manifel fans, in 1805, "Mr. Fox will always hold the first in an assembly at the Tuileries."

te may easily seem ridiculous in our eulogy of dation. The painted phantasm Fashion rises to a species of derision on what we say. But I will ter be driven from some allowance to Fashion as smbolic institution, nor from the belief that is the basis of courtesy. We must obtain that, if an; but by all means we must affirm this. Life much of its spirit to these sharp contrasts. Fashion haffects to be honour, is often, in all men's experionly a ball-room code. Yet, so long as it is the st circle, in the imagination of the best heads on planet, there is something necessary and excellent for it is not to be supposed that men have to be the dupes of anything preposterous; the respect which these mysteries inspire he most rude and sylvan characters, and the sity with which details of high life are read, betray universality of the love of cultivated manners. w that a comic disparity would be felt, if we should the acknowledged "first circles," and apply these ic standards of justice, beauty, and benefit, to the duals actually found there. Monarchs and heroes, and lovers, these gallants are not. Fashion has classes and many rules of probation and admission; ot the best alone. There is not only the right of est, which genius pretends-the individual, demonng his natural aristocracy best of the best;— ess claims will pass for the time; for Fashion lions, and points, like Circe, to her horned company. gentleman is this afternoon arrived from Denmark; that is my Lord Ride, who came yesterday from at; here is Captain Friese, from Cape Turnagain; Captain Symmes, from the interior of the earth; Monsieur Jovaire, who came down this morning balloon; Mr. Hobnail, the reformer; the Reverend Bat, who has converted the whole torrid zone in undar cschool can and Signer Torre del Greso Gynorical guished Vesuvius by pouring into it the Bay of Naples; Spahi, the Persian ambassador; will Shan, the exiled nabob of Nepaul, whose is the new moon.—But these are monsters of or and to-morrow will be dismissed to their hole dens; for, in these rooms, every chair is waite. The artist, the scholar, and, in general, the cleristis way up into these places, and gets represented somewhat on this footing of conquest. Another is to pass through all the degrees, spending a year a day in St. Michael's Square, being steeped in Cowater, and perfumed, and dined, and introduced properly grounded in all the biography, and perfumed in all the biography.

and anecdotes of the boudoirs. Yet these fineries may have grace and wit. Let: be grotesque sculpture about the gates and office temples. Let the creed and commandments even the saucy homage of parody. The forms of policy universally express benevolence in superlative des What if they are in the mouths of selfish men, and as means of selfishness? What if the false gent almost bows the true out of the world? What i false gentleman contrives so to address his compa as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse also to make them feel excluded? Real service not lose its nobleness. All generosity is not m French and sentimental; nor is it to be conce that living blood and a passion of kindness do last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's. epitaph of Sir Jenkin Grout is not wholly unintell to the present age: "Here lies Sir Jenkin Grout, loved his friend, and persuaded his enemy: who mouth ate, his hand paid for: what his servants ro he restored: if a woman gave him pleasure, he supp her in pain: he never forgot his children: and touched his finger, drew after it his whole body." i the line of heroes is not utterly extinct. There is ever some admirable person in plain clothes, star on the wharf, who jumps in to rescue a drowning there is still some absurd inventor of charities; guide and comforter of runaway slaves; some CC of Podanty adistrict Philipple Rengitized the Gangott who decrees for the second and third generation, and thards when he is grown old; some well-concealed ty; some just man happy in an ill-fame; some youth amed of the favours of fortune, and impatiently sing them on other shoulders. And these are the tres of society, on which it returns for fresh impulses, se are the creators of Fashion, which is an attempt organize beauty of behaviour. The beautiful and generous are, in the theory, the doctors and apostles his church: Scipio, and the Cid, and Sir Philip pey, and Washington, and every pure and valiant tr, who worshipped Beauty by word and by deed, persons who constitute the natural aristocracy mot found in the actual aristocracy, or, only on its as the chemical energy of the spectrum. Yet that the infirmity of the seneschals, who do not know their reign when he appears. The theory of society poses the existence and sovereignty of these. It mes afar off their coming. It says with the elder

"As Heaven and Earth are fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth,
In form and shape compact and beautiful;
So, on our heels a fresh perfection treads;
A power, more strong in beauty, born of us,
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness:
for, 'tis the eternal law,
That first in beauty shall be first in might."

derefore, within the ethnical circle of good society, is a narrower and higher circle, concentration is light, and flower of courtesy, to which there is any a tacit appeal of pride and reference, as to its a and imperial court, the parliament of love and alry. And this is constituted of those persons shown heroic dispositions are native, with the love eauty, the delight in society, and the power to embelthe passing day. If the individuals who compose the st circles of aristocracy in Europe, the guarded blood enturies, should pass in review, in such manner as

that we could, at leisure, and critically inspect behaviour, we might find no gentleman, and no for, although excellent specimens of courtesy and breeding would gratify us in the assemblage, i particulars we should detect offence. Because, ela comes of no breeding, but of birth. There mu romance of character, or the most fastidious exc of impertinences will not avail. It must be genius takes that direction: it must be not courteous courtesy. High behaviour is as rare in fiction as in fact. Scott is praised for the fidelity with he painted the demeanour and conversation of superior classes. Certainly, kings and queens, and great ladies, had some right to complain absurdity that had been put in their mouths, befor days of Waverley; but neither does Scott's division. bear criticism. His lords brave each other in epigrammatic speeches, but the dialogue is in conand does not please on the second reading: it is warm with life. In Shakespeare alone, the spe do not strut and bridle, the dialogue is easily and he adds to so many titles that of being the bred man in England, and in Christendom. One twice in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the of noble manners, in the presence of a man or we who have no bar in their nature, but whose chara emanates freely in their word and gesture. A bear form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful haviour is better than a beautiful form: it gives a hi pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the fine the fine arts. A man is but a little thing in the of the objects of nature, yet, by the moral quality ating from his countenance, he may abolish all siderations of magnitude, and in his manners equal majesty of the world. I have seen an individual manners, though wholly within the conventions elegant society, were never learned there, but " original and commanding, and held out protection: prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a or suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhibit CC the area by Minging twide the edbors are to most

talm, serious, and fit to stand the gaze of millions.

the open air and the fields, the street and public abers, are the places where Man executes his will; im yield or divide the sceptre at the door of the house. nan, with her instinct of behaviour, instantly detects an a love of trifles, any coldness or imbecility, short, any want of that large, flowing, and magmous deportment, which is indispensable as an nor in the hall. Our American institutions have friendly to her, and at this moment I esteem it a felicity of this country, that it excels in women. stain awkward consciousness of inferiority in the may give rise to the new chivalry in behalf of an's Rights. Certainly, let her be as much better d in the laws and in social forms, as the most zealous mer can ask, but I confide so entirely in her ing and musical nature, that I believe only herself show us how she shall be served. The wonderful osity of her sentiments raises her at times into tal and godlike regions, and verifies the pictures nerva, Juno, or Polymnia; and, by the firmness which she treads her upward path, she convinces parsest calculators that another road exists than which their feet know. But besides those who good in our imagination the place of muses and of ic Sibyls, are there not women who fill our vase wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; anoint our eyes, and we see? We say things we thought to have said; for once, our walls of ual reserve vanished, and left us at large; we children playing with children in a wide field of s. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, eeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write many-coloured words the romance that you are. t Hafizoor Fandousiachhatuseidection in Presian Joillagotri as an elemental force, and astonished me by her

amount of life, when I saw her day after day rada every instant, redundant joy and grace on all a her. She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all geneous persons into one society: like air or wake element of such a great range of affinities, that it bines readily with a thousand substances. When is present, all others will be more than they are She was a unit and whole, so that whatsoever she became her. She had too much sympathy and to please, than that you could say, her manners marked with dignity, yet no princess could surpar clear and erect demeanour on each occasion. Si not study the Persian grammar, nor the books seven poets, but all the poems of the seven scen. be written upon her. For, though the bias of her was not to thought, but to sympathy, yet was perfect in her own nature, as to meet intellectual per by the fulness of her heart, warming them by sentiments; believing, as she did, that by nobly with all, all would show themselves noble.

I know that this Byzantine pile of chivalry or Fas which seems so fair and picturesque to those who at the contemporary facts for science or for enter ment, is not equally pleasant to all spectators, constitution of our society makes it a giant's to the ambitious youth who have not found their a enrolled in its Golden Book, and whom it has exc from its coveted honours and privileges. They yet to learn that its seeming grandeur is shadowy relative: it is great by their allowance: its progates will fly open at the approach of their courage virtue. For the present distress, however, of who are predisposed to suffer from the tyrannies of caprice, there are easy remedies. To remove ! residence a couple of miles, or at most four, will comm relieve the most extreme susceptibility. For, the vantages which fashion values, are plants which in very confined localities, in a few streets, nar CC-Out of this precinct they go for nothing; are of me in the farm, in the forest, in the market, in war, il society, in the literary or scientific circle, at sea, rendship, in the heaven of thought or virtue. it we have lingered long enough in these painted ts. The worth of the thing signified must vindicate taste for the emblem. Everything that is called on and courtesy humbles itself before the cause fountain of honour, creator of titles and dignities, ely, the heart of love. This is the royal blood, this ire, which, in all countries and contingencies, will after its kind, and conquer and expand all that paches it. This gives new meanings to every fact. impoverishes the rich, suffering no grandeur but wn. What is rich? Are you rich enough to help ody? to succour the unfashionable and the eccentric? mough to make the Canadian in his waggon, the ant with his consul's paper which commends him the charitable," the swarthy Italian with his few in words of English, the lame pauper hunted by eers from town to town, even the poor insane sotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exon of your presence and your house, from the general ness and stoniness; to make such feel that they greeted with a voice which made them both mber and hope? What is vulgar, but to refuse laim on acute and conclusive reasons? What is e, but to allow it, and give their heart and yours oliday from the national caution? Without the heart, wealth is an ugly beggar. The king of az could not afford to be so bountiful as the Osman who dwelt at his gate. Osman had a nity so broad and deep, that although his speech o bold and free with the Koran, as to disgust all lervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, tric, or insane man, some fool who had cut off his , or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a madness in his brain, but fled at once to himgreat heart lay there so sunny and hospitable e centre of the country—that it seemed as if the act of all sufferers drew them to his side. And the ness which he harboured he did not share. Is not to be rich? this only to be rightly rich?

But I shall hear without pain, that I play the con very ill, and talk of that which I do not well under It is easy to see that what is called by distinction so and fashion, has good laws as well as bad; has that is necessary, and much that is absurd. Too for banning, and too bad for blessing, it reminds a tradition of the pagan mythology, in any at to settle its character. "I overheard Jove, one said Silenus, "talking of destroying the earth; he had failed; they were all rogues and vixens, who from bad to worse, as fast as the days succeeded other. Minerva said, she hoped not; they were ridiculous little creatures, with this odd circums that they had a blur, or indeterminate aspect, far or seen near; if you called them bad they appear so; if you called them good they would a so; and there was no one person or action among which would not puzzle her owl, much more all Oly to know whether it was fundamentally bad or good

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or a include leads. For set, at opposite language to being a control of the control of a second as at the control of the contr

XVII.-GIFTS.

Gifts of one who loved me,— 'Twas high time they came; When he ceased to love me, Time they stopped for shame.

is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the I can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be I do not think this general insolvency, which wes in some sort all the population, to be the reason the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New , and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is sys so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious by debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. t any time, it comes into my head that a present he from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits always fit presents; flowers, because they are a ad assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the ties of the world. These gay natures contrast the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary ere, they are like music heard out of a workhouse. ure does not cocker us: we are children, not pets: is not fond: everything is dealt to us without fear favour, after severe universal laws. Yet these ate flowers look like the frolic and interference ove and beauty. Men used to tell us that we love ery, even though we are not deceived by it, because ows that we are of importance enough to be courted. ething like that pleasure the flowers give us: what I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits. acceptable gifts because they are the flower of comities, and admit of fantastic values being attached iem. If a man should send to me to come a hundred s to visit him, and should set before me a basket ne summer fruit, I should think there was some portion between the labour and the reward. or compron Jaidam weddestity Contaction Projune noca Canadtri beauty every day, and one is glad when an imper leaves him no option, since if the man at the door no shoes, you have not to consider whether you procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pla to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the hou out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to s these first wants. Necessity does everything well our condition of universal dependence, it seems to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, to give all that is asked, though at great inconveni If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to the office of punishing him. I can think of many I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. to things of necessity, the rule for a gift which or my friends prescribed is, that we might convey to person that which properly belonged to his charaand was easily associated with him in thought. our tokens of compliment and love are for the part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the brings his poem: the shepherd, his lamb: the far corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and sh the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it rest society in so far to the primary basis, when a m biography is conveyed in his gift, and every m wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, libusiness when you go to the shops to buy me someth which does not represent your life and talent, be goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men represent kings, and a false state of property, to m presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbol sin-offering, or payment of black-mail.

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which quires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the configuration of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give the We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite for a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some day of being bitten. We can receive anything from the Configuration with Configuration with the configuration of the configuration with the configuration of the configura

shate the meat which we eat, because there seems whing of degrading dependence in living by it.

"Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take."

ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We so society if it do not give us besides earth, and and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects meration.

is a good man who can receive a gift well. We ither glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are coming. Some violence, I think, is done, some adation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. sorry when my independence is invaded, or when comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so ct is not supported; and if the gift pleases me over-, then I should be ashamed that the donor should my heart, and see that I love his commodity, not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing e giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto When the waters are at level, then my goods pass m, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or lagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, belief of mine this gift seems to deny? Hence tness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This g is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beney is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, at all considering the value of the gift, but looking to the greater store it was taken from, I rather athize with the beneficiary than with the anger of rdTimon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, is continually punished by the total insensibility e obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off out injury, and heart-burning, from one who has he ill-luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous less, this of being served, and the debtor naturally es to give you a slap. A golden text for these temen is that writen a damning of the particular text for these never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter benefactors."

The reason of these discords I conceive to be that is no commensurability between a man and any You cannot give anything to a magnanimous per After you have served him he at once puts you in by his magnanimity. The service a man render friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and also. Compared with that good-will I bear my in the benefit it is in my power to render him seems s Besides, our action on each other, good as well as is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom the acknowledgments of any person who would t us for a benefit, without some shame and humilia We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be tent with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfa of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly rece But rectitude scatters favours on every side without ing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all pe

I fear to breathe any treason against the may of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give king or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons whom we always expect fairy-tokens; let us not to expect them. This is prerogative, and not the limited by our municipal rules. For the rest, I to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the win fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust a doors, though you proffer me house and lands services are of any value, but only likeness. I have attempted to join myself to others by sen it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They cat service like apples, and leave you out. But love that the service is the service like apples, and delight in you all the time.

XVIII.—NATURE.

The rounded world is fair to see,
Nine times folded in mystery;
Though baffled seers cannot impart
The secret of its labouring heart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.
Spirit that lurks each form within
Beckons to spirit of its kin;
Self-kindled every atom glows,
And hints the future which it owes.

HERE are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches effection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and arth, make a harmony, as if nature would indulge ffspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the t, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the iest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours orida and Cuba; when everything that has life sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on round seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. e halcyons may be looked for with a little more ance in that pure October weather which we disish by the name of the Indian summer. The day, asurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours The solitary places do not s longevity enough. quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the rised man of the world is forced to leave his city mates of great and small, wise and foolish. sack of custom falls off his back with the first step makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which nes our religions, and reality which discredits our es. Here we find nature to be the circumstance h dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like d all men that come to her. We have crept out or close and crowded houses into the night and mornand we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us heir bosom. How willingly we would escape angori OL. I.

barriers which render them comparatively impressape the sophistication and second thought, and nature to intrance us. The tempered light of the is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating heroic. The anciently reported spells of these creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The communicable trees begin to persuade us to live them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no his or church, or state, is interpolated on the diving and the immortal year. How easily we might onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by pictures, and by thoughts fast succeeding each cuntil by degrees the recollection of home was creout of the mind, all memory obliterated by the typof the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

These enchantments are medicinal, they sober and These are plain pleasures, kindly and native We come to our own, and make friends with m which the ambitious chatter of the schools would suade us to despise. We never can part with it; mind loves its old home: as water to our this is the rock, the ground, to our eyes, and hands, feet. It is firm water: it is cold flame: what he what affinity! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear ! and brother, when we chat affectedly with stran comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give the human senses room enough. We go out daily nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and re so much scope, just as we need water for our There are all degrees of natural influence, from i quarantine powers of nature, up to her dearest gravest ministrations to the imagination and the There is the bucket of cold water from the spring. wood fire to which the chilled traveller rushes for si -and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of a We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites her roots and grains, and we receive glances from heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude, and for CC-theangamorasitMathtQotectionDigitled bengangerithe post i romance and reality meet. I think, if we should apt away into all that we dream of heaven, and disconverse with Gabriel and Uriel, the upper sky

d be all that would remain of our furniture. lave given heed to some natural object. The fall sowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal effect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of f, and over plains; the waving ryefield; the mimic ng of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees flowers in glassy lakes; the musical steaming ous south wind, which converts all trees to winds; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the s; or of pine-logs, which yield glory to the walls faces in the sitting-room,—these are the music and ires of the most ancient religion. My house stands w land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of illage. But I go with my friend to the shore of our river, and with one stroke of the paddle I leave illage politics and personalities, yes, and the world llages and personalities, behind, and pass into a ate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost otted man to enter without novitiate and probation. penetrate bodily this incredible beauty: we dip ands in this painted element: our eyes are bathed ese lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura, al revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival valour and beauty, power and taste, ever decked enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These t clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer am taught the poorness of our invention, the ess of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have learned that they must work as enhancement and l to this original beauty. I am over-instructed y return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. not go back to toys. I am grown expensive and sticated. I can no longer live without elegance:
countryman shall be my master of revels. He
countryman shall be my master of revels. He
knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants heavens, and how to come at these enchantr is the rich and royal man. Only as far as the m of the world have called in nature to their aid, can reach the height of magnificence. This is the me of their hanging-gardens, villas, garden-houses, is parks, and preserves, to back their faulty perso with these strong accessories. I do not wonder th landed interest should be invincible in the state these dangerous auxiliaries. These bribe and i not kings, not palaces, not men, not women these tender and poetic stars, eloquent of promises. We heard what the rich man said, we of his villa, his grove, his wine, and his compan the provocation and point of the invitation can of these beguiling stars. In their soft glances, I see men strove to realize in some Versailles, or P or Ctesiphon. Indeed, it is the magical lights horizon, and the blue sky for the background, save all our works of art, which were otherwise be When the rich tax the poor with servility and obseq ness, they should consider the effect of men re to be the possessors of nature, on imaginative Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy A boy hears a military band play on the field at and he has kings and queens, and famous chapalpably before him. He hears the echoes of a in a hill country, in the Notch Mountains, for exwhich converts the mountains into an Æolian and this supernatural tiralira restores to him the I mythology, Apollo, Diana, and all divine hunter huntresses. Can a musical note be so lofty, so hau beautiful! To the poor young poet, thus fabult his picture of society; he is loyal; he respects the they are rich for the sake of his imagination; how his fancy would be if they were not rich! That have some high-fenced grove which they call a that they live in larger and better-garnished salooms he has visited, and go in coaches, keeping out society of the elegant, to watering places and to discitled, are the ground work from which he has delimined to the cities, are the ground work from which he has delimined to the cities, are the ground work from which he has tis of romance, compared with which their actual sessions are shanties and paddocks. The muse herbetrays her son, and enhances the gifts of wealth and born beauty, by a radiation out of the air, and clouds, forests that skirt the road,—a certain haughty ur, as if from patrician genii to patricians, a kind ristocracy in nature, a prince of the power of the air. noral sensibility which makes Edens and Tempes asily, may not be always found, but the material scape is never far off. We can find these enchantis without visiting the Como Lake, or the Madeira ads. We exaggerate the praises of local scenery. very landscape, the point of astonishment is the ting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from first hillock, as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. stars at night stoop down over the brownest, homecommon, with all the spiritual magnificence which shed on the Campagna, or on the marble deserts gypt. The uprolled clouds and the colours of mornand evening will transfigure maples and alders. difference between landscape and landscape is but there is great difference in the beholders. is nothing so wonderful in any particular lande as the necessity of being beautiful under which y landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in ress. Beauty breaks in everywhere. at it is very easy to outrun the sympathy of readers his topic, which schoolmen called natura naturata, or re passive. One can hardly speak directly of it out excess. It is as easy to broach in mixed com-

his topic, which schoolmen called natura naturata, of the passive. One can hardly speak directly of it tout excess. It is as easy to broach in mixed comies what is called "the subject of religion." A aptible person does not like to indulge his tastes in kind, without the apology of some trivial necessity: ces to see a wood-lot, or to look at the crops, or to a plant or a mineral from a remote locality, or he is a fowling-piece, or a fishing-rod. I suppose this me must have a good reason. A dilettantism in the is barren and unworthy. The fop of fields is not than his brother of Broadway. Men are naturally there and inquisitive of wood-craft, and I suppose that a gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such a gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such a gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such a gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such a gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such a gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such a gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should be such as gazetteer as wood-cutters and lightness should b

furnish facts for, would take place in the most sump drawing-rooms of all the "Wreaths" and "F chaplets" of the bookshops; yet ordinarily, whether are too clumsy for so subtle a topic, or from what cause, as soon as men begin to write on nature, the into euphuism. Frivolity is a most unfit tribute to who ought to be represented in the mythology most continent of gods. I would not be frivolous the admirable reserve and prudence of time, yet I co renounce the right of returning often to this old t The multitude of false churches accredits the true Literature, poetry, science, are the home man to this unfathomed secret, concerning which no man can affect an indifference or incuriosity. Ne is loved by what is best in us. It is loved as the of God, although, or rather because, there is no cit The sunset is unlike anything that is underneath wants men. And the beauty of nature must al seem unreal and mocking, until the landscape human figures that are as good as itself. If there good men there would never be this rapture in na If the king is in the palace nobody looks at the It is when he is gone, and the house is filled with gn and gazers, that we turn from the people, to find: in the majestic men that are suggested by the pic and the architecture. The critics who complain d sickly separation of the beauty of nature from the to be done, must consider that our hunting of picturesque is inseparable from our protest as false society. Man is fallen; nature is erect, and as a differential thermometer, detecting the present absence of the divine sentiment in man. By far our dulness and selfishness, we are looking up to nat but when we are convalescent nature will look up to We see the foaming brook with compunction: if our life flowed with the right energy we should shame brook. The stream of zeal sparkles with real fire, not with reflex rays of sun and moon. Nature may as selfishly studied as trade. Astronomy to the se cc becomes astrology psychology mesmerism (intent to any angle where builties poons apperigne);

emy and physiology become phrenology and sity.
It taking timely warning, and leaving many things id on this topic, let us not longer omit our homage Efficient Nature. natura naturans, the quick before which all forms flee as the driven snows, secret, its works driven before it in flocks and studes (as the ancients represented nature by as, a shepherd), and in undescribable variety. It shes itself in creatures, reaching from particles and ta, through transformation on transformation, to ighest symmetries, arriving at consummate results out a shock or a leap. A little heat, that is, a little m, is all that differences the bald, dazzling white, deadly cold poles of the earth from the prolific al climates. All changes pass without violence, ason of the two cardinal conditions of boundless and boundless time. Geology has initiated us he secularity of nature, and taught us to disuse our school measures and exchange our Mosaic and maic schemes for her large style. We knew nothing y, for want of perspective. Now we learn what periods must round themselves before the rock med, then before the rock is broken, and the first race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, , Ceres, and Pomona, to come in. How far off the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconbly remote is man! All duly arrive, and then race race of men. It is a long way from granite to the , farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the rtality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely first atom has two sides.

tion or change, and identity or rest, are the first and d secrets of nature: Motion and Rest. The whole of her laws may be written on the thumbnail, or ignet of a ring. The whirling bubble on the surof a brook admits us to the secret of the mechanics sky. Every shell on the beach is a key to it. A water made to rotate in a cup explains the forma-of the simpler shells; the addition of matter from year to year arrives at last at the most complex and yet so poor is nature with all her craft, that, the beginning to the end of the universe, she has be stuff—but one stuff with its two ends, to serve up the dream-like variety. Compound it how she will, sand, fire, water, tree, man, it is still one stuff.

betrays the same properties. Nature is always consistent, though she feigcontravene her own laws. She keeps her laws, and to transcend them. She arms and equips an anin find its place and living in the earth, and, at the time, she arms and equips another animal to destr Space exists to divide creatures; but by clothing sides of a bird with a few feathers, she gives him a omnipresence. The direction is for ever onward the artist still goes back for materials, and begins with the first elements on the most advanced otherwise, all goes to ruin. If we look at her work seem to catch a glance of a system in transition. are the young of the world, vessels of health and vi but they grope ever upwards towards conscious the trees are imperfect men, and seem to bemoan imprisonment, rooted in the ground. The animal novice and probationer of a more advanced order. men, though young, having tasted the first drop the cup of thought, are already dissipated; the r. and ferns are still uncorrupt; yet no doubt, when Flowers so strictly belong to youth, that we adult soon come to feel that their beautiful generations cern not us: we have had our day; now let the dren have theirs. The flowers jilt us, and we as bachelors with our ridiculous tenderness.

Things are so strictly related, that according to skill of the eye, from any one object the parts and erties of any other may be predicted. If we had expose it, a bit of stone from the city wall would centre of the necessity that man must exist, as readily a city. That identity makes us all one, and reduce nothing great intervals on our customary scale.

CC-Balknormerial intervals of communicated by the Consecutivation.

p not also natural. The smoothest curled courtier boudoirs of a palace has an animal nature, rude aboriginal as a white bear, omnipotent to its own and is directly related, there amid essences and sodow, to Himmaleh mountain-chains and the of the globe. If we consider how much we are res, we need not be superstitious about towns, as if terrific or benefic force did not find us there also, fashion cities. Nature, who made the mason, made house. We may easily hear too much of rural ences. The cool disengaged air of natural objects as them enviable to us, chafed and irritable creas with red faces, and we think we shall be as grand and of woodchucks, and the oak and the elm shall by serve us, though we sit in chairs of ivory on eas of silk.

is guiding identity runs through all the surprises contrasts of the piece, and characterizes every law. carries the world in his head, the whole astronomy chemistry suspended in a thought. Because the ry of nature is charactered in his brain, therefore the prophet and discoverer of her secrets. Every material in fact in natural science was divined by the presention of somebody, before it was actually verified. A does not tie his shoe without recognizing laws which the farthest regions of nature: moon, plant, gas, al, are concrete geometry and numbers. Common knows its own, and recognizes the fact at first sight emical experiment. The common sense of Franklin, on, Davy, and Black, is the same common sense the identity expresses organized rest, the counter

the identity expresses organized rest, the counter in runs also into organization. The astronomers "Give us matter, and a little motion, and we will ruct the universe. It is not enough that we should matter, we must also have a single impulse, one to launch the mass, and generate the harmony e centrifugal and centripetal forces. Once heave ball from the hand and we can show how all this ty order grew. A very unreasonable postulate,

said the metaphysicians, "and a plain begging of question. Could you not prevail to know the genesi projection, as well as the continuation of it?" Nat meanwhile, had not waited for the discussion, but it or wrong, bestowed the impulse, and the balls rolled was no great affair, a mere push, but the astronomer were right in making much of it, for there is no en the consequences of the act. That famous abori push propagates itself through all the balls of the sys and through every atom of every ball, through al races of creatures, and through the history and per ances of every individual. Exaggeration is in the of things. Nature sends no creature, no man into world, without adding a small excess of his proper qua Given the planet, it is still necessary to add the imp so, to every creature nature added a little violent direction in its proper path, a shove to put it on its in every instance, a slight generosity, a drop too m Without electricity the air would rot, and without violence of direction, which men and women have, out a spice of bigot and fanatic, no excitement efficiency. We aim above the mark to hit the m Every act hath some falsehood of exaggeration i And when now and then comes along some sad, si eyed man, who sees how paltry a game is played, refuses to play, but blabs the secret; how then the bird flown? O no, the wary Nature sends a troop of fairer forms, of lordlier youths, with a more excess of direction to hold them fast to several aim; makes them a little wrong-headed in direction in which they are rightest, and on goes the again with new whirl, for a generation or two The child with his sweet pranks, the fool of his se commanded by every sight and sound, without power to compare and rank his sensations, aband to a whistle or a painted chip, to a lead dragoon, gingerbread dog, individualizing everything, generating ing nothing, delighted with every new thing, lies c at night overpowered by the fatigue, which this draw continual pretty madness has incurred. But Nature answered her purpose with the curly, dimpled land has tasked every faculty, and has secured the metrical growth of the bodily frame, by all these udes and exertions—an end of the first importance, h could not be trusted to any care less perfect than own. This glitter, this opaline lustre plays round top of every toy to his eye, to insure his fidelity, he is deceived to his good. We are made alive and alive by the same arts. Let the stoics say what please, we do not eat for the good of living, but use the meat is savoury and the appetite is keen. vegetable life does not content itself with casting the flower or the tree a single seed, but it fills air and earth with a prodigality of seeds, that, if sands perish, thousands may plant themselves, that ireds may come up, that tens may live to maturity, at least one may replace the parent. All things by the same calculated profusion. The excess of with which the animal frame is hedged round, king from cold, starting at sight of a snake, or at a en noise, protects us, through a multitude of groundalarms, from some one real danger at last. The seeks in marriage his private felicity and perfection, no prospective end; and nature hides in his happiher own end, namely, progeny, or the perpetuity of race.

the craft with which the world is made, runs also the mind and character of men. No man is quite the mind and character of men. No man is quite the mind are represented in the mind to some one point which nature has not heart. Great causes are never tried on their its; but the cause is reduced to particulars to suit its possible to the partisans, and the contention is ever hottest minor matters. Not less remarkable is the overnot cach man in the importance of what he has to do ay. The poet, the prophet, has a higher value for the utters than any hearer, and therefore it gets the content of the utters than any hearer, and therefore it gets an emphasis not to be mistaken, that "God himself to do without wise men." Jacob Behmen and the poet in the properties of the properties of

their controversial tracts, and James Naylor suffered himself to be worshipped as the Christ. prophet comes presently to identify himself with thought, and to esteem his hat and shoes sacred. It ever this may discredit such persons with the judic it helps them with the people, as it gives heat, pung and publicity to their words. A similar experien not infrequent in private life. Each young and ar person writes a diary, in which, when the hours of pa and penitence arrive, he inscribes his soul. The thus written are to him burning and fragrant : he: them on his knees by midnight and by the morning: he wets them with his tears; they are sacred; too for the world, and hardly yet to be shown to the de friend. This is the man-child that is born to the and her life still circulates in the babe. The umb cord has not yet been cut. After some time has elas he begins to wish to admit his friend to this hallowed perience, and with hesitation, yet with firmness, ex the pages to his eye. Will they not burn his eyes? friend coldly turns them over, and passes from the wi to conversation with easy transition, which strike other party with astonishment and vexation. He not suspect the writing itself. Days and nights of a life, of communion with angels of darkness and of have engraved their shadowy characters on that stained book. He suspects the intelligence or the of his friend. Is there then no friend? He cannot credit that one may have impressive experience, and may not know how to put his private fact into h ture; and perhaps the discovery that wisdom has tongues and ministers than we, that though we shall our peace, the truth would not the less be spe might check injuriously the flames of our zeal. At can only speak, so long as he does not feel his so to be partial and inadequate. It is partial, but he keep not see it to be so whilst he utters it. As soon as released from the instinctive and particular, and see partiality, he shuts his mouth in disgust. For mile writes is for the time the history of the world, change well who does not esteem his work to be of ortance. My work may be of none, but I must not kit of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.

like manner there is throughout nature something king, something that leads us on and on, but arrives here-keeps no faith with us. All promise outruns performance. We live in a system of approxima-Every end is prospective of some other end, h is also temporary; a round and final success here. We are encamped in nature, not domesticated. ger and thirst lead us on to eat and to drink : but and wine, mix and cook them how you will, leave ungry and thirsty after the stomach is full. It is same with all our arts and performances. Our c, our poetry, our language itself, are not satisfacbut suggestions. The hunger for wealth, which res the planet to a garden, fools the eager pursuer. it is the end sought? Plainly to secure the ends od sense and beauty from the intrusion of deformity lgarity of any kind. But what an operose method! t a train of means to secure a little conversation! palace of brick and stone, these servants, this en, these stables, horses and equipage, this bank-, and file of mortgages; trade to all the world, try-house and cottage by the water side, all for a conversation, high, clear, and spiritual! Could be had as well by beggars on the highway? No, lese things came from successive efforts of these irs to remove friction from the wheels of life, and opportunity. Conversation, character, were the ed ends; wealth was good as it appeased the al cravings, cured the smoky chimney, silenced the ing door, brought friends together in a warm and room, and kept the children and the dinner-table different apartment. Thought, virtue, beauty, the ends; but it was known that men of thought ritue sometimes had the headache, or wet feet, uld lose good time whilst the room was getting in winter days. Unluckily, in the exertions neceso remove these inconveniences, the main attention een dicereedanganiyadi Matt Collection digitizen bye Gangotri lost sight of, and to remove friction has come to end. That is the ridicule of rich men, and leads to the world, are cities and governments of the ridicule of the world, are cities and governments of the ridicule masses are not men, but poor men, that is, me would be rich; this is the ridicule of the class, that arrive with pains and sweat and fury nowhere; all is done, it is for nothing. They are like one winterrupted the conversation of a company to make speech, and now has forgotten what he went to The appearance strikes the eye everywhere of an associety, of aimless nations. Were the ends of nating great and cogent, as to exact this immense sacrifumen?

Quite analogous to the deceits in life, there is, as a be expected, a similar effect on the eye from the of external nature. There is in woods and water certain enticement and flattery, together with a to yield a present satisfaction. This disappointment felt in every landscape. I have seen the softness beauty of the summer-clouds floating feathery over enjoying, as it seemed, their height and priviled motion, whilst yet they appeared not so much drapery of this place and hour, as forelooking to pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. It is at jealousy: but the poet finds himself not near en to his object. The pine-tree, the river, the bar flowers before him, does not seem to be nature. No is still elsewhere. This or this is but outskirt and off reflection and echo of the triumph that has passed and is now at its glancing splendour and heyday, chance in the neighbouring fields, or, if you stand if field, then in the adjacent woods. The present desired in t shall give you this sense of stillness that follows a pass which has just gone by. What splendid distance, recesses of ineffable pomp and loveliness in the sur But who can go where they are, or lay his hand or his foot thereon? Off they fall from the round we for ever and ever. It is the same among the mens women, as among the silent trees; always a refer CCeA: stepace, war White hele there Pigitized stince and is a tislam it that beauty can never be grasped? in persons and undscape is equally inaccessible? The accepted and rothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he sued her as a star: she cannot be heaven, if she

ps to such a one as he.

that shall we say of this omnipresent appearance of first projectile impulse, of this flattery and balking many well-meaning creatures? Must we not supsomewhere in the universe a slight treachery and sion? Are we not engaged to a serious resentment his use that is made of us? Are we tickled trout, fools of nature? One look at the face of heaven earth lays all petulance at rest, and soothes us to convictions. To the intelligent, nature converts itinto a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. secret is untold. Many and many an Œdipus res: he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain, ! the same sorcery has spoiled his skill; no syllable he shape on his lips. Her mighty orbit vaults like resh rainbow into the deep, but no archangel's wing yet strong enough to follow it, and report of the m of the curve. But it also appears that our actions seconded and disposed to greater conclusions than esigned. We are escorted on every hand through by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in for us. We cannot bandy words with nature, or with her as we deal with persons. If we measure individual forces against hers, we may easily feel we were the sport of an insuperable destiny. But stead of identifying ourselves with the work, we that the soul of the workman streams through us, hall find the peace of the morning dwelling first in hearts, and the fathomless powers of gravity and istry, and, over them, of life, pre-existing within us eir highest form.

e uneasiness which the thought of our helplessness chain of causes occasions us, results from looking much at one condition of nature, namely, Motion. the drag is never taken from the wheel. Wherever inpulse exceeds whe Rest Calletten this itself was a capacity.

compensation. All over the wide fields of earth the prunella or self-heal. After every foolish de sleep off the fumes and furies of its hours; and the we are always engaged with particulars, and enslaved to them, we bring with us to every experi the innate universal laws. These, while they in the mind as ideas, stand around us in nature for embodied, a present sanity to expose and cure the sanity of men. Our servitude to particulars betra into a hundred foolish expectations. We anticip new era from the invention of a locomotive, or a bal the new engine brings with it the old checks. The that by electro-magnetism your salad shall be from the seed whilst your fowl is roasting for di it is a symbol of our modern aims and endeave of our condensation and acceleration of objects nothing is gained: nature cannot be cheated: life is but seventy salads long, grow they swift or they slow. In these checks and impossibilities, ever, we find our advantage, not less than in the pulses. Let the victory fall where it will, won that side. And the knowledge that we tra the whole scale of being, from the centre to the of nature, and have some stake in every possil lends that sublime lustre to death, which phile and religion have too outwardly and literally s to express in the popular doctrine of the immor of the soul. The reality is more excellent that report. Here is no ruin, no discontinuity, no spent The divine circulations never rest nor linger. N is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a th again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is precipitated, and the volatile essence is for ever esca again into the state of free thought. Hence the and pungency of the influence on the mind, of ma objects, whether inorganic or organized. Man prisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to impersonated. That power which does not requantity, which makes the whole and the particle cc-distributive delegates its smile to the morning cc-dis instructs, and every object: for wisdom is infused every form. It has been poured into us as blood; noulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it oped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of ful labour; we did not guess its essence, until a long time.

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XIX.—POLITICS,

oblect to for wadon is unused

Gold and iron are good To buy iron and gold; All earth's fleece and food, For their like are sold. Boded Merlin wise, Proved Napoleon great,-Nor kind nor coinage buys Aught above its rate. Fear, Craft, and Avarice Cannot rear a State. Out of dust to build What is more than dust,---Walls Amphion piled Phœbus stablish must. When the Muses nine With the Virtues meet, Find to their design An Atlantic seat, By green orchard boughs Fended from the heat, Where the statesman ploughs Furrow for the wheat; When the Church is social worth, When the State-house is the hearth, Then the perfect State is come, The republican at home.

N dealing with the State, we ought to remark that its institution that its institutions are not aboriginal, though existed before we were born: that they are not sup to the citizen: that every one of them was once act of a single man: every law and usage was at expedient to meet a particular case: that they a imitable, all alterable; we may make as good; wa make better. Society is an illusion to the young at It lies before him in rigid repose, with certain men, and institutions, rooted like oak-trees to the round which all arrange themselves the best they But the old statesman knows that society is fluid; t are no such roots and centres; but any particles suddenly become the centre of the movement, compel the system to gyrate round it, as every man CC-Strangenwilldi Math Pislistrartusigitizedonne Gellydites for a every man of truth, like Plato or Paul, does for ever. politics rest on necessary foundations, and cannot reated with levity. Republics abound in young ians, who believe that the laws make the city, that e modifications of the policy and modes of living, employments of the population, that commerce, ation, and religion may be voted in or out; and any measure, though it were absurd, may be imon a people, if only you can get sufficient voices ake it a law. But the wise know that foolish legisa is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting; the State must follow, and not lead the character progress of the citizen; the strongest usurper is ly got rid of; and they only who build on Ideas, for eternity; and that the form of government prevails, is the expression of what cultivation in the population which permits it. The law is memorandum. We are superstitious, and esteem tatute somewhat: so much life as it has in the cter of living men, is its force. The statute stands to say, yesterday we agreed so and so, but how e this article to-day? Our statute is a currency, we stamp with our own portrait: it soon becomes ognizable, and in process of time will return to mint. Nature is not democratic, nor limitedrchical, but despotic, and will not be fooled or d of any jot of her authority, by the pertest of her and as fast as the public mind is opened to more gence, the code is seen to be brute and stammering. aks not articulately, and must be made to. Meanthe education of the general mind never stops. everies of the true and simple are prophetic. What nder poetic youth dreams, and prays, and paints , but shuns the ridicule of saying aloud, shall tly be the resolutions of public bodies, then shall be d as grievance and bill of rights through conflict and and then shall be triumphant law and establishment nundred years, until it gives place, in turn, to new s and pictures. The history of the State sketches rse outline the progress of thought, and follows at ance the delicacy of culture and of aspiration.

The theory of politics, which has possessed the of men, and which they have expressed the best could in their laws and in their revolutions, con persons and property as the two objects for protection government exists. Of persons, all equal rights, in virtue of being identical in nature. interest, of course, with its whole power demander democracy. Whilst the rights of all as person equal, in virtue of their access to reason, their ne property are very unequal. One man owns his ch and another owns a county. This accident, depen primarily, on the skill and virtue of the parties, of there is every degree, and, secondarily, on patri falls unequally, and its rights, of course, are un Personal rights, universally the same, demand a goment framed on the ratio of the census: pro demands a government framed on the ratio of o and of owning. Laban, who has flocks and wishes them looked after by an officer on the free lest the Midianites shall drive them off, and pays to that end. Jacob has no flocks or herds, and m of the Midianites, and pays no tax to the office seemed fit that Laban and Jacob should have rights to elect the officer, who is to defend their per but that Laban, and not Jacob, should elect the who is to guard the sheep and cattle. And, if que arise whether additional officers or watch-towers: be provided, must not Laban and Isaac, and those must sell part of their herds to buy protection for rest, judge better of this, and with more right, Jacob, who, because he is a youth and a traveller, their bread and not his own?

In the earliest society the proprietors made there wealth, and so long as it comes to the owners in the way, no other opinion would arise in any equicommunity, than that property should make the for property, and persons the law for persons.

But property passes through donation or inherit to those who do not create it. Gift, in one case, it as really the new owner's as labour made it the owner's in the other case, of patrimony, the laws

mership, which will be valid in each man's view ding to the estimate which he sets on the public

quillity.

was not, however, found easy to embody the readily ited principle, that property should make law for erty and persons for persons: since persons and erty mixed themselves in every transaction. At it seemed settled, that the rightful distinction was, the proprietors should have more elective franchise non-proprietors, on the Spartan principle of "call-hat which is just, equal; not that which is equal,

at principle no longer looks so self-evident as it ared in former times, partly, because doubts have whether too much weight had not been allowed laws to property, and such a structure given to our s, as allowed the rich to encroach on the poor, and ep them poor; but mainly, because there is an ctive sense, however obscure and yet inarticulate, the whole constitution of property, on its present s, is injurious, and its influence on persons deiting and degrading; that truly, the only interest e consideration of the State, is persons: that ty will always follow persons; that the highest government is the culture of men: and if men e educated, the institutions will share their imment, and the moral sentiment will write the law land.

the not easy to settle the equity of this question, and is less when we take note of our natural detect. We are kept by better guards than the viginal such magistrates as we commonly elect. Society consists, in greatest part, of young and foolish to the consists, in greatest part, of young and foolish to the consists. The old, who have seen through the hypocrisy and statesmen, die, and leave no wisdom to cons. They believe their own newspaper, as their did at their age. With such an ignorant and able majority, States would soon run to ruin, but here are limitations, beyond which the folly and consists of governors cannot go. Things have their with as men, and things refuse to be triffed.

with. Property will be protected. Corn will not unless it is planted and manured; but the farme not plant or hoe it, unless the chances are a hund one that he will cut and harvest it. Under any persons and property must and will have the sway. They exert their power, as steadily as its attraction. Cover up a pound of earth necunningly, divide and subdivide it; melt it to convert it to gas; it will always weigh a pound: always attract and resist other matter, by the full of one pound weight;—and the attributes of a plant is wit and his moral energy, will exercise, undlaw or extinguishing tyranny, their proper for not overtly, then covertly; if not for the law against it; if not wholesomely, then poisonously; right or by might.

The boundaries of personal influence it is impto fix, as persons are organs of moral or superforce. Under the dominion of an idea, which pothe minds of multitudes, as civil freedom, or the resentiment, the powers of persons are no longer stof calculation. A nation of men unanimously be freedom, or conquest, can easily confound the arit of statists, and achieve extravagant actions, out proportion to their means; as, the Greeks, the Sar the Swiss, the Americans, and the French have do

In like manner, to every particle of property be its own attraction. A cent is the representative certain quantity of corn or other commodity. Its is in the necessities of the animal man. It is so warmth, so much bread, so much water, so much The law may do what it will with the owner of proits just power will still attach to the cent. The law in a mad freak say, that all shall have power exceowners of property: they shall have no vote. It theless, by a higher law, the property will, year year, write every statute that respects property non-proprietor will be the scribe of the property. What the owners wish to do, the whole power of property.

CC-will do either through the law or else in defiance of another through the law or else in defiance of another through the property, not merely a

states. When the rich are outvoted, as frequently rens, it is the joint treasury of the poor which ex-their accumulations. Every man owns something, is only a cow, or a wheelbarrow, or his arms, and so that property to dispose of.

he same necessity which secures the rights of per-and property against the malignity or folly of the estrate, determines the form and methods of govern-which are proper to each nation, and to its habit thought, and nowise transferable to other states of ety. In this country, we are very vain of our ical institutions, which are singular in this, that sprung, within the memory of living men, from character and condition of the people, which they express with sufficient fidelity-and we ostentasly prefer them to any other in history. They are better, but only fitter for us. We may be wise in rting the advantage in modern times of the demoic form, but to other states of society, in which ion consecrated the monarchical, that and not this expedient. Democracy is better for us, because religious sentiment of the present time accords er with it. Born democrats, we are no wise quali-to judge of monarchy, which, to our fathers living he monarchical idea, was also relatively right. But institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit he age, have not any exemption from the practical cts which have discredited other forms. Every al State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the too well. What satire on government can equal severity of censure conveyed in the word politic, h now for ages has signified cunning, intimating the State is a trick!

ne same benign necessity and the same practical e appear in the parties into which each State divides f, of opponents and defenders of the administration he government. Parties are also founded on ints, and have better guides to their own humble aims the sagacity of their leaders. They have nothing erse in their origin, but rudely mark some real and ng relation any was Methodology neglitzed by a Gangotri

wind, or the frost, as a political party, whose me for the most part, could give no account of their po= but stand for the defence of those interests in which find themselves. Our quarrel with them begins, they quit this deep natural ground at the bidd some leader, and, obeying personal considerations, themselves into the maintenance and defence of nowise belonging to their system. A party is perper corrupted by personality. Whilst we absolve association from dishonesty, we cannot extent same charity to their leaders. They reap the reof the docility and zeal of the masses which they Ordinarily, our parties are parties of circumstance not of principle; as, the planting interest in conflict the commercial; the party of capitalists, and the operatives; parties which are identical in their character, and which can easily change ground each other, in the support of many of their mean Parties of principle, as, religious sects, or the part free-trade, of universal suffrage, of abolition of sla of abolition of capital punishment, degenerate personalities, or would inspire enthusiasm. The of our leading parties in this country (which m cited as a fair specimen of these societies of opinion that they do not plant themselves on the deep necessary grounds to which they are respectively en but lash themselves to fury in the carrying of some and momentary measure, nowise useful to the com wealth. Of the two great parties, which, at this almost share the nation between them, I should that one has the best cause, and the other contain best men. The philosopher, the poet, or the reli man, will, of course, wish to cast his vote with the crat, for free-trade, for wide suffrage, for the about of legal cruelties in the penal code, and for facility in every manner the access of the young and the to the sources of wealth and power. But he can re accept the persons whom the so-called popular propose to him as representatives of these libra. They have not at heart the ends which give to the CC-Of January Marineto HOURS and Mixture Westington. These our American radicalism is destructive and aimless: not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends; but structive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the r side, the conservative party, composed of the most erate, able, and cultivated part of the population, mid, and merely defensive of property. It vindi-s no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no e, it proposes no generous policy, it does not build, write, nor cherish the arts, nor foster religion, nor blish schools, nor encourage science, nor emancipate slave, nor befriend the poor, or the Indian, or the igrant. From neither party, when in power, has world any benefit to expect in science, art, or anity, at all commensurate with the resources of nation.

to not for these defects despair of our republic. We not at the mercy of any waves of chance. In the of ferocious parties, human nature always finds cherished, as the children of the convicts at Botany are found to have as healthy a moral sentiment as children. Citizens of feudal states are alarmed r democratic institutions lapsing into anarchy; and der and more cautious among ourselves are learning Europeans to look with some terror at our turbulent om. It is said that in our license of construing the titution, and in the despotism of public opinion, ave no anchor; and one foreign observer thinks as found the safeguard in the sanctity of Marriage ng us; and another thinks he has found it in our nism. Fisher Ames expressed the popular security wisely, when he compared a monarchy and a rec, saying, "that a monarchy is a merchantman, a sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock, and the bottom; whilst a republic is a raft, which would sink, but then your feet are always in water." orms can have any dangerous importance, whilst re befriended by the laws of things. It makes no sence how many tons weight of atmosphere presses ar heads, so long as the same pressure resists it within ings. Augment the mass a thousandfold it cannot to crush us, as long as reaction is equal to action. The fact of two poles, of two forces, centripetacentrifugal, is universal, and each force by its activity develops the other. Wild liberty derivon conscience. Want of liberty, by strengtheniand decorum, stupefies conscience. "Lynch-law vails only where there is greater hardihood and subsistency in the leaders. A mob cannot be a manency: everybody's interest requires that it

not exist, and only justice satisfies all.

We must trust infinitely to the beneficent new which shines through all laws. Human nature exp itself in them as characteristically as in statues, or or railroads, and an abstract of the codes of m would be a transcript of the common conscience. ernments have their origin in the moral identity of Reason for one is seen to be reason for another, a every other. There is a middle measure which sa all parties, be they never so many, or so resolute for own. Every man finds a sanction for his simplest and deeds in decisions of his own mind, which he Truth and Holiness. In these decisions all the ci find a perfect agreement, and only in these; not in is good to eat, good to wear, good use of time, or amount of land or of public aid each is entitled to This truth and justice men presently endeavour to application of, to the measuring of land, the appo ment of service, the protection of life and pre-Their first endeavours, no doubt, are very awi Yet absolute right is the first governor; or, government is an impure theocracy. The idea, after each community is aiming to make and mend it is, the will of the wise man. The wise man, it can find in nature, and it makes awkward but earnest to secure his government by contrivance; as, by ing the entire people to give their voices on every sure; or, by a double choice, to get the represent of the whole; or, by a selection of the best citi or, to secure the advantages of efficiency and interpeace, by confiding the government to one, who CC-bimselfmselgatathisolessetsDigitald Sourcangfirigover symbolize an immortal government, common to sisties and independent of numbers, perfect where men exist, perfect where there is only one

very man's nature is a sufficient advertisement to of the character of his fellows. My right and my ng is their right and their wrong. Whilst I do what t for me, and abstain from what is unfit, my neighbour Ishall often agree in our means, and work together s time to one end. But whenever I find my dominion myself not sufficient for me, and undertake the ction of him also, I overstep the truth, and come false relations to him. I may have so much more or strength than he, that he cannot express adetely his sense of wrong, but it is a lie, and hurts like both him and me. Love and nature cannot mainthe assumption: it must be executed by a practical namely, by force. This undertaking for another, he blunder which stands in colossal ugliness in the rnments of the world. It is the same thing in bers, as in a pair, only not quite so intelligible. I see well enough a great difference between my setting elf down to a self-control, and my going to make abody else act after my views: but when a quarter he human race assume to tell me what I must do, I be too much disturbed by the circumstances to see early the absurdity of their command. Therefore, public ends look vague and quixotic beside private For, any laws but those which men make for selves, are laughable. If I put myself in the place y child, and we stand in one thought, and see that gs are thus or thus, that perception is law for him me. We are both there, both act. But if, without ying him into the thought, I look over into his plot, guessing how it is with him, ordain this or that, ill never obey me. This is the history of governts-one man does something which is to bind another. an who cannot be acquainted with me, taxes me; ing from afar at me, ordains that a part of my labour go to this or that whimsical end, not as I, but as appens to fanty mustified the consequence by Carelling, men are least willing to pay the taxes. What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they they get their money's worth, except for these.

Hence, the less government we have, the betterfewer laws, and the less confided power. The antidethis abuse of formal Government is, the influence private character, the growth of the Individual; appearance of the principal to supersede the p the appearance of the wise man, of whom the ex government is, it must be owned, but a shabby imit That which all things tend to educe, which free cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form deliver, is character; that is the end of nature, to unto this coronation of her king. To educate the man, the State exists; and with the appearance of wise man, the State expires. The appearance of acter makes the State unnecessary. The wise mani State. He needs no army, fort, or navy-he loves: too well; no bribe, or feast, or palace to draw friend him; no vantage ground, no favourable circumsta He needs no library, for he has not done thinking; church, for he is a prophet; no statute book, for he the lawgiver; no money, for he is value; no road he is at home where he is; no experience, for the li the creator shoots through him, and looks from hise He has no personal friends, for he who has the spi draw the prayer and piety of all men unto him, I not husband and educate a few, to share with him as and poetic life. His relation to men is angelic; memory is myrrh to them; his presence, franking and flowers.

We think our civilization near its meridian, but we yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. our barbarous society the influence of character is infancy. As a political power, as the rightful lord is to tumble all rulers from their chairs, its present hardly yet suspected. Malthus and Ricardo quite it; the Annual Register is silent; in the Conversation Lexicon, it is not set down; the President's Message. Queen's Speech, have not mentioned it; and yet in never nothing. Every thought which genius and proceedings are the conversation of the conversatio

telists of power feel, through all their frocks of force isimulation, the presence of worth. I think the very teof trade and ambition are confession of this divinity; successes in those fields are the poor amends, the last with which the shamed soul attempts to hide makedness. I find the like unwilling homage in all riers. It is because we know how much is due from that we are impatient to show some petty talent is substitute for worth. We are haunted by a conace of this right to grandeur of character, and are to it. But each of us has some talent, can do sometiuseful, or graceful, or formidable, or amusing, or ative. That we do, as an apology to others and to elves, for not reaching the mark of a good and equal

But it does not satisfy us, whilst we thrust it on notice of our companions. It may throw dust in reyes, but does not smooth our own brow, or give the tranquillity of the strong when we walk abroad. do penance as we go. Our talent is a sort of exion, and we are constrained to reflect on our splendid and not as one act of many acts, a fair expression or permanent energy. Most persons of ability meet with a kind of tacit appeal. Each seems to "I am not all here." Senators and presidents have bed so high with pain enough, not because they at the place specially agreeable, but as an apology real worth, and to vindicate their manhood in our

This conspicuous chair is their compensation to selves for being of a poor, cold, hard nature. They do what they can. Like one class of forest animals, have nothing but a prehensile tail: climb they must, awl. If a man found himself so rich-natured that all enter into strict relations with the best persons, make life serene around him by the dignity and these of his behaviour, could he afford to circumthe favour of the caucus and the press, and covet one so hollow and pompous, as those of a politician? ynobody would be a charlatan, who could afford

sincere -0. Jangamwadi Math Collection. Digitized by eGangotrie tendencies of the times favour the idea of self-

government, and leave the individual, for all con the rewards and penalties of his own constitution, work with more energy than we believe, whilst we on artificial restraints. The movement in this tion has been very marked in modern history. has been blind and discreditable, but the nature revolution is not affected by the vices of the revofor this is a purely moral force. It was never adopted any party in history, neither can be. It separate individual from all party, and unites him, at the time, to the race. It promises a recognition of trights than those of personal freedom, or the security property. A man has a right to be employed, trusted, to be loved, to be revered. The power of as the basis of a State, has never been tried. Were not imagine that all things are lapsing into confuse every tender protestant be not compelled to bez part in certain social conventions: nor doubt that in can be built, letters carried, and the fruit of li secured, when the government of force is at an Are our methods now so excellent that all compet is hopeless? could not a nation of friends even de better ways? On the other hand, let not the conservative and timid fear anything from a prema surrender of the bayonet, and the system of force. according to the order of nature, which is quite sup to our will, it stands thus; there will always be a gor ment of force, where men are selfish; and when the pure enough to abjure the code of force, they will be enough to see how these public ends of the post-office the highway, of commerce, and the exchange of proper of museums and libraries, of institutions of art science, can be answered.

We live in a very low state of the world, and pay willing tribute to governments founded on force. It is not, among the most religious and instructed me the most religious and civil nations, a reliance on moral sentiment, and a sufficient belief in the unit things to persuade them that society can be maintain without artificial restraints, as well as the solar system of the that artificial restraints, as well as the solar system.

neighbour, without the hint of a jail or a confisca-What is strange too, there never was in any man tient faith in the power of rectitude, to inspire him the broad design of renovating the State on the riple of right and love. All those who have preed this design, have been partial reformers, and admitted in some manner the supremacy of the bad . I do not call to mind a single human being has steadily denied the authority of the laws, on imple ground of his own moral nature. Such defull of genius and full of fate as they are, are not stained except avowedly as air-pictures. If the idual who exhibits them, dare to think them practihe disgusts scholars and churchmen; and men of t, and women of superior sentiments, cannot hide contempt. Not the less does nature continue to e heart of youth with suggestions of this enthusiasm, there are now men,—if indeed I can speak in the number,—more exactly, I will say, I have just conversing with one man, to whom no weight of se experience will make it for a moment appear ssible, that thousands of human beings might ise towards each other the grandest and simplest ments, as well as a knot of friends, or a pair of S. . the man to elected a few threiten to bus or have charged a standard line description

there and there is no gentleman and no budy to the partie bees think sees us on the pursuit of a cloud which me man realizes. We have such excelutant

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XX.-NOMINALIST AND REALIST-

In countless upward-striving waves
The moon-drawn tide-wave strives,
In thousand far-transplanted grafts
The parent fruit survives;
So, in the new-born millions,
The perfect Adam lives.
Not less are summer mornings dear
To every child they wake,
And each with novel life his sphere
Fills for his proper sake.

CANNOT often enough say that a man is relative and representative nature. Each hint of the truth, but far enough from being that t which yet he quite newly and inevitably suggests If I seek it in him I shall not find it. Could any conduct into me the pure stream of that which he tends to be! Long afterwards I find that quelsewhere which he promised me. The genius d Platonists is intoxicating to the student, yet hos particulars of it can I detach from all their books. man momentarily stands for the thought, but wi bear examination; and a society of men will cus represent well enough a certain quality and cu for example, chivalry or beauty of manners, but sep them, and there is no gentleman and no lady in the The least hint sets us on the pursuit of a chara which no man realizes. We have such exorbitant that on seeing the smallest arc we complete the a and when the curtain is lifted from the diagram it seemed to veil, we are vexed to find that no was drawn than just that fragment of an arc which We are greatly too liberal in our const tion of each other's faculty and promise. Exactly the parties have already done they shall do again; that which we inferred from their nature and inceptible will not do. That is in nature, but not in That happens in the world, which we often witness CC-Burangaghtate Math Eatherton this is peakers appresses him

X

rictly: no one of them hears much that another such is the preoccupation of mind of each; and audience, who have only to hear and not to speak, e very wisely and superiorly how wrongheaded and fillul is each of the debaters to his own affair. Great or men of great gifts you shall easily find, but metrical men never. When I meet a pure intelal force, or a generosity of affection, I believe, then is man; and am presently mortified by the wery, that this individual is no more available to own or to the general ends than his companions; use the power which drew my respect is not suped by the total symphony of his talents. All persons to society by some shining trait of beauty or utility they have. We borrow the proportions of the from that one fine feature, and finish the portrait metrically; which is false; for the rest of his body all or deformed. I observe a person who makes a public appearance, and conclude thence the perfecof his private character, on which this is based; he has no private character. He is a graceful cloak by figure for holidays. All our poets, heroes, and fail utterly in some one or in many parts to satisfy ilea, fail to draw our spontaneous interest, and so us without any hope of realization but in our own e. Our exaggeration of all fine characters arises the fact that we identify each in turn with the soul. there are no such men as we fable; no Jesus, nor les, nor Cæsar, nor Angelo, nor Washington, such have made. We consecrate a great deal of nonbecause it was allowed by great men. There is without his foible. I verily believe if an angel d come to chant the chorus of the moral law he eat too much gingerbread, or take liberties with te letters, or do some precious atrocity. It is bad th that our geniuses cannot do anything useful, but worse that no man is fit for society who has fine He is admired at a distance, but he cannot come without appearing a cripple. The men of fine parts t themselves by solitude, or by courtesy, or by or by or by an lacour world of had neighbored for the control of the courtesy or by

OL. I.

as he best can, his incapacity for useful association,

they want either love or self-reliance.

Our native love of reality joins with this experience teach us a little reserve, and to dissuade a too sid surrender to the brilliant qualities of persons. You people admire talents or particular excellences; a grow older we value total powers and effects, as the pression, the quality, the spirit of men and things. genius is all. The man,—it is his system: we de try a solitary word or act, but his habit. The acts you praise I praise not, since they are departures: his faith, and are mere compliances. The magne which arranges tribes and races in one polarity, is: to be respected; the men are steel-filings. Yet we justly select a particle, and say, "O steel-filing nu one! what heart-drawings I feel to thee! what digious virtues are these of thine! how constitution thee, and incommunicable!" Whilst we speak loadstone is withdrawn; down falls our filing in a with the rest, and we continue our mummery tweetched shaving. Let us go for universals; for magnetism, not for the needles. Human life and persons are poor empirical pretensions. A perinfluence is an ignis fatuus. If they say, it is great great; if they say, it is small, it is small; you s and you see it not, by turns; it borrows all its size the momentary estimation of the speakers: the W the-wisp vanishes if you go too near, vanishes if y too far, and only blazes at one angle. Who can Washington be a great man, or no? Who can Franklin be? Yes, or any but the twelve, or three great gods of fame? And they, too, loom and before the eternal.

We are amphibious creatures, weaponed for elements, having two sets of faculties, the particular, the catholic. We adjust our instrument for good observation, and sweep the heavens as easily as well out a single figure in the terrestrial landscape. We practically skilful in detecting elements for which have no place in our theory, and no name. Thus we have no place in our theory, and no name. Thus we cover years that the course of the covery seasons are the covery seasons are the covery seasons as the covery seasons are th

s of men, not accounted for in an arithmetical tion of all their measurable properties. There is nius of a nation, which is not to be found in the erical citizens, but which characterizes the society. and, strong, punctual, practical, well-spoken Eng-I should not find, if I should go to the island to seek In the parliament, in the playhouse, at dinners I might see a great number of rich, ignorant, read, conventional, proud men, — many old rn,—and not anywhere the Englishman who made cod speeches, combined the accurate engines, and he bold and nervous deeds. It is even worse in ica, where, from the intellectual quickness of the the genius of the country is more splendid in its ise, and more slight in its performance. Webster t do the work of Webster. We conceive distinctly th the French, the Spanish, the German genius, t is not the less real, that perhaps we should not in either of those nations a single individual who ponded with the type. We infer the spirit of the in great measure from the language, which is a of monument, to which each forcible individual in se of many hundred years has contributed a stone. universally, a good example of this social force veracity of language, which cannot be debauched. y controversy concerning morals, an appeal may ide with safety to the sentiments which the lanof the people expresses. Proverbs, words, and nar inflections convey the public sense with more and precision than the wisest individual.

the famous dispute with the Nominalists, the its had a good deal of reason. General ideas are its. They are our gods: they round and ennoble its partial and sordid way of living. Our project to details cannot quite degrade our life, and divest poetry. The day labourer is reckoned as standing foot of the social scale, yet he is saturated with the of the world. His measures are the hours; morninght, solstice and equinox, geometry, astronomy, all the loyely accidents of nature play through his Money, which represents the prosecoic life, and

which is hardly spoken of in parlours without an app is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses. Pro keeps the accounts of the world, and is always n The property will be found where the labour, the dom, and the virtue have been in nations, in classes (the whole lifetime considered, with the compensate in the individual also. How wise the world and when the laws and usages of nations are largely det and the completeness of the municipal system is sidered! Nothing is left out. If you go into the kets, and the custom-houses, the insurers' and not offices, the offices of sealers of weights and measof inspection of provisions,—it will appear as if or had made it all. Wherever you go, a wit like you has been before you, and has realized its thought. Eleusinian mysteries, the Egyptian architecture Indian astronomy, the Greek sculpture, show that always were seeing and knowing men in the The world is full of masonic ties, of guilds, of secre public legions of honour; that of scholars, for example of the scholars, f and that of gentlemen fraternizing with the upper of every country and every culture.

I am very much struck in literature by the an ance, that one person wrote all the books; as editor of a journal planted his body of reported different parts of the field of action, and relieved by others from time to time; but there is such equand identity both of judgment and point of view narrative, that it is plainly the work of one all-all-hearing gentleman. I looked into Pope's Oi yesterday: it is as correct and elegant after our of to-day as if it were newly written. The moder of all good books seems to give me an existence as as man. What is well done I feel as if I did; will done I reck not of. Shakespeare's passages of the for example, in Lear and Hamlet) are in the very of the present year. I am faithful again to the over the members in my use of books. I find the pleasure in reading a book in a manner least flatter to the author. I read Proclus, and sometimes for the present was a pleasure by example and the pleasure in reading a book in a manner least flatter to the author. I read Proclus, and sometimes for the present was a pleasure by example and the pleasure by example and pleasure by example and the pleasure by example and pleasure by example b

Jancy and the imagination. I read for the lustres, one should use a fine picture in a chromatic experist, for its rich colours. 'Tis not Proclus, but a piece ature and fate that I explore. It is a greater joy the the author's author than himself. A higher sure of the same kind I found lately at a concert, is I went to hear Handel's Messiah. As the master powered the littleness and incapableness of the remers, and made them conductors of his electricity, was easy to observe what efforts nature was making ligh so many hoarse, wooden, and imperfect persons, roduce beautiful voices, fluid and soul-guided men women. The genius of nature was paramount at ratorio.

is preference of the genius to the parts is the secret at deification of art, which is found in all superior s. Art, in the artist, is proportion, or, a habitual ct to the whole by an eye loving beauty in details. the wonder and charm of it is the sanity in insanity it denotes. Proportion is almost impossible to in beings. There is no one who does not exaggerate. inversation, men are encumbered with personality, alk too much. In modern sculpture, picture, and y, the beauty is miscellaneous; the artist works and there, and at all points, adding and adding, ed of unfolding the unit of his thought. Beautietails we must have, or no artist: but they must neans and never other. The eye must not lose for a moment of the purpose. Lively boys write eir ear and eye, and the cool reader finds nothing sweet jingles in it. When they grow older they ct the argument.

e obey the same intellectual integrity when we in exceptions the law of the world. Anomalous as the never quite obsolete rumours of magic and prology, and the new allegations of phrenologists neurologists, are of ideal use. They are good indicationally in the property of great value as criticism on the hygeia or medical rice of the time. So with Mesmerism, Swedenborg-Fouriers, and while Miles all the light the Gangerian

poor pretensions enough, but good criticism cascience, philosophy, and preaching of the day. these abnormal insights of the adepts ought to be not

and things of course.

All things show us that on every side we are very to the best. It seems not worth while to execute too much pains some one intellectual, or aesthetic civil feat, when presently the dream will scatter, are shall burst into universal power. The reason of ideand of crime is the deferring of our hopes. While are waiting, we beguile the time with jokes, with with eating, and with crimes.

Thus we settle it in our cool libraries, that all agents with which we deal are subalterns, which we well afford to let pass, and life will be simpler when live at the centre and flout the surfaces. I wish to s with all respect of persons, but sometimes I must myself to keep awake, and preserve the due decor They melt so fast into each other, that they are like and trees, and it needs an effort to treat them as Though the uninspired man certainly finds sons a conveniency in household matters, the divine does not respect them: he sees them as a rack of ch or a fleet of ripples which the wind drives over the face of the water. But this is flat rebellion. Na will not be Buddhist: she resents generalizing, insults the philosopher in every moment with a mi of fresh particulars. It is all idle talking: as much man is a whole so is he also a part; and it were pa not to see it. What you say in your pompous distr tion only distributes you into your class and sect You have not got rid of parts by denying them, but the more partial. You are one thing, but nature is thing and the other thing, in the same moment. She not remain orbed in a thought, but rushes into person and when each person, inflamed to a fury of personal would conquer all things to his poor crotchet, she ra up against him another person, and by many pers incarnates again a sort of whole. She will have Nick Bottom cannot play applied by the parts, work it how there will be somebody else, and the world will round. Everything must have its flower or effort the beautiful, coarser or finer according to its stuff. relieve and recommend each other, and the sanity society is a balance of a thousand insanities. She ishes abstractionists, and will only forgive an inion which is rare and casual. We like to come to a ht of land and see the landscape, just as we value a ral remark in conversation. But it is not the inion of nature that we should live by general views. fetch fire and water, run about all day among the s and markets, and get our clothes and shoes made mended, and are the victims of these details, and in a fortnight we arrive perhaps at a rational ent. If we were not thus infatuated, if we saw the from hour to hour, we should not be here to write to read, but should have been burned or frozen long She would never get anything done if she suffered rable Crichtons and universal geniuses. She loves er a wheelwright who dreams all night of wheels, a groom who is part of his horse: for she is full of , and these are her hands. As the frugal farmer s care that his cattle shall eat down the rowen, and e shall eat the waste of his house, and poultry shall the crumbs, so our economical mother despatches ew genius and habit of mind into every district condition of existence, plants an eye wherever a new of light can fall, and gathering up into some man y property in the universe, establishes thousandfold t mutual attractions among her offspring, that all wash and waste of power may be imparted and anged.

eat dangers undoubtedly accrue from this incarnation distribution of the godhead, and hence nature has her gners, as if she were Circe; and Alphonso of Castile ed he could have given useful advice. But she does so unprovided; she has hellebore at the bottom of up. Solitude would ripen a plentiful crop of despots. ecluse thinks of men as having his manner, or as not up his manner; and as having degrees of it, more and But when he comes having assembly the sees the course of the course having degrees of it, more and an account of the course having degrees of it, more and the course having degrees of it, more and a see the course having degrees of it.

that men have very different manners from his own in their way admirable. In his childhood and you has had many checks and censures, and thinks me enough of his own endowment. When afterward comes to unfold it in propitious circumstance, it the only talent: he is delighted with his success accounts himself already the fellow of the great. It goes into a mob, into a banking house, into a mechanism, into a mill, into a laboratory, into a ship, camp, and in each new place he is no better the idiot: other talents take place, and rule the hour. rotation which whirls every leaf and pebble to meridian, reaches to every gift of man, and we all

turns at the top.

For nature, who abhors mannerism, has set her on breaking up all styles and tricks, and it is so t easier to do what one has done before than to do a thing, that there is a perpetual tendency to a set n In every conversation, even the highest, there is a conversation, trick, which may be soon learned by an acute per and then that particular style continued indefine Each man, too, is a tyrant in tendency, because he impose his idea on others; and their trick is their ma defence. Jesus would absorb the race; but Tom I or the coarsest blasphemer helps humanity by resi this exuberance of power. Hence the immense bene party in politics, as it reveals faults of character chief, which the intellectual force of the persons, ordinary opportunity, and not hurled into aphelio hatred, could not have seen. Since we are all so str what benefit that there should be two stupidities! is like that brute advantage so essential to astrono of having the diameter of the earth's orbit for a bas its triangles. Democracy is morose, and runs to anare but in the state, and in the schools, it is indispens to resist the consolidation of all men into a few m If John was perfect, why are you and I alive? Asl as any man exists there is some need of him; let! fight for his own. A new poet has appeared; as character approached us; why should we refuse to Ccbread until wa have found phiszessy earland section constellation, for one tree more in our grove. But himks we wish to belong to him, as he wishes to py us. He greatly mistakes us. I think I have well if I have acquired a new word from a good or; and my business with him is to find my own, gh it were only to melt him down into an epithet a image for daily use.

" Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

embroil the confusion, and make it impossible to e at any general statement, when we have insisted he imperfection of individuals, our affections and experience urge that every individual is entitled to ur, and a very generous treatment is sure to be d. A recluse sees only two or three persons, and s them all their room; they spread themselves at The statesman looks at many, and compares w habitually with others, and these look less. Yet hey not entitled to this generosity of reception? is not munificence the means of insight? For gh gamesters say that the cards beat all the players, sh they were never so skilful, yet in the contest we low considering, the players are also the game, and the power of the cards. If you criticise a fine s, the odds are that you are out of your reckoning, instead of the poet, are censuring your own carica-of him. For there is somewhat spheral and infinite ery man, especially in every genius, which, if you ome very near him, sports with all your limitations. rightly, every man is a channel through which en floweth, and, whilst I fancied I was criticising I was consuming or rather terminating my own sour. After taxing Goethe as a courtier, artificial, unbelieworldly, I took up his book of Helena, and found his Indian of the wilderness, a piece of pure nature likapple or an oak, large as morning or night, and virt

as a brier-rose. But care is taken that the whole tune shall be pla If we were not kept among surfaces, everything w be large and universal: now the excluded attrib burst in on us with the more brightness, that they been excluded. "Your turn now, my turn next the rule of the game. The universality being hind in its primary form, comes in the secondary form sides: the points come in succession to the meri and by the speed of rotation, a new whole is for Nature keeps herself whole, and her represent complete in the experience of each mind. She suffe seat to be vacant in her college. It is the secret of world that all things subsist, and do not die, but retire a little from sight, and afterwards return a Whatever does not concern us, is concealed from As soon as a person is no longer related to our prowell-being, he is concealed, or dies, as we say. Re all things and persons are related to us, but account to our nature, they act on us not at once, but in cession, and we are made aware of their presence at a time. All persons, all things which we have kn are here present, and many more than we see; they is full. As the ancient said, the world is a plenu solid; and if we saw all things that really surroun we should be imprisoned and unable to move. though nothing is impassable to the soul, but all the are pervious to it, and like highways, yet this is whilst the soul does not see them. As soon as the sees any object, it stops before that object. There the divine Providence, which keeps the universe in every direction to the soul, conceals all the furni and all the persons that do not concern a particulars from the senses of that individual. Through soli eternal things, the man finds his road, as if they did cc subsist and does not once suspect their being. As a she needs a new object, suddenly he beholds it, When he has exhausted for the time the nourishto be drawn from any one person or thing, that
is withdrawn from his observation, and though
his immediate neighbourhood, he does not susits presence. Nothing is dead: men feign themidead, and endure mock funerals and mournful
mies, and there they stand looking out of the winsound and well, in some new and strange disguise.
is not dead: he is very well alive: nor John, nor
nor Mahomet, nor Aristotle; at times we believe
which they go

which they go.
we cannot make voluntary and conscious steps in
admirable science of universals, let us see the parts
and infer the genius of nature from the best pars with a becoming charity. What is best in each
is an index of what should be the average of that
Love shows me the opulence of nature, by disg to me in my friend a hidden wealth, and I infer
all depth of good in every other direction. It is
conly said by farmers, that a good pear or apple
mo more time or pains to rear than a poor one; so
add have no work of art, no speech, or action, or

ght, or friend, but the best.

a end and the means, the gamester and the gamester and up of the intermixture and reaction of these amicable powers, whose marriage appears befored monstrous, as each denies and tends to abolish the r. We must reconcile the contradictions as we can, their discord and their concord introduce wild about the intermixture and speech. No sentence will the whole truth, and the only way in which we can ust, is by giving ourselves the lie; Speech is better a silence; silence is better than speech;—All things in contact; every atom has a sphere of repulsion;—ags are, and are not, at the same time;—and the lie. All the universe over, there is but one thing, this Two-Face, creator-creature, mind-matter, righting, of which any way than to lection, that every sense or the contradiction of the contradiction of the contradiction of the contradiction.

is a partialist, that nature secures him as an instru by self-conceit, preventing the tendencies to re and science; and now further assert, that, each 1 genius being nearly and affectionately explored, justified in his individuality, as his nature is four be immense; and now I add, that every man is a versalist also, and, as our earth, whilst it spins own axis, spins all the time around the sun through celestial spaces, so the least of its rational children most dedicated to his private affair, works out, thou it were under a disguise, the universal problem fancy men are individuals; so are pumpkins; but pumpkin in the field goes through every point of I kin history. The rabid democrat, as soon as senator and rich man, has ripened beyond possi of sincere radicalism, and unless he can resist the si must be conservative the remainder of his days. Eldon said in his old age, "that, if he were to beg again, he would be damned but he would beg agitator."

We hide this universality, if we can, but it appeall points. We are as ungrateful as children. The nothing we cherish and strive to draw to us, but in hour we turn and rend it. We keep a running sarcasm at ignorance and the life of the senses; goes by, perchance, a fair girl, a piece of life, ga happy, and making the commonest offices beautiful the energy and heart with which she does them seeing this, we admire and love her and them, and "Lo; a genuine creature of the fair earth, not dissipant or too early ripened by books, philosophy, resociety, or care!" insinuating a treachery and confor all we had so long loved and wrought in our

and others

If we could have any security against moods! If profoundest prophet could be holden to his words the hearer who is ready to sell all and join the crucould have any certificate that to-morrow his proshall not unsay his testimony! But the Truth sixthere on the Bench, and never interposes an adams synlang and the profound interpose and are synland and the most sincere and revolutionary.

put as if the ark of God were carried forward some rigs, and planted there for the succour of the world, in a few weeks be coldly set aside by the same aker, as morbid; "I thought I was right, but I was and the same immeasurable credulity demanded aw audacities. If we were not of all opinions! if id not in any moment shift the platform on which stand, and look and speak from another! if there I be any regulation, any "one-hour-rule," that a should never leave his point of view without sound tumpet! I am always insincere, as always knowing

are other moods.

ow sincere and confidential we can be, saying all that in the mind, and yet go away feeling that all is yet id, from the incapacity of the parties to know each r, although they use the same words! My comon assumes to know my mood and habit of thought, we go on from explanation to explanation, until all id which words can, and we leave matters just as they at first, because of that vicious assumption. Is it every man believes every other to be an incurable alist, and himself a universalist? I talked yesterwith a pair of philosophers: I endeavoured to show good men that I liked everything by turns, and ing long; that I loved the centre, but doated on superficies; that I loved man, if men seemed to me and rats; that I revered saints, but woke up glad the old pagan world stood its ground, and died hard; I was glad of men of every gift and nobility, but ld not live in their arms. Could they but once underd that I loved to know that they existed, and tily wished them God-speed, yet, out of my poverty fe and thought, had no word of welcome for them n they came to see me, and could well consent to living in Oregon, for any claim I felt on them, it ld be a great satisfaction.

NEW ENGLAND REFORMERS.

A Lecture read before the Society in Amory Hall, on Sunzaged March, 1844.

In the suburb, in the town,
On the railway, in the square,
Came a beam of goodness down,
Doubling daylight everywhere:
Peace now each for malice takes,
Beauty for his sinful weeds,
For the angel Hope aye makes
Him an angel whom she leads.

THOEVER has had opportunity of acquaint with society in New England during the twenty-five years, with those middle and with t leading sections that may constitute any just represe tion of the character and aim of the community, have been struck with the great activity of thought experimenting. His attention must be commanded the signs that the Church, or religious party, is it from the Church nominal, and is appearing in terance and non-resistance societies, in movement abolitionists and of socialists, and in very signifassemblies, called Sabbath and Bible Convention composed of ultraists, of seekers, of all the soul of soldiery of dissent, and meeting to call in question authority of the Sabbath, of the priesthood, and of Church. In these movements nothing was more markable than the discontent they begot in the more The spirit of protest and of detachment drove the bers of these Conventions to bear testimony against Church, and immediately afterward to declare to discontent with these Conventions, their independent of their colleagues, and their impatience of the meth whereby they were working. They defied each of like a congress of kings, each of whom had a real rule, and a way of his own that made concert unpre What a fertility of projects for the salvation the world! One apostle thought all men should go CCfartainggrowadidNattothercitha Diniozenamy sloamhobbuy or se the use of money was the cardinal evil a; nother, the mischief was in our diet, that we eat and drink mation. These made unleavened bread, and were to the death to fermentation. It was in vain urged he housewife that God made yeast as well as dough, loves fermentation just as dearly as He loves vegeta-; that fermentation develops the saccharine element he grain, and makes it more palatable and more stible. No; they wish the pure wheat, and will die it shall not ferment. Stop, dear nature, these inint advances of thine! let us scotch these ever-rolling els! Others attacked the system of agriculture; ise of animal manures in farming; and the tyranny an over brute nature; these abuses polluted his The ox must be taken from the plough, and the from the cart, the hundred acres of the farm must aded, and the man must walk wherever boats and notives will not carry him. Even the insect world to be defended,—that had been too long neglected, society for the protection of ground-worms, slugs, mosquitoes was to be incorporated without delay. these appeared the adepts of homoeopathy, of opathy, of mesmerism, of phrenology, and their lerful theories of the Christian miracles! Others led particular vocations, as that of the lawyer, that e merchant, of the manufacturer, of the clergyman, e scholar. Others attacked the institution of maras the fountain of social evils. Others devoted selves to the worrying of churches and meetings public worship; and the fertile forms of antianism among the elder Puritans seemed to have match in the plenty of the new harvest of

ith this din of opinion and debate there was a keener liny of institutions and domestic life than any we had in; there was sincere protesting against existing and there were changes of employment dictated bascience. No doubt there was plentiful vapouring, cases of backsliding might occur. But in each of a movements emerged a good result, a tendency and protesting with the court and assection in

of the sufficiency of the private man. Thus it directly in the spirit and genius of the age, what pened in one instance, when a Church censured threatened to excommunicate one of its member account of the somewhat hostile part to the Cl which his conscience led him to take in the anti-size business, the threatened individual immediately communicated the Church in a public and formal cess. This has been several times repeated. It excellent when it was done the first time, but, of co loses all value when it is copied. Every project in history of reform, no matter how violent and surprise is good when it is the dictate of a man's genius constitution, but very dull and suspicious when ado from another. It is right and beautiful in any ma say, "I will take this coat, or this book, or this me of corn of yours,"-in whom we see the act to be orig and to flow from the whole spirit and faith of for then that taking will have a giving as free and dir but we are very easily disposed to resist the same osity of speech when we miss originality and true character in it.

There was in all the practical activities of New land, for the last quarter of a century, a gradual drawal of tender consciences from the social orga tions. There is observable throughout, the conbetween mechanical and spiritual methods, but w steady tendency of the thoughtful and virtuous

deeper belief and reliance on spiritual facts.

In politics, for example, it is easy to see the proof dissent. The country is full of rebellion; the try is full of kings. Hands off! let there be no co and no interference in the administration of the a of this kingdom of me. Hence the growth of the trine and of the party of Free Trade, and the willing to try that experiment, in the face of what appear in testable facts. I confess the motto of the Globe n paper is so attractive to me that I can seldom find n appetite to read what is below it in its columns. " world is governed too much." So the country is

CC-Quently wife relating Cadditiony Digitized less cofange istance to

mment, solitary nullifiers, who throw themselves heir reserved rights; nay, who have reserved all rights; who reply to the assessor, and to the clerk out that they do not know the State; and embarrass out to of law by non-juring, and the commander-in-

of the militia by non-resistance.

same disposition to scrutiny and dissent appeared rl, festive, neighbourly, and domestic society. s, prying, conscientious criticism broke out in rected quarters. Who gave me the money with I bought my coat? Why should professional r and that of the counting-house be paid so disrtionately to the labour of the porter and wooder? This whole business of Trade gives me to and think, as it constitutes false relations between ; inasmuch as I am prone to count myself relieved y responsibility to behave well and nobly to that whom I pay with money; whereas if I had not commodity, I should be put on my good behaviour companies, and man would be a benefactor to man, ing himself his only certificate that he had a right ose aids and services which each asked of the other. not too protected a person? is there not a wide rity between the lot of me and the lot of thee, my brother, my poor sister? Am I not defrauded of est culture in the loss of those gymnastics which al labour and the emergencies of poverty con-e? I find nothing healthful or exalting in the th conventions of society; I do not like the air of saloons. I begin to suspect myself to prisoner, though treated with all this courtesy luxury. I pay a destructive tax in my con-

e same insatiable criticism may be traced in the soft the reform of Education. The popular educations been taxed with a want of truth and nature. It is complained that an education to things was not to we are students of words: we are shut up in les, and colleges, and recitation-rooms for ten or my years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, mory of words, and to not know be truthed by education.

cannot use our hands, or our legs, or our eyes, or our= We do not know an edible root in the woods, we can tell our course by the stars, nor the hour of the da the sun. It is well if we can swim and skate. W afraid of a horse, of a cow, of a dog, of a snake, spider. The Roman rule was, to teach a boy nothat he could not learn standing. The old English was, "All summer in the field, and all winter in study." And it seems as if a man should learn to p or to fish, or to hunt, that he might secure his subsis at all events, and not be painful to his friends and fe The lessons of science should be experim also. The sight-of the planet through a telesco worth all the course on astronomy; the short the electric spark in the elbow outvalues all theories; the taste of the nitrous oxide, the of an artificial volcano, are better than volume

chemistry.

One of the traits of the new spirit is the inqui it fixed on our scholastic devotion to the dead langu The ancient languages, with great beauty of stru contain wonderful remains of genius, which and always will draw, certain like-minded men,men, and Roman men, in all countries, to their st but by a wonderful drowsiness of usage, they had ex the study of all men. Once (say two centuries Latin and Greek had a strict relation to all the st and culture there was in Europe, and the Mathen had a momentary importance at some era of ac in physical science. These things became stereo as education, as the manner of men is. But the Spirit never cared for the colleges, and though all me boys were now drilled in Latin, Greek, and Mathem it had quite left these shells high and dry on the b and was now creating and feeding other matters at ends of the world. But in a hundred high so and colleges this warfare against common sense goes on. Four, or six, or ten years, the pupil is pa Greek and Latin, and as soon as he leaves the Univeras it is ludicrously styled, he shuts those books for CC-Padenganewad State Collection discrized by Gammonic grade colleges in this country every year, and the who, at forty years, still read Greek, can counted on your hand. I never met with Four or five persons I have seen who read

is not this absurd, that the whole liberal talent of country should be directed in its best years on studies lead to nothing? What was the consequence? intelligent persons said or thought, "Is that Greek latin some spell to conjure with, and not words son? If the physician, the lawyer, the divine, use it to come at their ends, I need never learn come at mine. Conjuring is gone out of fashion, will omit this conjugating, and go straight to "So they jumped the Greek and Latin, and read medicine, or sermons, without it. To the astonishoof all, the self-made men took even ground at once the oldest of the regular graduates, and in a few is the most conservative circles of Boston and York had quite forgotten who of their gownsmen ollege-bred, and who was not.

tendency appears alike in the philosophical ation and in the rudest democratical movements, the all the petulance and all the purility, the wish, by, to cast aside the superfluous, and arrive at short ds, urged, as I suppose, by an intuition that the perility is equal to all emergencies alone, and that is more often injured than helped by the means

proceive this gradual casting off of material aids, the indication of growing trust in the private, selfied powers of the individual, to be the affirmative ple of the recent philosophy; and that it is feeling in profound truth, and is reaching forward at this hour to the happiest conclusions. I readily conthat in this, as in every period of intellectual ty, there has been a noise of denial and protest; was to be resisted, much was to be got rid of by who were reared in the old, before they could begin and to construct. Many a reformer perishes removal of rubbish, and that makes the offensive removal of rubbish, and that makes the offensive

ness of the class. They are partial; they are note to the work they pretend. They lose their way; in assault on the kingdom of darkness they expend all energy on some accidental evil, and lose their sand power of benefit. It is of little moment one or two, or twenty errors of our social sy be corrected, but of much that the man be in senses.

The criticism and attack on institutions which we witnessed, has made one thing plain, that society nothing whilst a man, not himself renovated, atte to renovate things around him: he has become ted good in some particular, but negligent or narrow rest; and hypocrisy and vanity are often the disgre

result.

It is handsomer to remain in the establishment l than the establishment, and conduct that in the manner, than to make a sally against evil by some improvement, without supporting it by a total rege tion. Do not be so vain of your one objection. D think there is only one? Alas! my good friend, the no part of society or of life better than any other All our things are right and wrong together. The of evil washes all our institutions alike. Do you plain of our Marriage? Our marriage is no worse our education, our diet, our trade, our social cus. Do you complain of the laws of Property? It pedantry to give such importance to them. Can w play the game of life with these counters, as well as those; in the institution of property as well as a it? Let into it the new and renewing principle of and property will be universality. No one give impression of superiority to the institution, which her give who will reform it. It makes no difference you say: you must make me feel that you are from it; by your natural and supernatural advanta do easily see to the end of it—do see how man ca without it. Now all men are on one side. No deserves to be heard against property. Only L

CC-0. Jangamwadi Math Golfection Diquizer by eGandotti afford to be initiable and captious, in

If I should go out of whenever I hear a false statement, I could never in the street i

nother way the right will be vindicated. In the of abuses, in the heart of cities, in the aisles of hurches, alike in one place and in another—er, namely, a just and heroic soul finds itself, it will do what is next at hand, and by the new of character it shall put forth, it shall abrogate id condition, law or school in which it stands,

the law of its own mind.

artiality was one fault of the movement party, the lefect was their reliance on Association. Doubts those I have intimated drove many good persons ate the questions of social reform. But the revolt the spirit of commerce, the spirit of aristocracy, he inveterate abuses of cities, did not appear to individuals; and to do battle against number armed themselves with numbers, and against they relied on new concert.

owing, or advancing beyond the ideas of St. Simon, rier, and of Owen, three communities have already formed in Massachusetts on kindred plans, and more in the country at large. They aim to give member a share in the manual labour, to give an reward to labour and to talent, and to unite a culture with an education to labour. The scheme by the economies of associated labour and exto make every member rich on the same amount of the tythat, in separate families, would leave every the poor. These new associations are composed and women of superior talents and sentiments; may easily be questioned whether such a compy will arraw, accepted what beginnings, with a remainder of the composition of t

the good; whether those who have energy will not their chance of superiority and power in the worthe humble certainties of the association; whether a retreat does not promise to become an asylum to who have tried and failed, rather than a field strong; and whether the members will not necessive be fractions of men, because each finds that he enter it without some compromise. Friendship association are very fine things, and a grand phalt the best of the human race, banded for some cobject: yes, excellent; but remember that no can ever be so large as one man. He in his friez in his natural and momentary associations, down multiplies himself; but in the hour in which he gages himself to two, or ten, or twenty, he dwarf

self below the stature of one.

But the men of less faith could not thus believe to such, concert appears the sole specific of streng have failed and you have failed, but perhaps to we shall not fail. Our housekeeping is not satisf to us, but perhaps a phalanx, a community mic Many of us have differed in opinion, and we could no man who could make the truth plain; but pos college or an ecclesiastical council might. I have been able either to persuade my brother or to premyself to disuse the traffic or the potation of h but perhaps a pledge of total abstinence might effect restrain us. The candidate my party votes for is be trusted with a dollar, but he will be honest Senate, for we can bring public opinion to bear a Thus concert was the specific in all cases. But a is neither better nor worse, neither more nor less; than individual force. All the men in the world make a statue walk and speak, cannot make a c blood, or a blade of grass, any more than one man But let there be one man, let there be truth in two in ten men, then is concert for the first time per because the force which moves the world is a new and can never be furnished by adding whatever CC-O dangamyadi Math Gollection Digitated by egangoric where there is no concert in one. When the inidual is not individual, but is dual; when his thoughts
one way and his actions another; when his faith
aversed by his habits; when his will, enlightened by
on, is warped by his sense; when with one hand he
s, and with the other backs water, what concert can

do not wonder at the interest these projects inspire. world is awaking to the idea of union, and these riments show what it is thinking of. It is and will ragic. Men will live and communicate, and plough, reap, and govern, as by added ethereal power, when they are united; as in a celebrated experiment, expiration and respiration exactly together, four ons lift a heavy man from the ground by the little r only, and without sense of weight. But this m must be inward, and not one of covenants, and is e reached by a reverse of the methods they use. union is only perfect when all the uniters are isolated. the union of friends who live in different streets or s. Each man, if he attempts to join himself to s, is on all sides cramped and diminished of his ortion; and the stricter the union the smaller and more pitiful he is. But leave him alone, to recogin every hour and place the secret soul, he will go nd down doing the works of a true member, and to astonishment of all, the work will be done with ert though no man spoke. Government will be nantine without any governor. The union must be in actual individualism.

pass to the indication in some particulars of that in man which the heart is preaching to us in these, and which engages the more regard, from the deration that the speculations of one generation are

istory of the next following.

alluding just now to our system of education, I e of the deadness of its details. But it is open to er criticism than the palsy of its members: it is a m of despair. The disease with which the human now labours is want of faith. Men do not believe power of education.

to divine sentiments in man, and we do not try. renounce all high aims. We believe that the of so many perverse and so many frivolous people make up society are organic, and society is a hospital incurables. A man of good sense, but of little whose compassion seemed to lead him to church as as he went there, said to me "that he liked to concerts, and fairs, and churches, and other p amusements go on." I am afraid the remark honest, and comes from the same origin as the man of the tyrant, " If you would rule the world quietly, must keep it amused." I notice, too, that the ground which eminent public servants urge the claims of por education is fear: "This country is filling up thousands and millions of voters, and you must et them to keep them from our throats." We do not be that any education, any system of philosophy, influence of genius, will ever give depth of insight superficial mind. Having settled ourselves into infidelity, our skill is expended to procure alleviate diversion, opiates. We adorn the victim with many skill, his tongue with languages, his body with inoffer and comely manners. So have we cunningly hill tragedy of limitation and inner death we cannot a Is it strange that society should be devoured by as melancholy, which breaks through all its smiles, at its gaiety and games? But even one step farther our infidelity has

But even one step farther our infidelity has a state of the property of me increased by the culture of the mind in those disciption which we give the name of education. Unhaptoo, the doubt comes from scholars, from persons have tried these methods. In their experience, scholar was not raised by the sacred thoughts amounted he dwelt, but used them to selfish ends. He a profane person, and became a showman, turning gifts to a marketable use, and not to his own sustant and growth. It was found that the intellect could independently developed, that is, in separation from Containing managements and global developed, that is, in separation from Containing managements and global developed.

It was monstrous. A canine appetite for knowledge generated, which must still be fed, but was never fied, and this knowledge not being directed on action, took the character of substantial, humane truth, sing those whom it entered. It gave the scholar powers of expression, the power of speech, the er of poetry, of literary art, but it did not bring him

gace, or to beneficence.

hen the literary class betray a destitution of faith, it ot strange that society should be disheartened and valized by unbelief. What remedy? Life must be on a higher plane. We must go up to a higher form, to which we are always invited to ascend; the whole aspect of things changes. I resist the ticism of our education and of our educated men. I ot believe that the difference of opinion and character en are organic. I do not recognize, beside the class he good and the wise, a permanent class of sceptics, class of conservatives, or of malignants, or of rialists. I do not believe in two classes. You ember the story of the poor woman who importuned Philip of Macedon to grant her justice, which p refused: the woman exclaimed, "I appeal:" king, astonished, asked to whom she appealed: woman replied, "from Philip drunk to Philip sober." text will suit me very well. I believe not in two es of men, but in man in two moods, in Philip drunk Philip sober. I think, according to the good-hearted of Plato, "Unwillingly the soul is deprived of truth," conservative, miser, or thief, no man is, but by a osed necessity, which he tolerates by shortness or dity of sight. The soul lets no man go without visitations and holydays of a diviner presence. ould be easy to show, by a narrow scanning of any 's biography, that we are not so wedded to our paltry ormances of every kind, but that every man has at vals the grace to scorn his performances in comparing with his belief of what he should do, that he puts elf on the side of his enemies, listening gladly to they say of him, and accusing himself of the same S. CC-0. Jangamwadi Math Collection. Digitized by eGangotri What is it men love in Genius but its infinite which degrades all it has done? Genius counts a miracles poor and short. Its own idea it never cuted. The Iliad, the Hamlet, the Doric column Roman arch, the Gothic master, the German and when they are ended, the master casts behind How sinks the song in the waves of melody which universe pours over his soul! Before that gra Infinite, out of which he drew these few strokes, mean they look, though the praises of the world at them. From the triumphs of his art he turns desire to this greater defeat. Let those admire will. With silent joy he sees himself to be capable beauty that eclipses all which his hands have done

which human hands have ever done.

Well, we are all the children of genius, the children virtue-and feel their inspiration in our happier la Is not every man sometimes a Radical in politics? are Conservatives when they are least vigorous, or they are most luxurious. They are Conservatives: dinner, or before taking their rest; when they ares or aged: in the morning, or when their intellect or conscience have been aroused, when they hear must when they read poetry, they are Radicals. In the of the rankest Tories that could be collected in Engli Old or New, let a powerful and stimulating interaction a man of great heart and mind, act on them, and quickly these frozen conservators will yield to friendly influence, these hopeless will begin to be these haters will begin to love, these immovable standard begin to spin and revolve. I cannot help recall the fine anecdote which Warton relates of Big. Berkeley, when he was preparing to leave English with his plan of planting the Gospel among the American savages. "Lord Bathurst told me that the mem of the Scriblerus club, being met at his house at dira they agreed to rally Berkeley; who was also his guarantee on his scheme at Bermudas. Berkeley, having listen to the many lively things they had to say, begged to heard in his turn, and displayed his plan with such a separate of the construction and the construction of the construction and the construction of the construction and the construction of the siasm, that they were struck dumb, and, after some se, rose up altogether with earnestness, exclaiming, t us set out with him immediately." Men in all s are better than they seem. They like flattery the moment, but they know the truth for their own. s a foolish cowardice which keeps us from trusting n, and speaking to them rude truth. They resent honesty for an instant, they will thank you for it ays. What is it we heartily wish of each other? Is be pleased and flattered? No, but to be convicted exposed, to be shamed out of our nonsense of all s, and made men of, instead of ghosts and phantoms. are weary of gliding ghost-like through the world, th is itself so slight and unreal. We crave a sense of ty, though it come in strokes of pain. I explain so, this manlike love of truth,-those excesses and is into which souls of great vigour, but not equal tht, often fall. They feel the poverty at the bottom I the seeming affluence of the world. They know speed with which they come straight through the masquerade, and conceive a disgust at the indigence ture: Rousseau, Mirabeau, Charles Fox, Napoleon, n,-and I could easily add names nearer home, of g riders, who drive their steeds so hard, in the nce of living, to forget its illusion: they would w the worst, and tread the floors of hell. The heroes ncient and modern fame, Cimon, Themistocles, biades, Alexander, Cæsar, have treated life and me as a game to be well and skilfully played, but the e not to be so valued but that any time it could be as a trifle light as air, and thrown up. Cæsar, just re the battle of Pharsalia, discourses with the ptian priest concerning the fountains of the Nile, offers to quit the army, the empire, and Cleopatra, will show him those mysterious sources. e same magnanimity shows itself in our social re-

ne same magnanimity shows itself in our social rens, in the preference, namely, which each man gives be society of superiors over that of his equals. All a man has will he give for right relations with his es. All that he has will he give for an erect denour face expression and the statement of the social property of the social rendering the social renderin

aims at such things as his neighbours prize, and give days and nights, his talents and his heart, to strike and stroke, to acquit himself in all men's sight as a me The consideration of an eminent citizen, of a noted re chant, of a man of mark in his profession, navala military honour, a general's commission, a marsh baton, a ducal coronet, the laurel of poets, and, any procured, the acknowledgment of eminent merit have lustre for each candidate, that they enable him to erect and unashamed in the presence of some per before whom he felt himself inferior. Having making to this rank, having established his equi with class after class of those with whom he would well, he still finds certain others before whom he can possess himself, because they have somewhat fa somewhat grander, somewhat purer, which extra homage of him. Is his ambition pure? then will laurels and his possessions seem worthless: instead avoiding these men who make his fine gold dim, her cast all behind him, and seek their society only; and embrace this his humiliation and mortificati until he shall know why his eye sinks, his voice is hu and his brilliant talents are paralyzed in this presen He is sure that the soul which gives the lie to all this will tell none. His constitution will not mislead in If it cannot carry itself as it ought, high and unman able in the presence of any man, if the secret or whose whisper makes the sweetness and dignity of life do here withdraw and accompany him no loss it is time to undervalue what he has valued, to dispose himself of what he has acquired, and with Cæsar, total in his hand the army, the empire, and Cleopatra, a say, "All these will I relinquish if you will show met fountains of the Nile." Dear to us are those who! us; the swift moments we spend with them are a co pensation for a great deal of misery; they enlarge life ;-but dearer are those who reject us as unworth for they add another life: they build a heaven being us whereof we had not dreamed, and thereby supply to us new powers out of the recesses of the spirit, and GG-Re-landamicadiaMath Gallection Riditizertay managetri

severy man at heart wishes the best and not inferior ely, wishes to be convicted of his error, and to come imself, so he wishes that the same healing should not in his thought, but should penetrate his will or we power. The selfish man suffers more from his shness than he from whom that selfishness withholds e important benefit. What he most wishes is to be d to some higher platform, that he may see beyond present fear the transalpine good, so that his fear, coldness, his custom may be broken up like fragments e, melted and carried away in the great stream of good Do you ask my aid? I also wish to be a beneor. I wish more to be a benefactor and servant than wish to be served by me, and surely the greatest good nne that could befall me is precisely to be so moved you that I should say, " Take me and all mine, and me and mine freely to your ends!" for, I could not it, otherwise than because a great enlargement had e to my heart and mind, which made me superior ny fortunes. Here we are paralyzed with fear; old on to our little properties, house and land, office money, for the bread which they have in our exence yielded us, although we confess that our being not flow through them. We desire to be made t, we desire to be touched with that fire which shall mand this ice to stream, and make our existence a fit. If, therefore, we start objections to your ect, O friend of the slave, or friend of the poor, or of race, understand well that it is because we wish to you to drive us into your measures. We wish to ourselves confuted. We are haunted with a belief you have a secret which it would highliest advanus to learn, and we would force you to impart it to though it should bring us to prison or to worse emity.

othing shall warp me from the belief that every man over of truth. There is no pure lie; no pure malignity ature. The entertainment of the proposition of avity is the last profligacy and profanation. There is scepticism, no atheism but that. Could it be red into common well at the control would be red into common well at the control would be red into common well at the control would be red into common well at the control would be red into common well at the control would be red into control well at the control would be red into control well at the control well

planet. It has had a name to live in some dognetheology, but each man's innocence and his real if of his neighbour have kept it a dead letter. I remer standing at the polls one day, when the anger of political contest gave a certain grimness to the of the independent electors, and a good man at my looking on the people, remarked, "I am satisfied the largest part of these men, on either side, mea vote right." I suppose, considerate observers locat the masses of men in their blameless and in equivocal actions, will assent, that in spite of selfish and frivolity, the general purpose in the great nur of persons is fidelity. The reason why any one relation has assent to your opinion, or his aid to your beneved design, is in you: he refuses to accept you as a brief truth, because, though you think you have it, he that you have it not. You have not given him authentic sign.

If it were worth while to run into details this ger doctrine of the latent but ever-soliciting Spirit, it was be easy to adduce illustration in particulars of a magnification of the church, of his equality to the sand of his equality to every other man. It is yet is men's memory, that, a few years ago, the liberal Church denied to the name of Christian. I think the complaint confession: a religious Church would not complaint confession: a religious Church would not complaint confession in the church feels the accusation of his presence of the Church feels the accusation of his presence of the church feels the accusation of his presence of the church feels the accusation of his presence of the church feels the accusation of his presence of the church feels the accusation of his presence of the church feels the accusation of his presence of the church feels the accusation of the church the church feels the accusation of the church feels the church feels the accusation of the church the church feels the accusation of the church feels the church feels the accusation of the church the church feels the accusation of the church feels the church feels the accusation of the church the church feels the accusation of the church feels the church feels the accusation of the church the church feels the churc

belief.

It only needs that a just man should walk in our street to make it appear how pitiful and inartificial a contrance is our legislation. The man whose part is taken and who does not wait for society in anything has power which society cannot choose but feel. I familiar experiment, called the hydrostatic paradox, which a capillary column of water balances the occasis a symbol of the relation of one man to the whole family of men. The wise Dandamis, on hearing the lives of the collection of the capillation of the capillation

great men every way, excepting that they were much subjected to the reverence of the laws, which scond and authorize, true virtue must abate very

of its original vigour."

od as a man is equal to the Church, and equal to the so he is equal to every other man. The disparities ower in men are superficial; and all frank and search-conversation, in which a man lays himself open to brother, apprizes each of their radical unity. When persons sit and converse in a thoroughly good under-ding, the remark is sure to be made, "See how we disputed about words!" Let a clear, appresive mind, such as every man knows among his eds, converse with the most commanding poetic us, I think it would appear that there was no inality such as men fancy between them; that a perunderstanding, a like receiving, a like perceiving, lished differences, and the poet would confess that creative imagination gave him no deep advantage, only the superficial one, that he could express himand the other could not; that his advantage was a ck, which might impose on indolent men, but could impose on lovers of truth; for they know the tax talent, or, what a price of greatness the power of ression too often pays. I believe it is the viction of the purest men, that the net amount man and man does not much vary. Each is omparably superior to his companion in some alty. His want of skill in other directions has ed to his fitness for his own work. Each seems have some compensation yielded to him by his mity, and every hindrance operates as a contration of his force.

hese and the like experiences intimate that man ids in strict connection with a higher fact never yet nifested. There is power over and behind us, and we the channels of its communications. We seek to thus and so, and over our head some spirit sits; ch contradicts what we say. We would persuade fellow to this or that; another self within our eyes wades firm, January which we keep back, this ye was in

In vain we compose our faces and our words; it h uncontrollable communication with the enemy, and answers civilly to us, but believes the spirit. We claim, "There's a traitor in the house!" but at la appears that he is the true man, and I am the tra This open channel to the highest life is the first and reality, so subtle, so quiet, yet so tenacious, that though I have never expressed the truth, and although I have never heard the expression of it from any of I know that the whole truth is here for me. What cannot answer your questions? I am not pained I cannot frame a reply to the question, What is operation we call Providence? There lies the spoken thing, present, omnipresent. Every time converse, we seek to translate it into speech, whether we hit, or whether we miss, we have fact. Every discourse is an approximate answer. but it is of small consequence that we do not it into verbs and nouns, whilst it abides for o templation for ever.

themselves good in time, the man who shall be be whose advent men and events prepare and foreshow one who shall enjoy his connection with a higher with the man within man; shall destroy distrust by trust, shall use his native but forgotten methods, and take counsel of flesh and blood, but shall rely on Law alive and beautiful, which works over our hand under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our cess, when we obey it, and of our ruin, when we convene it. Men are all secret believers in it, else the wijustice would have no meaning; they believe that best is the true; that right is done at last, or chould come. It rewards actions after their naturand not after the design of the agent. "Work,"

saith to man, "in every hour, paid or unpaid; see of that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting come writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to this count appropriation and the senses well as to the thought: no matter how often defeated

If the auguries of the prophesying heart shall m

are born to victory. The reward of a thing well is to have done it."

soon as a man is wonted to look beyond surfaces, to see how this high will prevails without an excepor an interval, he settles himself into serenity. already rely on the laws of gravity, that every stone all where it is due; the good globe is faithful, and s us securely through the celestial spaces, anxious signed: we need not interfere to help it on, and he learn, one day, the mild lesson they teach, that our orbit is all our task, and we need not assist the mistration of the universe. Do not be so impatient t the town right concerning the unfounded preons and the false reputation of certain men of ing. They are labouring harder to set the town concerning themselves, and will certainly succeed. ress for a few days your criticism on the insuffiy of this or that teacher or experimenter, and he will demonstrated his insufficiency to all men's eyes. ke manner, let a man fall into the divine circuits, be is enlarged. Obedience to his genius is the only sting influence. We wish to escape from subjection, a sense of inferiority—and we make self-denying ances, we drink water, we eat grass, we refuse the we go to jail: it is all in vain; only by obedience genius, only by the freest activity in the way conional to him, does an angel seem to arise before a and lead him by the hand out of all the wards of rison.

at which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wons we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the enour to realize our aspirations. The life of man is
tue romance, which, when it is valiantly conducted,
field the imagination a higher joy than any fiction.
Tound us, what powers are wrapped up under the
mattings of custom, and all wonder prevented.
To wonderful to our neurologists that a man can see
out his eyes, that it does not occur to them that it is
as wonderful that he should see with them; and
is ever the difference between the wise and the
see: the latter wonders at what is unusual, the

wise man wonders at the usual. Shall not the which has received so much trust the Power by it lives? May it not quit other leadings, and list the Soul that has guided it so gently, and taugh much, secure that the future will be worthy opast?

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

I.—USES OF GREAT MEN.

is natural to believe in great men. If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be s, and their condition regal, it would not surprise mythology opens with demigods, and the stance is high and poetic; that is, their genius amount. In the legends of the Gautama, the first

ite the earth, and found it deliciously sweet.

ture seems to exist for the excellent. The world held by the veracity of good men: they make the wholesome. They who lived with them found ad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable our belief in such society; and actually, or ideally, anage to live with superiors. We call our children ur lands by their names. Their names are wrought the verbs of language, their works and effigies are houses, and every circumstance of the day recalls ecdote of them.

e search after the great is the dream of youth, and nost serious occupation of manhood. We travel oreign parts to find his works-if possible, to get a se of him. But we are put off with fortune instead. say the English are practical; the Germans are table; in Valencia the climate is delicious; and hills of the Sacramento there is gold for the gather-Yes: but I do not travel to find comfortable, or hospitable people, or clear sky, or ingots that too much. But if there were any magnet that point to the countries and houses where are the as who are intrinsically rich and powerful, I would I, and buy it, and put myself on the road to-day. race goes with us on their credit. The knowledge the city is a man who invented the railread, raises tried to fall the citizens. But enormous populations, if they be beggars, are disgusting, like moving clike hills of ants, or of fleas—the more, the worse.

Our religion is the love and cherishing of these part. The gods of fable are the shining moments of great. We run all our vessels into one mould. Our contheologies of Judaism, Christism, Buddhism, Mahrism, are the necessary and structural action of the liming. The student of history is like a man going warehouse to buy cloths or carpets. He fancies he new article. If he go to the factory, he shall find his new stuff still repeats the scrolls and rosettes are found on the interior walls of the pyramids of The Our theism is the purification of the human mind. can paint, or make, or think nothing but man, believes that the great material elements had their of from his thought. And our philosophy finds one escollected or distributed.

If now we proceed to inquire into the kinds of se we derive from others, let us be warned of the dang modern studies, and begin low enough. We mus contend against love, or deny the substantial exis of other people. I know not what would happen t We have social strengths. Our affection towards o creates a sort of vantage or purchase which nothing supply. I can do that by another which I cannot alone. I can say to you what I cannot first say to self. Other men are lenses through which we read self. Other men are lenses through self. Own minds. Each man seeks those of different que own minds. from his own, and such as are good of their kind; is, he seeks other men, and the otherest. The stre the nature the more it is reactive. Let us have quality pure. A little genius let us leave alone main difference betwixt men is, whether they attend own affair or not. Man is that noble endogenous which grows, like the palm, from within outward. own affair, though impossible to others, he can open celerity and in sport. It is easy to sugar to be st and to nitre to be salt. We take a great deal of p to waylay and entrap that which of itself will fall our angular and Machine Finn Digital broad will inhabit must make painful corrections, and keep a vigilant many sources of error. His service to us is of sort. It costs a beautiful person no exertion to ther image on our eyes; yet how splendid is that it It costs no more for a wise soul to convey his ity to other men. And every one can do his best geasiest. "Peu de moyens, beaucoup d'effet." He cat who is what he is from nature, and who never ads us of others.

at he must be related to us, and our life receive from some promise of explanation. I cannot tell what rald know; but I have observed there are persons in their character and actions, answer questions th I have not skill to put. One man answers some tion which none of his contemporaries put, and is ted. The past and passing religions and philosos answer some other question. Certain men affect s rich possibilities, but helpless to themselves and eir times—the sport, perhaps, of some instinct that in the air ;-they do not speak to our want. But reat are near; we know them at sight. They satisfy ctation, and fall into place. What is good is tive, generative; makes for itself room, food, and A sound apple produces seed,—a hybrid does Is a man in his place, he is constructive, fertile, netic, inundating armies with his purpose, which is executed. The river makes its own shores, and legitimate idea makes its own channels and welcome rvests for food, institutions for expression, weapons th with, and disciples to explain it. The true artist the planet for his pedestal; the adventurer, after s of strife, has nothing broader than his own shoes. ir common discourse respects two kinds of use or ce from superior men. Direct giving is agreeable early belief of men; direct giving of material or physical aid, as of health, eternal youth, fine senses,

of healing, magical power of healing, magical moves there is a teacher who can sell him wisdom.

Churches believe in imputed merit. But, in strict we are not much cognizant of direct serving. It endogenous, and education is his unfolding. The we have from others is mechanical, compared with discoveries of nature in us. What is thus learn delightful in the doing, and the effect remains ethics are central, and go from the soul outward, is contrary to the law of the universe. Serving is serving us. I must absolve me to myself, thy affair," says the spirit:—"coxcomb, would meddle with the skies, or with other people?" direct service is left. Men have a pictorial of presentative quality, and serve us in the interpresentative. Men are also representative; first, of the and secondly, of ideas.

As plants convert the minerals into food for an so each man converts some raw material in naturhuman use. The inventors of fire, electricity, magne iron, lead, glass, linen, silk, cotton; the makers of the inventor of decimal notation; the geometer engineer; the musician,—severally make an easy for all, through unknown and impossible confuseach man is by secret liking connected with some trict of nature, whose agent and interpreter he is Linnæus, of plants; Huber, of bees; Fries, of lick Van Mons, of pears; Dalton, of atomic forms; English and the property of the secret liking connected with some trict of nature, whose agent and interpreter he is Linnæus, of plants; Huber, of bees; Fries, of lick Van Mons, of pears; Dalton, of atomic forms; English and the property of the secret liking connected with some trick of pears; Dalton, of atomic forms; English and the pears of the pe

of lines; Newton, of fluxions.

A man is a centre for nature, running out threa relation through everything, fluid and solid, may and elemental. The earth rolls; every clod and comes to the meridian: so every organ, function, crystal, grain of dust, has its relation to the brain waits long, but its turn comes. Each plant has parasite, and each created thing its lover and Justice has already been done to steam, to iron wood, to coal, to loadstone, to iodine, to composition; but how few materials are yet used by our a The mass of creatures and of qualities are still hid expectant. It would seem as if each waited, like enchanted princess in lary takes, for a destined has

referer. Each must be disenchanted, and walk forth the day in human form. In the history of discovery ripe and latent truth seems to have fashioned a tim for itself. A magnet must be made man in some left, or Swedenborg, or Oersted, before the general

can come to entertain its powers.

we limit ourselves to the first advantages;—a trigrace adheres to the mineral and botanic kingdoms, th, in the highest moments, comes up as the charm reture,—the glitter of the spar, the sureness of affinity, veracity of angles. Light and darkness, heat and hunger and food, sweet and sour, solid, liquid, and circle us round in a wreath of pleasures, and, by agreeable quarrel, beguile the day of life. The repeats every day the first eulogy on things—"He that they were good." We know where to find a; and these performers are relished all the more r a little experience of the pretending races. entitled, also, to higher advantages. Something anting to science until it has been humanized. The e of logarithms is one thing, and its vital play botany, music, optics, and architecture, another. ure, astronomy, little suspected at first, when, by with intellect and will, they ascend into the life, reappear in conversation, character, and politics. but this comes later. We speak now only of our vaintance with them in their own sphere, and the in which they seem to fascinate and draw to them e genius who occupies himself with one thing all life long. The possibility of interpretation lies in identity of the observer with the observed. Each terial thing has its celestial side; has its translation, ough humanity, into the spiritual and necessary ere, where it plays a part as indestructible as any er. And to these, their ends, all things continually and. The gases gather to the solid firmament; the mic lump arrives at the plant, and grows; arrives the quadruped, and walks; arrives at the man, and ks. But also the constituency determines the and the representative. The is not only representative.

planet.

tive, but participant. Like can only be known by The reason why he knows about them is, that he them; he has just come out of nature, or from being part of that thing. Animated chlorine knows of chlorand incarnate zinc, of zinc. Their quality makes career; and he can variously publish their vitible because they compose him. Man made of the dutthe world, does not forget his origin; and all that in inanimate will one day speak and reason. Unpublication in the world have its whole secret told. Shall we that quartz mountains will pulverize into innumer Werners, Von Buchs, and Beaumonts; and the lab tory of the atmosphere holds in solution I know what Berzeliuses and Davys?

Thus, we sit by the fire, and take hold on the p of the earth. This quasi omnipresence supplies the becility of our condition. In one of those celestial de when heaven and earth meet and adorn each other seems a poverty that we can only spend it once: were for a thousand heads, a thousand bodies, that we mi celebrate its immense beauty in many ways and pla Is this fancy? Well, in good faith, we are multip by our proxies. How easily we adopt their labor Every ship that comes to America got its chart for Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Es carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all re with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of who have perished to add their point of light to our Engineer, broker, jurist, physician, moralist, theological and every man, inasmuch as he has any science, definer and map-maker of the latitudes and longitu of our condition. These road-makers on every hand rich us. We must extend the area of life, and multiour relations. We are as much gainers by finding new property in the old earth, as by acquiring an

We are too passive in the reception of these material or semi-material aids. We must not be sacks a stomachs. To ascend one step—we are better sentinged by contagious. Lawrence by Contagious. Lawrence by Contagious. Lawrence by Contagious.

where others look, and conversing with the same s, we catch the charm which lured them. Naposaid, "You must not fight too often with one enemy, you will teach him all your art of war." Talk much any man of vigorous mind, and we acquire very the habit of looking at things in the same light, and,

ach occurrence, we anticipate his thought. S. Other help I find a false appearance. If you et to give me bread and fire, I perceive that I pay for te full price, and at last it leaves me as it found me, there better nor worse: but all mental and moral is a positive good. It goes out from you, whether will or not, and profits me whom you never thought I cannot even hear of personal vigour of any kind, t power of performance, without fresh resolution. are emulous of all that man can do. Cecil's saying of Walter Raleigh, "I know that he can toil terribly," n electric touch. So are Clarendon's portraits-of upden; "who was of an industry and vigilance not to red out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts to be imposed on by the most subtle and sharp, and personal courage equal to his best parts; "-of Falk-"who was so severe an adorer of truth, that he as easily have given himself leave to steal as dissemble." We cannot read Plutarch without a ing of the blood; and I accept the saying of the ese Mencius: " A sage is the instructor of a hundred When the manners of Loo are heard of, the stupid me intelligent, and the wavering determined."

his is the moral of biography; yet it is hard for rted men to touch the quick like our own companwhose names may not last as long. What is he m I never think of? whilst in every solitude are e who succour our genius, and stimulate us in wonal manners. There is a power in love to divine ther's destiny better than that other can, and, by ic encouragements, hold him to his task. What has dship so signal as its sublime attraction to whatever le is in us? We will never more think cheaply of the some purpose, of of life. We are piqued to some purpose, and the industry of the diggers on the railroad will

again shame us.

Under this head, too, falls that homage, very puas I think, which all ranks pay to the hero of the de from Coriolanus and Gracchus, down to Pitt, Lafayet Wellington, Webster, Lamartine. Hear the shouts the street! The people cannot see him enough. The delight in a man. Here is a head and a trunk! Will a front! what eyes! Atlantean shoulders, and whole carriage heroic, with equal inward force to gu the great machine! This pleasure of full expression that which, in their private experience, is usually cramp and obstructed, runs, also, much higher, and is the sen of the reader's joy in literary genius. Nothing is ke back. There is fire enough to fuse the mountain of o Shakespeare's principal merit may be conveyed, saying that he, of all men, best understands the English language, and can say what he will. Yet these u choked channels and floodgates of expression are or health or fortunate constitution. Shakespeare's nar suggests other and purely intellectual benefits.

Senates and sovereigns have no compliment, witheir medals, swords, and armorial coats, like the addressing to a human being thoughts out of a certal height, and presupposing his intelligence. This honor which is possible in personal intercourse scarcely two in a lifetime, genius perpetually pays; contented, if and then, in a century, the proffer is accepted. In indicators of the values of matter are degraded to a sof cooks and confectioners on the appearance of the indicators of ideas. Genius is the naturalist or generable of the supersensible regions, and draws the map; and, by acquainting us with new fields of activitions our affection for the old. These are at on accepted as the reality, of which the world we have

conversed with is the show.

We go to the gymnasium and the swimming-school see the power and beauty of the body; there is the lipleasure, and a higher benefit, from witnessing interest lectual feats of all kinds, as, feats of memory, of mathematical conventional mathematical power in the convention, the convention of the convention, the convention of the convent

smutings of the imagination, even versatility and contration, as these acts expose the invisible organs and abersof the mind, which respond, member for member, the parts of the body. For we thus enter a new masium, and learn to choose men by their truest ass, taught, with Plato, "to choose those who can, tout aid from the eyes or any other sense, proceed to in and to being." Foremost among these activities the summersaults, spells, and resurrections, wrought the imagination. When this wakes, a man seems to tiply ten times or a thousand times his force. It is the delicious sense of indeterminate size, and ires an audacious mental habit. We are as elastic he gas of gunpowder, and a sentence in a book, or a dropped in conversation, sets free our fancy, and antly our heads are bathed with galaxies, and our tread the floor of the Pit. And this benefit is real, tuse we are entitled to these enlargements, and, once ing passed the bounds, shall never again be quite miserable pedants we were.

he high functions of the intellect are so allied, that a imaginative power usually appears in all eminent ds, even in arithmeticians of the first class, but cially in meditative men of an intuitive habit of 19th. This class serve us, so that they have the 19th epition of identity and the perception of reaction. 19th eyes of Plato, Shakespeare, Swedenborg, Goethe, 19th et al. 20th epition of 20th epition of 20th epition of 20th epition et al. 20th epition of 20th epition et al. 20th epition

ittle through failure to see them.

ven these feasts have their surfeit. Our delight in on degenerates into idolatry of the herald. Especiwhen a mind of powerful method has instructed, we find the examples of oppression. The dominion distotle, the Ptolemaic astronomy, the credit of her, of Bacon, of Locke—in religion, the history of archies, of saints, and the sects which have taken name of each founder, are in point. Alas! every is such a victim. The imbecility of men is always ting the impudence of power. It is the delight of the religion of the principle of the light of the lig

true genius seeks to defend us from itself. True will not impoverish, but will liberate, and add senses. If a wise man should appear in our villa would create, in those who conversed with him, consciousness of wealth, by opening their eyes to served advantages; he would establish a sense of movable equality, calm us with assurances that could not be cheated; as every one would discer checks and guaranties of condition. The rich woutheir mistakes and poverty, the poor their escapes their resources.

But nature brings all this about in due time. tion is her remedy. The soul is impatient of ma and eager for change. Housekeepers say of a don who has been valuable, "She had lived with me enough." We are tendencies, or rather, symptoms none of us complete. We touch and go, and signorm of many lives. Rotation is the law of na When nature removes a great man, people explore horizon for a successor; but none comes, and none His class is extinguished with him. In some other quite different field the next man will appear; Jefferson, not Franklin, but now a great salesman; a road-contractor; then a student of fishes; the buffalo - hunting explorer; or a semi - savage wes general. Thus we make a stand against our rou masters, but against the best there is a finer rem The power which they communicate is not the When we are exalted by ideas, we do not owe to Plato, but to the idea, to which also Plato

I must not forget that we have a special debt to single class. Life is a scale of degrees. Between ra and rank of our great men are wide intervals. Makind have, in all ages, attached themselves to a sepersons, who, either by the quality of that idea the embodied, or by the largeness of their reception, we entitled to the position of leaders and law-givers. The teach us the qualities of primary nature,—admit us the constitution of things. We swim, day by day, of a crive anglandelusions can discrete that is a constitution of things.

The sand towns in the air, of which the men about us need upes. But life is a sincerity. In lucid intervals it, lay, "Let there be an entrance opened for me into inclus; I have worn the fool's cap too long." We now the meaning of our economies and politics. It is the cipher, and, if persons and things are scores inclestial music, let us read off the strains. We is been cheated of our reason; yet there have been it is men who enjoyed a rich and related existence. In they know, they know for us. With each new is a new secret of nature transpires; nor can the is be closed until the last great man is born. These incorrect the delirium of the animal spirits, make us inderate, and engage us to new aims and powers. It were the multitude of statues, pictures, and inorials which recall their genius in every city, village, use and ship:—

Ever their phantoms arise before us, Our loftier brothers, but one in blood; At bed and table they lord it o'er us, With looks of beauty and words of good.

fow to illustrate the distinctive benefit of ideas, the cice rendered by those who introduce moral truths the general mind?—I am plagued, in all my ag, with a perpetual tariff of prices. If I work in garden, and prune an apple-tree, I am well enough retained, and could continue indefinitely in the like apation. But it comes to mind that a day is gone, I have got this precious nothing done. I go to ton or New York, and run up and down on my irs: they are sped, but so is the day. I am vexed the recollection of this price I have paid for a trifling rantage. I remember the peau d'ane, on which whose should have his desire, but a piece of the skin was gone every wish. I go to a convention of philanthropists. what I can, I cannot keep my eyes off the clock. If there should appear in the company some gentle who knows little of persons or parties, of Carolina Cuba, but who any admirational collection and truths are should appear in the company some gentles who knows little of persons or parties, of Carolina Cuba, but who any admiration and cuba presents are structured.

particulars, and so certifies me of the equity u checkmates every false player, bankrupts every seeker, and apprizes me of my independence on any ditions of country, or time, or human body, that liberates me; I forget the clock. I pass out of the relations to persons. I am healed of my hurts. I made immortal by apprehending my possession of it ruptible goods. Here is a great competition of rich; poor. We live in a market, where is only so n wheat, or wool, or land; and if I have so much m every other must have so much less. I seem to have good without breach of good manners. Nobody is in the gladness of another, and our system is on war, and of an injurious superiority. Every child the Saxon race is educated to wish to be first. It is system; and a man comes to measure his greatnes regrets, envies, and hatreds of his competitors. in these new fields there is room: here are no

esteems, no exclusions. I admire great men of all classes, those who s for facts, and for thoughts; I like rough and smo "Scourges of God," and "Darlings of the human ra I like the first Cæsar; and Charles V., of Spain; Charles XII., of Sweden; Richard Plantagenet; Bonaparte, in France. I applaud a sufficient man officer equal to his office; captains, ministers, senators like a master standing firm on legs of iron, well-kerich, handsome, eloquent, loaded with advanta drawing all men by fascination into tributaries and porters of his power. Sword and staff, or talents sw like or staff-like, carry on the work of the world. I find him greater, when he can abolish himself and heroes, by letting in this element of reason, irrespect of persons; this subtiliser, and irresistible upward for into our thought, destroying individualism; the po so great, that the potentate is nothing. Then he monarch, who gives a constitution to his people; a port who preaches the equality of souls, and releases servants from their barbarous homages; an emper who can spare his empire.

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or three points of service. Nature never spares opium or nepenthe; but, wherever she mars creature with some deformity or defect, lays her was plentifully on the bruise, and the sufferer goes ly through life, ignorant of the ruin, and incapable eing it, though all the world point their finger at very day. The worthless and offensive members ciety, whose existence is a social pest, invariably themselves the most ill-used people alive, and never over their astonishment at the ingratitude and seless of their contemporaries. Our globe discovers idden virtues, not only in heroes and archangels, n gossips and nurses. Is it not a rare contrivance lodged the due inertia in every creature, the conng, resisting energy, the anger at being waked or ged? Altogether independent of the intellectual in each, is the pride of opinion, the security that re right. Not the feeblest grandame, not a mowing but uses what spark of perception and faculty t, to chuckle and triumph in his or her opinion the absurdities of all the rest. Difference from s the measure of absurdity. Not one has a misg of being wrong. Was it not a bright thought made things cohere with this bitumen, fastest ments? But, in the midst of this chuckle of selflation, some figure goes by, which Thersites too ove and admire. This is he that should marshal e way we were going. There is no end to his aid. out Plato, we should almost lose our faith in the bility of a reasonable book. We seem to want one, but we want one. We love to associate with c persons, since our receptivity is unlimited; and, the great, our thoughts and manners easily become t. We are all wise in capacity, though so few in gy. There needs but one wise man in a company, all are wise, so rapid is the contagion.

reat men are thus a collyrium to clear our eyes from ism, and enable us to see other people and their is. But there are vices and follies incident to be populations and ages. Men resemble their conporaries, even any angerial than their progenited by equagerial

observed in old couples, or in persons who have be housemates for a course of years, that they grow all and, if they should live long enough, we should not able to know them apart. Nature abhors these or plaisances, which threaten to melt the world in lump, and hastens to break up such maudlin agglut tions. The like assimilation goes on between men one town, of one sect, of one political party; and ideas of the time are in the air, and infect all who breat it. Viewed from any high point, this city of New Yo yonder city of London, the western civilization, w seem a bundle of insanities. We keep each other countenance, and exasperate by emulation the fre of the time. The shield against the stingings of science, is the universal practice, or our contemporar Again; it is very easy to be as wise and good as companions. We learn of our contemporaries v they know, without effort, and almost through pores of the skin. We catch it by sympathy, or, wife arrives at the intellectual and moral elevation her husband. But we stop where they stop. V hardly can we take another step. The great, or s as hold of nature, and transcend fashions, by t fidelity to universal ideas, are saviours from these fee errors, and defend us from our contemporaries. The are the exceptions which we want, where all grows a A foreign greatness is the antidote for cabalism.

Thus we feed on genius, and refresh ourselves from much conversation with our mates, and exult in depth of nature in that direction in which he leads What indemnification is one great man for popular of pigmies! Every mother wishes one son a genthough all the rest should be mediocre. But a man danger appears in the excess of influence of the grant. His attractions warp us from our place. I have become underlings and intellectual suicides. A yonder in the horizon is our help:—other great me new qualities, counterweights and checks on each other wears of the honey of each peculiar greatness. Even becomes a bore at last. Perhaps Voltaire was not consider the property of the honey of each distinct of the property of the honey of each peculiar greatness.

you, let me never hear that man's name again." Washington!" is the poor Jacobin's whole speech unfutation. But it is human nature's indispendefence. The centripetence augments the centrifu-We balance one man with his opposite, and the of the state depends on the see-saw.

re is, however, a speedy limit to the use of heroes. genius is defended from approach by quantities availableness. They are very attractive, and seem listance our own: but we are hindered on all sides approach. The more we are drawn, the more we pelled. There is something not solid in the good is done for us. The best discovery the discoverer for himself. It has something unreal for ompanion, until he too has substantiated it. sems as if the Deity dressed each soul which ads into nature in certain virtues and powers not unicable to other men, and, sending it to perform more turn through the circle of beings, wrote transferable," and "Good for this trip only," on garments of the soul. There is somewhat tive about the intercourse of minds. daries are invisible, but they are never crossed. is such good will to impart, and such good will eive, that each threatens to become the other; e law of individuality collects its secret strength : re you, and I am I, and so we remain.

nature wishes everything to remain itself; and, every individual strives to grow and exclude, exclude and grow, to the extremities of the uniand to impose the law of its being on every other re, nature steadily aims to protect each against other. Each is self-defended. Nothing is more d than the power by which individuals are guarded individuals, in a world where every benefactor beso easily a malefactor, only by continuation of his ty into places where it is not due; where children so much at the mercy of their foolish parents, and almost all men are too social and interfering. How superior in their security from infusions of persons, from vulgarity and second thought! shed their own abundant beauty on the objects behold. Therefore they are not at the mercy of poor educators as we adults. If we huff and them, they soon come not to mind it, and get a reliance; and if we include them to folly, they the limitation elsewhere.

We need not fear excessive influence. A generous trust is permitted. Serve the great. at no humiliation. Grudge no office thou canst re Be the limb of their body, the breath of their m Compromise thy egotism. Who cares for that, 50 gain aught wider and nobler? Never mind the of Boswellism: the devotion may easily be gr than the wretched pride which is guarding its skirts. Be another: not thyself, but a Plate not a soul, but a Christian; not a naturalist, h Cartesian; not a poet, but a Shakesperian. In the wheels of tendency will not stop, nor will a forces of inertia, fear, or of love itself, hold thee On, and for ever onward! The microscope obs a monad or wheel-insect among the infusories lating in water. Presently a dot appears on the an which enlarges to a slit, and it becomes two pe animals. The ever-proceeding detachment ap not less in all thought, and in society. Children they cannot live without their parents. But, before they are aware of it, the black dot has peared, and the detachment taken place. Any acc will now reveal to them their independence.

But great men:—the word is injurious. Is t caste? is there fate? What becomes of the proto virtue? The thoughtful youth laments the st feetation of nature, "Generous and handsome," says, "is your hero; but look at yonder poor Pawhose country is his wheelbarrow; look at his wnation of Paddies." Why are the masses, from the dof history down, food for knives and powder? The Codiginal was adjusted to the country of the codiginal was adjusted.

self-devotion; and they make war and death di-but what for the wretches whom they hire lal? The cheapness of man is every day's tragedy. It is real a loss that others should be low as that we

it a reply to these suggestions, to say society is stalozzian school: all are teachers and pupils in. We are equally served by receiving and by im-

We are equally served by receiving and by im-Men who know the same things are not long est company for each other. But bring to each telligent person of another experience, and it is you let off water from a lake by cutting a lower It seems a mechanical advantage, and great it it is to each speaker, as he can now paint out his that to himself. We pass very fast, in our personal is, from dignity to dependence. And if any apnever to assume the chair, but always to stand and , it is because we do not see the company in a suffily long period for the whole rotation of parts to about. As to what we call the masses, and commen;-there are no common men. All men are st of a size; and true art is only possible on the iction that every talent has its apotheosis somewhere. play, and an open field, and freshest laurels to all have won them! But heaven reserves an equal for every creature. Each is uneasy until he has aced his private ray unto the concave sphere, and d his patent also in its last nobility and exaltation. e heroes of the hour are relatively great: of a r growth; or they are such, in whom, at the ent of success, a quality is ripe which is then equest. Other days will demand other qualities. e rays escape the common observer, and want a y adapted eye. Ask the great man if there be greater. His companions are; and not the less t, but the more, that society cannot see them. are never sends a man into the planet, without

ding the secret to another soul.

The gracious fact emerges from these studies—that

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prove its barbarism. The genius of humanity is the subject whose biography is written in our annals. must infer much, and supply many chasms in the re The history of the universe is symptomatic, and mnemonical. No man, in all the procession of fa men, is reason or illumination, or that essence we looking for; but is an exhibition, in some quart new possibilities. Could we one day complete immense figure which these flagrant points com The study of many individuals leads us to an elem region wherein the individual is lost, or where touch by their summits. Thought and feeling, break out there, cannot be impounded by any of personality. This is the key to the power of greatest men-their spirit diffuses itself. A quality of mind travels by night and by day, in centric circles from its origin, and publishes its unknown methods: the union of all minds ap intimate: what gets admission to one, cannot be out of any other: the smallest acquisition of tru of energy, in any quarter, is so much good to the monwealth of souls. If the disparities of talen position vanish when the individuals are seen in duration which is necessary to complete the care each, even more swiftly the seeming injustice appears when we ascend to the central identity the individuals, and know that they are made of substance which ordaineth and doeth.

The genius of humanity is the right point of vie history. The qualities abide; the men who exhibit have now more, now less, and pass away; the quaremain on another brow. No experience is familiar. Once you saw phænixes; they are gone; world is not therefore disenchanted. The vessels which you read sacred emblems turn out to be compottery; but the sense of the pictures is sacred, you may still read them transferred to the walls of world. For a time, our teachers serve us persons as metres or milestones of progress. Once they angels of knowledge, and their figures considered the

angels of knowledge and their figures congched the Then we drew near, saw their means, culture, and limit

bey yielded their place to other geniuses. Happy, aw names remain so high, that we have not been to read them nearer, and age and comparison have bbed them of a ray. But, at last, we shall cease in men for completeness, and shall content ourwith their social and delegated quality. All that ets the individual is temporary and prospective, the individual himself, who is ascending out of his into a catholic existence. We have never come true and best benefit of any genius, so long as we te him an original force. In the moment when eases to help us as a cause, he begins to help us as an effect. Then he appears as an exponent vaster mind and will. The opaque self becomes parent with the light of the First Cause.

et, within the limits of human education and agency, hay say, great men exist that there may be greater The destiny of organized nature is amelioraand who can tell its limits? It is for man ame the chaos; on every side, whilst he lives, to ter the seeds of science and of song, that climate, animals, men, may be milder, and the germs of and benefit may be multiplied.

II.—PLATO; OR, THE PHILOSOPHER.

MONG books, Plato only is entitled to Omar's fa cal compliment to the Koran, when he said, "I the libraries, for their value is in this book." These tences contain the culture of nations; the searce corner-stone of schools; these are the fountainof literatures. A discipline it is in logic, arithm taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, onto morals, or practical wisdom. There was never range of speculation. Out of Plato come all things are still written and debated among men of thor Great havoc makes he among our originalities. have reached the mountain from which all these boulders were detached. The Bible of the learned twenty-two hundred years, every brisk young man says in succession fine things to each reluctant ger tion,—Boethius, Rabelais, Erasmus, Bruno, Le Rousseau, Alfieri, Coleridge,—is some reader of P translating into the vernacular, wittily, his good th Even the men of grander proportions suffer some duction from the misfortune (shall I say?) of coming this exhausting generalizer. St. Augustine, Copern Newton, Behmen, Swedenborg, Goethe, are like his debtors, and must say after him. For it is fa credit the broadest generalizer with all the partic deducible from his thesis.

Plato is philosophy, and philosophy, Plato,—at the glory and the shame of mankind, since neither Sa nor Roman have availed to add any idea to his categor No wife, no children, had he, and the thinkers of civilized nations are his posterity, and are tinged his mind. How many great men Nature is incessar sending up out of night to be his men,—Platonists! Alexandrians, a constellation of genius; the El bethans, not less; Sir Thomas More, Henry More, John Hales, John Smith, Lord Bacon, Jeremy Tay Ralph Cudworth, Sydenham, Thomas Taylor; Marci Coricinus and Marions led Miranidoland b Calainian is in

do; Christianity is in it. Mahometanism draws sphilosophy in its handbook of morals, the Akhlakdaly, from him. Mysticism finds in Plato all its. This citizen of a town in Greece is no villager patriot. An Englishman reads and says, "How lish!" a German, "How Teutonic!" an Italian, we Roman and how Greek!" As they say that an of Argos had that universal beauty that everyfelt related to her, so Plato seems, to a reader level England, an American Genius. His broad canity transcends all sectional lines. It is range of Plato instructs us what to think of the

ad question concerning his reputed works,—what renuine, what spurious. It is singular that wherever find a man higher, by a whole head, than any of his temporaries, it is sure to come into doubt what are real works. Thus Homer, Plato, Raffaelle, Shake-are. For these men magnetize their contemporaries, that their companions can do for them what they never do for themselves; and the great man does is live in several bodies, and write, or paint, or act many hands: and after some time it is not easy to what is the authentic work of the master, and what

aly of his school.

lato, too, like every great man, consumed his own es. What is a great man but one of great affinities, takes up into himself all arts, sciences, all knowes, as his food? He can spare nothing; he can use of everything. What is not good for virtue good for knowledge. Hence his contemporaries tax is with plagiarism. But the inventor only knows to borrow; and society is glad to forget the inmerable labourers who ministered to this architect, it reserves all its gratitude for him. When we are using Plato it seems we are praising quotations from on, and Sophron, and Philolaus. Be it so. Every has a quotation; and every house is a quotation out all forests, and mines, and stone-quarries; and every is a quotation from all his ancestors. And this sping inventor puts all nations under contribution.

Pest

Timæus, Heraclitus, Parmenides, and what else; his master, Socrates; and, finding himself still cap-of a larger synthesis,—beyond all example then or since he travelled into Italy, to gain what Pythagoras hac him; then into Egypt, and perhaps still farther easimport the other elements, which Europe wanted, the European mind. This breadth entitles him to s as the representative of philosophy. He says in Republic, "Such a genius as philosophers must of ne sity have is wont but seldom, in all its parts, to mee one man; but its different parts generally spring in different persons." Every man who would do thing well must come to it from a higher ground. philosopher must be more than a philosopher. P. is clothed with the powers of a poet, stands upon highest place of the poet, and (though I doubt he wan the decisive gift of lyric expression) mainly is not ap because he chose to use the poetic gift to an ulte purpose.

Great geniuses have the shortest biographies. Tousins can tell you nothing about them. They live their writings, and so their house and street life trivial and commonplace. If you would know tastes and complexions, the most admiring of treaders most resembles them. Plato, especially, has external biography. If he had lover, wife, or child we hear nothing of them. He ground them all paint. As a good chimney burns its smoke, so a pospher converts the value of all his fortunes into

intellectual performances.

He was born 430, A.C., about the time of the death Pericles; was of patrician connection in his times city; and is said to have had an early inclination for white but, in his twentieth year, meeting with Socrates, easily dissuaded from this pursuit, and remained for years his scholar, until the death of Socrates. He went to Megara, accepted the invitations of Diona of Dionysius to the court of Sicily, and went thither the times, though very capriciously treated. He travel into Italy, then into Egypt, where he stayed a long time Coomercian white condession Dionaccept the stayed is said.

farther, into Babylonia: this is uncertain. Recing to Athens, he gave lessons in the Academy to whom his fame drew thither, and died, as we have aved it, in the act of writing, at eighty-one years.

put the biography of Plato is interior. We are to ount for the supreme elevation of this man in the lectual history of our race, -how it happens that, roportion to the culture of men, they become his lars; that, as our Jewish Bible has implanted itself the table-talk and household life of every man and man in the European and American nations, so the ings of Plato have preoccupied every school of ning, every lover of thought, every church, every t,—making it impossible to think, on certain levels, ept through him. He stands between the truth and my man's mind, and has almost impressed language, the primary forms of thought, with his name and I am struck, in reading him, with the extreme demness of his style and spirit. Here is the germ of t Europe we know so well, in its long history of arts arms: here are all its traits, already discernible in mind of Plato,—and in none before him. ad itself since into a hundred histories, but has added new element. This perpetual modernness is the isure of merit in every work of art, since the author of ras not misled by anything short-lived or local, but de by real and abiding traits. How Plato came thus be Europe, and philosophy, and almost literature, is problem for us to solve.

This could not have happened without a sound, sincere, a catholic man, able to honour at the same time the al, or laws of the mind, and fate, or the order of nature. If it is period of a nation, as of an individual, is the iod of unconscious strength. Children cry, scream, a stamp with fury, unable to express their desires. Soon as they can speak and tell their want, and the son of it, they become gentle. In adult life, whilst perceptions are obtuse, men and women talk vehently and superlatively, blunder and quarrel; their mers are full of desperation, their speech is full of hs. As soon angany was chartered that the strength is the second of the secon

a little, and they see them no longer in lumps and mass but accurately distributed, they desist from that we vehemence, and explain their meaning in detail. If tongue had not been framed for articulation man wo still be a beast in the forest. The same weakness a want, on a higher plane, occurs daily in the education of ardent young men and women. "Ah! you do understand me; I have never met with anyone w comprehends me:" and they sigh and weep, w verses, and walk alone,-fault of power to express the precise meaning. In a month or two, through the faw of their good genius, they meet some one so related to assist their volcanic estate, and good communicat being once established, they are thenceforward go citizens. It is ever thus. The progress is to accura to skill, to truth, from blind force.

There is a moment, in the history of every nati when, proceeding out of this brute youth, the percept powers reach their ripeness, and have not yet been microscopic: so that man, at that instant, extended across the entire scale, and with his feet still plan on the immense forces of night, converses, by his and brain, with solar and stellar creation. That is moment of adult health, the culmination of power.

Such is the history of Europe in all points, and s in philosophy. Its early records, almost perished, of the immigrations from Asia, bringing with them dreams of barbarians; a confusion of crude notions morals, and of natural philosophy, gradually subside

through the partial insight of single teachers. Before Pericles came the Seven Wise Masters, and have the beginnings of geometry, metaphysics, and ethi

then the partialists; deducing the origin of things in flux or water, or from air, or from fire, or from min All mix with these causes mythologic pictures. At la comes Plato, the distributor, who needs no barbu paint, or tattoo, or whooping; for he can define. I leaves with Asia the vast and superlative; he is the arrival of accuracy and intelligence. "He shall be a god to me who can rightly divide and define."
This defining is philosophy. Philosophy is

Int which the human mind gives to itself of the sitution of the world. Two cardinal facts lie for ever base; the one, and the two.—I. Unity, or Identity;

2. Variety. We unite all things by perceiving the which pervades them; by perceiving the superficial rences and the profound resemblances. But every tal act,—this very perception of identity or oneness, saizes the difference of things. Oneness and other-It is impossible to speak or to think without

racing both.

he mind is urged to ask for one cause of many effects; for the cause of that; and again the cause, diving into the profound, self-assured that it shall arrive a absolute and sufficient one,—a one that shall be "In the midst of the sun is the light, in the midst be light is truth, and in the midst of truth is the imshable being," say the Vedas. All philosophy, of and west, has the same centripetence. Urged by pposite necessity, the mind returns from the one to which is not one, but other or many; from cause ffect; and affirms the necessary existence of variety, self-existence of both, as each is involved in the other. se strictly-blended elements it is the problem of ight to separate and to reconcile. Their existence nutually contradictory and exclusive; and each so slides into the other that we can never say what is and what it is not. The Proteus is as nimble in the est as in the lowest grounds, when we contemplate one, the true, the good,-as in the surfaces and emities of matter.

the conception of the fundamental Unity. The ures of prayer and ecstasy of devotion lose all being the Being. This tendency finds its highest expression the religious writings of the East, and chiefly in the an Scriptures, in the Vedas, the Bhagavat Geeta, the Vishnu Purana. Those writings contain little than this idea, and they rise to pure and subliments in celebrating it.

le Same, the Same: friend and foe are of one stuff; ploughinan, அது நகைத்தி காலி the மாக்கில் கண்டு வருமார். stuff; and the stuff is such, and so much, that variations of form are unimportant. "You are f (says the supreme Krishna to a sage) "to appreh that you are not distinct from me. That which I thou art, and that also is this world, with its gods, heroes, and mankind. Men contemplate distinction because they are stupefied with ignorance." "The wo I and mine constitute ignorance. What is the great of all you shall now learn from me? It is soul,-on all bodies, pervading, uniform, perfect, pre-emin over nature, exempt from birth, growth, and deomnipresent, made up of true knowledge, independ unconnected with unrealities, with name, species, the rest, in time past, present, and to come. The kn ledge that this spirit, which is essentially one, is in o own, and in all other bodies, is the wisdom of one knows the unity of things. As one diffusive air, pas through the perforations of a flute, is distinguished as notes of a scale, so the nature of the Great Spirit is sir though its forms be manifold, arising from the co quences of acts. When the difference of the inves form, as that of god, or the rest, is destroyed, the no distinction." "The whole world is but a manife tion of Vishnu, who is identical with all things, an to be regarded by the wise as not differing from, but the same as themselves. I neither am going nor comi nor is my dwelling in any one place; nor art thou, th nor are others, others; nor am I, I." As if he hads "All is for the soul, and the soul is Vishnu; and anim and stars are transient paintings; and light is w wash; and durations are deceptive; and form is prisonment; and heaven itself a decoy." That wi the soul seeks is resolution into being, above form, of Tartarus, and out of heaven,-liberation from nat

If speculation tends thus to a terrific unity, in whall things are absorbed, action tends directly backwa to diversity. The first is the course or gravitation mind; the second is the power of nature. Nature is manifold. The unity absorbs, and melts or reduce Nature opens and creates. These two principles appears and well-background appears and creates.

the many. One is being; the other, intellect; one messity; the other, freedom: one, rest; the other, one, one, power; the other, distribution: one, sth; the other, pleasure: one, consciousness; the definition: one, genius; the other, talent: one, estness; the other, knowledge: one, possession; other, trade: one, caste; the other, culture: one, is the other, democracy: and if we dare carry these ralizations a step higher, and name the last tendency oth, we might say that the end of the one is escape organization,—pure science; and the end of the is the highest instrumentality, or use of means, secutive deity.

ach student adheres, by temperament and by habit, the first or second of these gods of the mind. By ton, he tends to unity: by intellect, or by the senses, he many. A too rapid unification, and an excessive lance to parts and particulars, are the twin dangers

peculation.

this partiality the history of nations corresponded. country of unity, of immovable institutions, the seat philosophy delighting in abstractions, of men faithful octrine and in practice to the idea of a deaf, unimable, immense fate, is Asia; and it realizes this in the social institution of caste. On the other, the genius of Europe is active and creative: it is caste by culture; its philosophy was a discipline; a land of arts, inventions, trade, freedom. If the tloved infinity, the West delighted in boundaries.

delight in forms, delight in manifestation, in combensible results. Pericles, Athens, Greece, had been king in this element with the joy of genius not yet led by any foresight of the detriment of an excess. The saw before them no sinister political economy; ominous Malthus; no Paris or London; no pitiless division of classes—the doom of the pinmakers, the lem of the weavers, of dressers, of stockingers, of the detriment of the weavers, of colliers; no Ireland; no Indian to, superindiced by the delight of the most incomparison.

off. The understanding was in its health and print Art was in its splendid novelty. They cut the Pentelli marble as if it were snow, and their perfect works architecture and sculpture seemed things of course, more difficult than the completion of a new ship at Medford yards, or new mills at Lowell. These this are in course, and may be taken for granted. Roman legion, Byzantine legislation, English trade, saloons of Versailles, the cafés of Paris, the steamsteam-boat, steam-coach, may all be seen in perspectithe town-meeting, the ballot-box, the newspaper acheap press.

Meantime, Plato, in Egypt and in Eastern pilgrima imbibed the idea of one Deity, in which all things absorbed. The unity of Asia, and the detail of Euro the infinitude of the Asiatic soul, and the defining, resloving, machine-making, surface-seeking, opera-go Europe—Plato came to join, and by contact, to enhat the energy of each. The excellence of Europe and are in his brain. Metaphysics and natural philoso expressed the genius of Europe; he substructs

religion of Asia, as the base.

In short, a balanced soul was born, perceptive of two elements. It is as easy to be great as to be sn The reason why we do not at once believe in admira souls, is because they are not in our experience. actual life, they are so rare as to be incredible; primarily, there is not only no presumption aga them, but the strongest presumption in favour of t appearance. But whether voices were heard in the or not; whether his mother or his father dreamed t the infant man-child was the son of Apollo; whe a swarm of bees settled on his lips, or not; a man' could see two sides of a thing was born. The wonder synthesis so familiar in nature; the upper and the un side of the medal of Jove; the union of impossibilit which reappears in every object; its real and its it power-was now, also, transferred entire to the conscion ness of a man.

The balanced soul came. If he loved abstract true he saved himself by propounding the most popular

inciples, the absolute good, which rules rulers, and is the judge. If he made transcendental distinction he fortified himself by drawing all his illustrations sources disdained by orators and polite conversers; mares and puppies; from pitchers and soup-ladles; cooks and criers; the shops of potters, horse-rs, butchers, and fishmongers. He cannot forgive aself a partiality, but is resolved that the two poles bught shall appear in his statement. His argument is sentence are self-poised and spherical. The two appear; yes, and become two hands, to grasp and

priate their own. ery great artist has been such by synthesis. Our gth is transitional, alternating; or, shall I say, a d of two strands. The sea-shore, sea seen from , shore seen from sea; the taste of two metals in act; and our enlarged powers at the approach and e departure of a friend; the experience of poetic iveness, which is not found in staying at home, nor travelling, but in transitions from one to the other, must therefore be adroitly managed to present uch transitional surface as possible; this command o elements must explain the power and the charm lato. Art expresses the one, or the same by the rent. Thought seeks to know unity in unity; ry to show it by variety; that is, always by an obor symbol. Plato keeps the two vases, one of æther one of pigment, at his side, and invariably uses Things added to things, as statistics, civil

haustibly attractive. Things used as language are Plato turns incessantly the reverse of the medal of Jove.

take an example:—The physical philosophers had ched each his theory of the world; the theory of ms, of fire, of flux, of spirit; theories mechanical and mical in their genius. Plato, a master of matheics, studious of all natural laws and causes, feels e, as second causes, to be no theories of the world, bare inventories and lists. To the study of nature therefore prefixes the dogma—"Let us declare the se which led the Staphelme Ordanier Representations.

compose the universe. He was good; and he was good has no kind of envy. Exempt from envy, he was that all things should be as much as possible like him Whosoever, taught by wise men, shall admit this aprime cause of the origin and foundation of the wall be in the truth." "All things are for the salthe good, and it is the cause of everything beaution This dogma animates and impersonates his philosop

The synthesis which makes the character of his appears in all his talents. Where there is great comof wit, we usually find excellences that combine in the living man, but in description appear in patible. The mind of Plato is not to be exhibited Chinese catalogue, but is to be apprehended by an original in the exercise of its original power. In him freest abandonment is united with the precision geometer. His daring imagination gives him the solid grasp of facts; as the birds of highest flight the strongest alar bones. His patrician polish, intrinsic elegance, edged by an irony so subtle the strength of frame. According to the old sentence, Jove should descend to the earth, he would speak in style of Plato."

With this palatial air there is, for the direct air several of his works, and running through the tend them all, a certain earnestness, which mounts, in Republic, and in the Phædo, to piety. He has charged with feigning sickness at the time of the drof Socrates. But the anecdotes that have come drom the times attest his manly interference before people in his master's behalf, since even the savage of the assembly to Plato is preserved; and the indigition towards popular government, in many of his pied a native reverence for justice and honour, and a humity which makes him tender for the superstitions of people. Add to this, he believes that poetry, prophe and the high insight, are from a wisdom of which m is not master; that the gods never philosophize; by darget was mainfalleties of intractions are accomplished.

sid on these winged steeds, he sweeps the dim s, visits worlds which flesh cannot enter: he saw souls in pain: he hears the doom of the judge; he sids the penal metempsychosis; the Fates, with the and shears; and hears the intoxicating hum of

spindle.

this circumspection never forsook him. One would be had read the inscription on the gates of Busyrane Be bold; "and on the second gate—"Be bold, be and evermore be bold:" and then again had adwell at the third gate—"Be not too bold." His with is like the momentum of a falling planet; and discretion, the return of its due and perfect curve cellent is his Greek love of boundary, and his skill finition. In reading logarithms, one is not more re, than in following Plato in his flights. Nothing be colder than his head, when the lightnings of his ination are playing in the sky. He has finished hinking, before he brings it to the reader; and he inds in the surprises of a literary master. He has opulence which furnishes, at every turn, the precise on he needs. As the rich man wears no more gars, drives no more horses, sits in no more chambers, the poor-but has that one dress, or equipage, or ument, which is fit for the hour and the need; so o, in his plenty, is never restricted, but has the fit I. There is, indeed, no weapon in all the armoury it which he did not possess and use-epic, analysis, ia, intuition, music, satire, and irony, down to the mary and polite. His illustrations are poetry, and ests illustrations. Socrates' profession of obstetric is good philosophy; and his finding that word okery," and "adulatory art," for rhetoric, in the gias, does us a substantial service still. No orator measure in effect with him who can give good nick-

hat moderation, and understatement, and checking thunder in mid volley! He has good-naturedly ished the courtier and citizen with all that can be against the schools. "For philosophy is an elegant of any one modestly meddles with it; but, if he is

conversant with it more than is becoming, it corn the man." He could well afford to be generouswho, from the sunlike centrality and reach of his vis had a faith without cloud. Such as his perception, his speech: he plays with the doubt, and makes the of it: he paints and quibbles; and by-and-by com sentence that moves the sea and land. The admir earnest comes not only at intervals, in the perfect and no of the dialogue, but in bursts of light. "I, the fore, Callicles, am persuaded by these accounts, and sider how I may exhibit my soul before the judge healthy condition. Wherefore, disregarding the hon that most men value, and looking to the truth, I endeavour in reality to live as virtuously as I can; when I die, to die so. And I invite all other men to utmost of my power; and you, too, I in turn invi this contest, which, I affirm, surpasses all contests h

He is a great average man; one who, to the thinking, adds a proportion and equality in his facu so that men see in him their own dreams and glin made available, and made to pass for what they are. great common sense is his warrant and qualification be the world's interpreter. He has reason, as all philosophic and poetic class have: but he has, what they have not,-this strong solving sense to re cile his poetry with the appearances of the world, build a bridge from the streets of cities to the Atla He omits never this graduation, but slopes his thou however picturesque the precipice on one side, to access from the plain. He never writes in ecstass

catches us up into poetic raptures.

Plato apprehended the cardinal facts. He of prostrate himself on the earth, and cover his eyes w he adored that which cannot be numbered, or gauge known, or named: that of which everything can affirmed and denied: that "which is entity and entity." He called it super-essential. He even st ready, as in the Parmenides, to demonstrate that it so-that this Being exceeded the limits of intellect. CGnaraever wad to thir lecking wie tiged the Theffable. He mid his homage, as for the human race, to the Illimithe then stood erect, and for the human race affirmed, and yet things are knowable!"—that is, the Asia in mind was first heartily honoured—the ocean of love power, before form, before will, before knowledge, Same, the Good, the One; and now, refreshed and owered by this worship, the instinct of Europe, vable! They are knowable, because, being from things correspond. There is a scale: and the corre-idence of heaven to earth, of matter to mind, of the to the whole, is our guide. As there is a science of s, called astronomy; a science of quantities, called hematics; a science of qualities, called chemistry; here is a science of sciences,—I call it Dialectic,— ch is the Intellect discriminating the false and the It rests on the observation of identity and diity; for, to judge, is to unite to an object the notion ch belongs to it. The sciences, even the bestthematics and astronomy-are like sportsmen, who whatever prey offers, even without being able to se any use of it. Dialectic must teach the use of m. "This is of that rank that no intellectual man enter on any study for its own sake, but only with ew to advance himself in that one sole science which races all."

The essence or peculiarity of man is to comprehend a ble; or that which, in the diversity of sensations, can comprised under a rational unity." "The soul which the perceived the truth cannot pass into the human are I announce to men the Intellect. I announce good of being interpenetrated by the mind that the nature: this benefit, namely, that it can undered nature, which it made and maketh. Nature is the diversity of the mind that the nature is described by the supremental to be stuffed with conjectures. I give you joy, O sons of men! that the saltogether wholesome; that we have hope to the out what might be the very self of everything. I misery of man is to be baulked of the sight of essence, to be stuffed with conjectures but the supremental is reality; the supremental beauty is reality; and all

virtue and all felicity depend on this science of the refor courage is nothing else than knowledge: the fair fortune that can befall man, is to be guided by his der to that which is truly his own. This also is the esse of justice—to attend every one his own: nay, the not of virtue is not to be arrived at, except through discontemplation of the divine essence. Courage, the for, "the persuasion that we must search that which do not know, will render us, beyond comparison, bet braver, and more industrious than if we thought it possible to discover what we do not know, and use to search for it." He secures a position not to be of manded, by his passion for reality; valuing philoso only as it is the pleasure of conversing with real being

Thus, full of the genius of Europe, he said, Culli He saw the institutions of Sparta, and recognized m genially, one would say, than any since, the hope education. He delighted in every accomplishment, every graceful and useful and truthful performan above all, in the splendours of genius and intellect achievement. "The whole of life, O Socrates," s Glauco, "is, with the wise, the measure of hearing s discourses as these." What a price he sets on the fe of talent, on the powers of Pericles, of Isocrates, Parmenides! What price, above price, on the tale themselves! He called the several faculties, gods, his beautiful personation. What value he gives to art of gymnastic in education; what to geometry; w to music; what to astronomy, whose appeasing a medicinal power he celebrates! In the Timæus, indicates the highest employment of the eyes. "By it is asserted, that God invented and bestowed sight us for this purpose-that, on surveying the circles intelligence in the heavens, we might properly empthose of our own minds, which, though disturbed with compared with the others that are uniform, are still all to their circulations: and that, having thus learned, a being naturally possessed of a correct reasoning facul we might, by imitating the uniform revolutions divinity, set right our own wanderings and blunder of the set of t n organ of the soul is both purified and re-animated, is blinded and buried by studies of another kind; san better worth saving than ten thousand eyes,

truth is perceived by this alone."

said, Culture; but he first admitted its basis, and immeasurably the first place to advantages of re. His patrician tastes laid stress on the disons of birth. In the doctrine of the organic charand disposition is the origin of caste. fit to govern, into their composition the informing mingled gold; into the military, silver; iron and for husbandmen and artificers." The East consistelf, in all ages, in this faith. The Koran is exon this point of caste. "Men have their metal, as old and silver. Those of you who were the worthy in the state of ignorance, will be the worthy ones e state of faith, as soon as you embrace it." Plato not less firm. " Of the five orders of things, only four be taught to the generality of men." In the Reic, he insists on the temperaments of the youth, as of the first.

happier example of the stress laid on nature, is in dialogue with the young Theages, who wishes to ive lessons from Socrates. Socrates declares that, me have grown wise by associating with him, no ks are due to him; but, simply, whilst they were him, they grew wise, not because of him; he pres not to know the way of it. "It is adverse to many, can those be benefited by associating with me, whom Dæmon opposes; so that it is not possible for me we with these. With many, however, he does not ent me from conversing, who yet are not at all efited by associating with me. Such, O Theages, is association with me; for, if it pleases the God, you make great and rapid proficiency: you will not, if does not please. Judge whether it is not safer to be ructed by some one of those who have power over benefit which they impart to men, than by me, who efit or not, just as it may happen." As if he had I have no system. I cannot be answerable for You will be what you miletion I prize is become tween us, inconceivably delicious and profitable willintercourse be; if not, your time is lost, and you only annoy me. I shall seem to you stupid, and reputation I have false. Quite above us, beyond will of you or me, is this secret affinity or repulsion and All my good is magnetic, and I educate, not by less

but by going about my business."

He said, Culture; he said, Nature: and he failed to add, "There is also the divine." There is no those in any mind, but it quickly tends to convert itself in power, and organizes a huge instrumentality of ma Plato, lover of limits, loved the illimitable, saw the largement and nobility which come from truth is and good itself, and attempted, as if on the part of human intellect, once for all, to do it adequate hom—homage fit for the immense soul to receive, and homage becoming the intellect to render. He say then, "Our faculties run out into infinity, and return us thence. We can define but a little way; but here a fact which will not be skipped, and which to shut eyes upon is suicide. All things are in a scale; a begin where we will, ascend and ascend. All things symbolical: and what we call results are beginnings.

symbolical; and what we call results are beginnings.

A key to the method and completeness of Plato is twice-bisected line. After he has illustrated the relati between the absolute good and true, and the forms the intelligible world, he says :- " Let there be a line in two unequal parts. Cut again each of these two proworld-and these two new sections, representing t bright part and the dark part of these worlds, you have, for one of the sections of the visible world-image that is, both shadows and reflections; for the other section, the objects of these images—that is, plans animals, and the works of art and nature. Then divis the intelligible world in like manner; the one section vi be of opinions and hypotheses, and the other section, truths." To these four sections, the four operations the soul correspond-conjecture, faith, understanding reason. As every pool reflects the image of the sun, s CEVer and an Warth Gollecting. Digitized by a Gangottimage and ature of the supreme Good. The universe is perford by a million channels for his activity. All things

unt and mount.

all his thought has this ascension; in Phædrus, teachthat "beauty is the most lovely of all things, exciting trity, and shedding desire and confidence through the verse, wherever it enters; and it enters, in some ree, into all things; but that there is another, which is much more beautiful than beauty, as beauty is than los; namely, wisdom, which our wonderful organ of the cannot reach unto, but which, could it be seen, all dravish us with its perfect reality." He has the regard to it as the source of excellence in works of

"When an artificer, in the fabrication of any work, is to that which always subsists according to the same; hemploying a model of this kind, expresses its ideal power in his work; it must follow, that his production should be beautiful. But when he beholds that the beholds that the born and dies, it will be far from beautiful."

thus ever: the Banquet is a teaching in the same it, familiar now to all the poetry, and to all the serns of the world, that the love of the sexes is initial; symbolizes, at a distance, the passion of the soul for timmense lake of beauty it exists to seek. This faith the Divinity is never out of mind, and constitutes the itation of all his dogmas. Body cannot teach wisdom fod only. In the same mind, he constantly affirms the virtue cannot be taught; that it is not a science, an inspiration; that the greatest goods are proted to us through mania, and are assigned to us by a sine gift.

This leads me to that central figure, which he has ablished in his Academy, as the organ through which ry considered opinion shall be announced, and whose graphy he has likewise so laboured that the historic is are lost in the light of Plato's mind. Socrates and ato are the double star, which the most powerful instructs will not entirely separate. Socrates, again, in his its and genius, is the best example of that synthesis ich constitutes Plato's extraordinary power socrates and of humble stem, but honest enough; of the com-

monest history; of a personal homeliness so remarkas to be a cause of wit in others—the rather that his h good nature and exquisite taste for a joke invited sally, which was sure to be paid. The players person him on the stage; the potters copied his ugly fac their stone jugs. He was a cool fellow, adding to humour a perfect temper, and a knowledge of his be he who he might whom he talked with, which the companion open to certain defeat in any deba and in debate he immoderately delighted. The y men are prodigiously fond of him, and invite him to feasts, whither he goes for conversation. He can de too; has the strongest head in Athens; and, after lea the whole party under the table, goes away, as if not had happened, to begin new dialogues with some that is sober. In short, he was what our country-pe call an old one.

He affected a good many citizen-like tastes, monstrously fond of Athens, hated trees, never williwent beyond the walls, knew the old characters, vathe bores and Philistines, thought everything in Atla little better than anything in any other place. He plain as a Quaker in habit and speech, affected phrases, and illustrations from cocks and quails, spans and sycamore-spoons, grooms and farriers, unnameable offices—especially if he talked with superfine person. He had a Franklin-like wisdom. In he showed one who was afraid to go on foot to Olym that it was no more than his daily walk within door continuously extended, would easily reach.

Plain old uncle as he was, with his great earsimmense talker—the rumour ran, that, on one or occasions, in the war with Bocotia, he had shown a demination which had covered the retreat of a troop; there was some story that, under cover of folly, he had in the city government, when one day he chanced to ha seat there, evinced a courage in opposing singly popular voice, which had well-nigh ruined him. He very poor; but then he is hardy as a soldier, and live on a few olives; usually, in the strictest sear Con breach want Market exception when the property of the content o

His necessary expenses were exceedingly small, no one could live as he did. He wore no under garit; his upper garment was the same for summer and ter; and he went barefooted; and it is said that, to gure the pleasure, which he loves, of talking at his all day with the most elegant and cultivated young he will now and then return to his shop, and carve les, good or bad, for sale. However that may be, certain that he had grown to delight in nothing else this conversation; and that, under his hypocritical ence of knowing nothing, he attacks and brings down the fine speakers, all the fine philosophers of Athens, ther natives, or strangers from Asia Minor and the ds. Nobody can refuse to talk with him, he is so est, and really curious to know; a man who was ingly confuted, if he did not speak the truth, and who ingly confuted others asserting what was false; and less pleased when confuted than when confuting; for thought not any evil happened to men, of such a magdeas false opinion respecting the just and unjust. less disputant, who knows nothing, but the bounds of se conquering intelligence no man had ever reached; se temper was imperturbable; whose dreadful logic always leisurely and sportive; so careless and prant as to disarm the wariest, and draw them, in the santest manner, into horrible doubts and confusion. the always knew the way out; knew it, yet would not it. No escape; he drives them to terrible choices his dilemmas, and tosses the Hippiases and Gorgiases, h their grand reputations, as a boy tosses his balls. tyrannous realist !- Meno has discoursed a thousand es, at length, on virtue, before many companies, and well, as it appeared to him; but, at this moment, cannot even tell what it is—this cramp-fish of a rates has so bewitched him.

his hard-headed humorist, whose strange conceits, lery, and bonhomic diverted the young patricians, let the rumour of his sayings and quibbles gets abroad y day, turns out, in the sequel, to have a probity as notible as his logic, and to be either insane, or at the divergence of this play, enthusiastic in his religion.

When accused before the judges of subverting the popular creed, he affirms the immortality of the soul, the function reward and punishment; and, refusing to recant, in caprice of the popular government, was condemned die, and sent to the prison. Socrates entered the prison and took away all ignominy from the place, which contoned be a prison whilst he was there. Crito bribed jailer; but Socrates would not go out by treacher "Whatever inconvenience ensue, nothing is to be presented before justice. These things I hear like pipes a drums, whose sound makes me deaf to everything say." The fame of this prison, the fame of the discount there, and the drinking of the hemlock, are one of most precious passages in the history of the world.

The rare coincidence, in one ugly body, of the d and the martyr, the keen street and market debater w the sweetest saint known to any history at that ti had forcibly struck the mind of Plato, so capacious these contrasts; and the figure of Socrates, by a necess placed itself in the foreground of the scene, as the fit dispenser of the intellectual treasures he had to a municate. It was a rare fortune, that this Æsop of mob, and this robed scholar, should meet, to make a other immortal in their mutual faculty. The stra synthesis, in the character of Socrates, capped thes thesis in the mind of Plato. Moreover, by this mea he was able, in the direct way, and without envy, avail himself of the wit and weight of Socrates, to wh unquestionably his own debt was great; and the derived again their principal advantage from the per art of Plato.

It remains to say, that the defect of Plato in power only that which results inevitably from his quality, is intellectual in his aim; and, therefore, in expression literary. Mounting into heaven, diving into the personnel of the laws of the state, the passion of love, the remorse of crime, the hope of the parting soul—he literary, and never otherwise. It is almost the state deduction from the merit of Plato, that his writings have the state of the parting soul—he literary, and never otherwise. It is almost the state of the parting shall be a state of the parting have the parting the parting have the parting the parti

s of prophets and the sermons of unlettered Arabs Jews possess. There is an interval; and to cohesion,

act is necessary.

know not what can be said in reply to this criticism, that we have come to a fact in the nature of things: ak is not an orange. The qualities of sugar remain

sugar, and those of salt, with salt.
the second place, he has not a system. The dearest
aders and disciples are at fault. He attempted a Ty of the universe, and his theory is not complete or evident. One man thinks he means this; and her, that: he has said one thing in one place, and reverse of it in another place. He is charged with ng failed to make the transition from ideas to matter.
is the world, sound as a nut, perfect, not the lest piece of chaos left, never a stitch nor an end, a mark of haste, or botching, or second thought; but theory of the world is a thing of shreds and patches. he longest wave is quickly lost in the sea. Plato ld willingly have a Platonism, a known and accurate ression for the world, and it should be accurate. be the world passed through the mind of Platoning less. Every atom shall have the Platonic e; every atom, every relation or quality you knew ore, you shall know again, and find here, but now ered; not nature, but art. And you shall feel that xander indeed overran, with men and horses, some ntries of the planet; but countries, and things of ch countries are made, elements, planet itself, laws planet and of men, have passed through this man as ad into his body, and become no longer bread, but y: so all this mammoth morsel has become Plato. has clapped copyright on the world. This is the bition of individualism. But the mouthful proves large. Boa constrictor has good will to eat it, but sfoiled. He falls abroad in the attempt; and biting, strangled: the bitten world holds the biter fast by own teeth. There he perishes: unconquered nature s on, and forgets him. So it fares with all: so must fare with Plato. In view of eternal nature, Plato ns out Co-Obeaphilosophicah especitationsized be accenesi on this side, and on that. The acutest Germanlovingest disciple, could never tell what Platonism indeed, admirable texts can be quoted on both side

every great question from him.

These things we are forced to say, if we must come the effort of Plato, or of any philosopher, to dispose Nature—which will not be disposed of. No power genius has ever yet had the smallest success in exp ing existence. The perfect enigma remains. But is an injustice in assuming this ambition for PL Let us not seem to treat with flippancy his veneral name. Men, in proportion to their intellect, have mitted his transcendent claims. The way to knowl is to compare him, not with nature, but with other How many ages have gone by, and he remains un proached! A chief structure of human wit, like Kan or the mediæval cathedrals, or the Etrurian remain requires all the breadth of human faculty to know I think it is truliest seen, when seen with the most resp His sense deepens, his merits multiply, with study. W we say, here is a fine collection of fables; or, when praise the style; or the common sense; or arithme we speak as boys, and much of our impatient critic of the dialectic, I suspect, is no better. The critic is like our impatience of miles, when we are in a hur but it is still best that a mile should have sevent hundred and sixty yards. The great-eyed Plato portioned the lights and shades after the genius

PLATO: NEW READINGS.

THE publication, in Mr. Bohn's "Serial Library," of the excellent translations of Plato, which we esteem of the chief benefits the cheap press has yielded, gives m occasion to take hastily a few more notes of the ation and bearings of this fixed star; or, to add a etin, like the journals, of Plato at the latest dates.

odern science, by the extent of its generalization, learned to indemnify the student of man for the ects of individuals, by tracing growth and ascent in is; and, by the simple expedient of lighting up the background, generates a feeling of complacency hope. The human being has the saurian and the nt in his rear. His arts and sciences, the easy issue his brain, look glorious when prospectively beheld the distant brain of ox, crocodile, and fish. ms as if nature, in regarding the geologic night behind when, in five or six millenniums, she had turned out or six men, as Homer, Phidias, Menu, and Columbus, no wise discontented with the result. These samples sted the virtue of the tree. These were a clear dioration of trilobite and saurus, and a good basis further proceeding. With this artist, time and space cheap, and she is insensible to what you say of tedious paration. She waited tranquilly the flowing periods aleontology, for the hour to be struck when man ald arrive. Then periods must pass before the motion the earth can be suspected; then before the map of instincts and the cultivable powers can be drawn. as of races, so the succession of individual men is al and beautiful, and Plato has the fortune, in the eory of mankind, to mark an epoch.

lato's fame does not stand on a syllogism, or on any sterpieces of the Socratic reasoning, or on any thesis, or example, the immortality of the soul. He is more an expertant school man or a geometer, or the phet of a peculiar message. He represents the privi-

lege of the intellect, the power, namely, of carrying every fact to successive platforms, and so disclosing every fact, a germ of expansion. These expansions in the essence of thought. The naturalist would no help us to them by any discoveries of the extent of universe, but is as poor when cataloguing the resol nebula of Orion, as when measuring the angles of an a But the Republic of Plato, by these expansions, may said to require, and so to anticipate, the astronomy Laplace. The expansions are organic. Themind does create what it perceives, any more than the eye cre the rose. In ascribing to Plato the merit of announce them, we only say, here was a more complete man, could apply to nature the whole scale of the senses, understanding, and the reason. These expansions extensions, consist in continuing the spiritual s where the horizon falls on our natural vision, and this second sight, discovering the long lines of law wi shoot in every direction. Everywhere he stands of path which has no end, but runs continuously round universe. Therefore, every word becomes an expor of nature. Whatever he looks upon discloses a sec sense, and ulterior senses. His perception of the gen tion of contraries, of death out of life, and life ou death-that law by which, in nature, decomposition recomposition, and putrefaction and cholera are signals of a new creation; his discernment of the li in the large, and the large in the small; studying state in the citizen, and the citizen in the state; leaving it doubtful whether he exhibited the Repu as an allegory on the education of the private soul; beautiful definitions of ideas, of time, of form, of figure of the line, sometimes hypothetically given, as his fining of virtue, courage, justice, temperance; his le of the apologue, and his apologues themselves; the of Trophonius; the ring of Gyges; the charioteer a two horses; the golden, silver, brass, and iron temper ments; Theuth and Thamus; and the visions of Ha and the Fates-fables which have imprinted themselven in the human memory like the signs of the zodiac; solitoring eye and his boniform soul; his doctrine milation; his doctrine of reminiscence; his clear of the laws of return, or reaction, which secure int justice throughout the universe, instanced everyare, but specially in the doctrine, "what comes God to us, returns from us to God," and in the laws below are sisters of the above.

ore striking examples are his moral conclusions. affirms the coincidence of science and virtue; for can never know itself and virtue; but virtue knows itself and vice. The eye attested that justice was as long as it was profitable; Plato affirms that it rofitable throughout; that the profit is intrinsic, sh the just conceal his justice from gods and men; it is better to suffer injustice, than to do it; that the er ought to covet punishment; that the lie was e hurtful than homicide; and that ignorance, or the luntary lie, was more calamitous than involuntary nicide; that the soul is unwillingly deprived of true ions; and that no man sins willingly; that the order roceeding of nature was from the mind to the body; though a sound body cannot restore an unsound d, yet a good soul can, by its virtue, render the body best possible. The intelligent have a right over the rant, namely, the right of instructing them. The t punishment of one out of tune, is to make him play une; the fine which the good, refusing to govern, ht to pay, is, to be governed by a worse man; that wards shall not handle gold or silver, but shall be incted that there is gold and silver in their souls, which make men willing to give them everything which need.

his second sight explains the stress laid on geometry.
Saw that the globe of earth was not more lawful and
the second sight explains the supersensible; that a celestial
metry was in place there, as a logic of lines and angles
below; that the world was throughout matheical; the proportions are constant of oxygen, azote,
lime; there is just so much water, and slate, and
mesia; not less are the proportions constant of the
al elements.

This eldest Goethe, hating varnish and falsely delighted in revealing the real at the base of the dental; in discovering connection, continuity, representation, everywhere; hating insulation; appears like the god of wealth among the cabin vagabonds, opening power and capability in everythe touches. Ethical science was new and vacant, Plato could write thus :- " Of all whose arguments left to the men of the present time, no one has ever condemned injustice, or praised justice, otherwise as respects the repute, honours, and emoluments an therefrom; while, as respects either of them in it and subsisting by its own power in the soul of the sessor, and concealed both from gods and men, no has yet sufficiently investigated, either in poetry or writings-how, namely, that the one is the greates all the evils that the soul has within it, and justice

His definition of ideas, as what is simple, perman uniform, and self-existent, for ever discriminating the from the notions of the understanding, marks an exthe world. He was born to behold the self-evolving poof spirit, endless generator of new ends; a power wis the key at once to the centrality and the evanest of things. Plato is so centred, that he can well spart his dogmas. Thus the fact of knowledge and it reveals to him the fact of eternity; and the doctrin reminiscence he offers as the most probable particely explication. Call that fanciful—it matters not: connection between our knowledge and the abysieng is still real, and the explication must be not

magnificent.

He has indicated every eminent point in specular He wrote on the scale of the mind itself, so that all the have symmetry in his tablet. He put in all the pwithout weariness, and descended into detail will courage like that he witnessed in nature. One we say, that his forerunners had mapped out each a far or a district, or an island, in intellectual geography, that Plato first drew the sphere. He domesticates soul in nature: man is the interocosm. All the circular is the interocosm.

le visible heaven represent as many circles in the mal soul. There is no lawless particle, and there is ing casual in the action of the human mind. The sof things, too, are fatal, following the nature of s. All the gods of the Pantheon are, by their s, significant of a profound sense. The gods are ideas. Pan is speech, or manifestation; Saturn, contemplative; Jove, the regal soul; and Mars, ion. Venus is proportion; Calliope, the soul of the i; Aglaia, intellectual illustration.

to pious and to poetic souls; but this well-bred, nowing Greek geometer comes with command, ers them all up into rank and gradation, the Euclid cliness, and marries the two parts of nature. Before hen, he saw the intellectual values of the moral sentit. He describes his own ideal, when he paints in eus a god leading things from disorder into order. kindled a fire so truly in the centre, that we see the re illuminated, and can distinguish poles, equator, lines of latitude, every arc and node: a theory so aged, so modulated, that you would say, the winds ses had swept through this rhythmic structure, and that it was the brief extempore blotting of one shortscribe. Hence it has happened that a very wellked class of souls, namely, those who delight in giving iritual, that is, an ethico-intellectual expression to y truth, by exhibiting an ulterior end which is yet mate to it, are said to Platonize. Thus, Michael lo is a Platonist, in his sonnets. Shakespeare is a onist, when he writes, "Nature is made better by lean, but nature makes that mean," or,

"He, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place in the story."

let is a pure Platonist, and 'tis the magnitude only hakespeare's proper genius that hinders him from the classed as the most eminent of this school. Sweden-

borg, throughout his prose poem of "Conjugal Love,

a Platonist.

His subtlety commended him to men of thou. The secret of his popular success is the moral aim, we endeared him to mankind. "Intellect," he said, king of heaven and of earth; "but, in Plato, into is always moral. His writings have also the sempite youth of poetry. For their arguments, most of the might have been couched in sonnets: and poetry never soared higher than in the Timæus and the Phat As the poet, too, he is only contemplative. He did like Pythagoras, break himself with an institution, his painting in the Republic must be esteemed myth with intent to bring out, sometimes in violent colonis thought. You cannot institute, without pen charlatanism.

It was a high scheme, his absolute privilege for the (which, to make emphatic, he expressed by community women), as the premium which he would set on grant There shall be exempts of two kinds: first, those by demerit have put themselves below protection—laws; and secondly, those who by eminence of mand desert are out of the reach of your rewards: let be free of the city and above the law. We confide to themselves; let them do with us as they will, none presume to measure the irregularities of Mic Angelo and Socrates by village scales.

In his eighth book of the Republic, he throws all mathematical dust in our eyes. I am sorry to see after such noble superiorities, permitting the legovernors. Plato plays Providence a little with baser sort, as people allow themselves with their

and cats.

III.—SWEDENBORG; OR, THE MYSTIC.

MONG eminent persons, those who are most dear to men are not of the class which the economist producers: they have nothing in their hands; have not cultivated corn, nor made bread; they not led out a colony, nor invented a loom. class, in the estimation and love of this city-buildmarket-going race of mankind, are the poets, who, the intellectual kingdom, feed the thought and ination with ideas and pictures which raise men of the world of corn and money, and console them the shortcomings of the day, and the meannesses bour and traffic. Then, also, the philosopher has alue, who flatters the intellect of this labourer, by ging him with subtleties which instruct him in new ties. Others may build cities; he is to understand , and keep them in awe. But there is a class who us into another region—the world of morals, or of What is singular about this region of thought, is, aim. Wherever the sentiment of right comes in, it precedence of everything else. For other things, ke poetry of them; but the moral sentiment makes y of me.

lave sometimes thought that he would render the est service to modern criticism, who shall draw the of relation that subsists between Shakespeare and lenborg. The human mind stands ever in perty, demanding intellect, demanding sanctity, imput equally of each without the other. The reconhas not yet appeared. If we tire of the saints, espeare is our city of refuge. Yet the instincts ently teach, that the problem of essence must take edence of all others—the questions of Whence? It? and Whither? and the solution of these must be life, and not in a book. A drama or poem is a simulate or oblique reply; but Moses, Menu, Jesus, idirectly, orangement appropriate of grandeur which reduces

all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to enwretch that has reason the doors of the universe. most with a fierce haste it lays its empire on the magnificence in the language of the Koran, "God said, the heavens the earth, and all that is between them, think yet we created them in jest, and that ye shall not return us?" It is the kingdom of the will, and by inspir the will, which is the seat of personality, seems to evert the universe into a person;—

"The realms of being to no other bow, Not only all are thine, but all are Thou."

All men are commanded by the saint. The Ke makes a distinct class of those who are by nature go and whose goodness has an influence on others, and nounces this class to be the aim of creation: the of classes are admitted to the feast of being, only as folling in the train of this. And the Persian poet exclato a soul of this kind,—

"Go boldly forth, and feast on being's banquet;
Thou art the called,—the rest admitted with thee."

The privilege of this caste is an access to the sect and structure of nature, by some higher method than experience. In common parlance, what one man is to learn by experience, a man of extraordinary sagar is said, without experience, to divine. The Arabi say, that Abul Khain, the mystic, and Abu Ali See the philosopher, conferred together; and, on part the philosopher said, "All that he sees, I know;" at the mystic said, "All that he sees, I know; "at the mystic said, "All that he knows, I see." If should ask the reason of this intuition, the solution we lead us into that property which Plato denoted as miniscence, and which is implied by the Brahmins the tenet of Transmigration. The soul having be often born, or, as the Hindoos say, "travelling the profession of the content of the things which are here, those which are in heave and those which are beneath, there is nothing of which are the content of the c

Let to recollect, in regard to any one thing, what well she knew. "For, all things in nature being and related, and the soul having heretofore known nothing hinders but that any man who has recalled aind, or, according to the common phrase, has ad one thing only, should of himself recover all his ant knowledge, and find out again all the rest, if he but courage, and faint not in the midst of his rethes. For inquiry and learning is reminiscence all." much more, if he that inquires be a holy and godsoul! For, by being assimilated to the original soul, hom, and after whom, all things subsist, the soul of does then easily flow into all things, and all things into it: they mix, and he is present and sympacwith their structure and law.

his path is difficult, secret, and beset with terror. ancients called it ecstasy or absence, -a getting out heir bodies to think. All religious history contains s of the trance of saints,—a beatitude, but without sign of joy, earnest, solitary, even sad; "the t," Plotinus called it, "of the alone to the alone;" the closing of the eyes, -whence our word Mystic. trances of Socrates, Plotinus, Porphyry, Behmen, van, Fox, Pascal, Guion, Swedenborg, will readily to mind. But what as readily comes to mind, he accompaniment of disease. This beatitude comes error, and with shocks to the mind of the receiver. o'erinforms the tenement of clay," and drives the mad; or, gives a certain violent bias, which taints udgment. In the chief examples of religious illuation, somewhat morbid has mingled, in spite of the estionable increase of mental power. Must the discredits it ?-

"Indeed, it takes
From our achievements, when performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute."

hall we say, that the economical mother disburses so the carth and so much life, by weight and metre, to make a man, and will not add a pennyweight, though nation is perishing for a leader? Therefore the mean God purchased their science by folly or pain. If will have pure carbon, carbuncle, or diamond, to mean the brain transparent, the trunk and organs shall be much the grosser: instead of porcelain, they are potter.

earth, clay, or mud. In modern times, no such remarkable example of introverted mind has occurred, as in Emanuel Swei borg, born in Stockholm, in 1688. This man, appeared to his contemporaries a visionary, and el of moonbeams, no doubt led the most real life of man then in the world: and now, when the royal; ducal Frederics, Cristierns, and Brunswicks, of that d have slid into oblivion, he begins to spread himself i the minds of thousands. As happens in great men, seemed, by the variety and amount of his powers, be a composition of several persons,—like the gi fruits which are matured in gardens by the union of or five single blossoms. His frame is on a larger so and possesses the advantages of size. As it is easier see the reflection of the great sphere in large glo though defaced by some crack or blemish, than in dr of water, so men of large calibre, though with so eccentricity or madness, like Pascal or Newton, help more than balanced mediocre minds.

His youth and training could not fail to be extended and to be extended as a support of the measure of versatile and capacious brain. He was a scholar from a child, and was educated at Upsala. At the age twenty-eight he was made Assessor of the Board of Min by Charles XII. In 1716, he left home for four year and Germany. He performed a notable featof engineer in 1718, at the siege of Fredericshall, by halling the galleys, five boats, and a sloop, some fourteen Engineer overland, for the royal service. In 1721, or four her galleys and smelting the contraction of the service of the service of the service. In 1721, or four her galleys and smelting the service of the service o

rus, and, from this time, for the next thirty years, semployed in the composition and publication of his theology. In 1743, when he was fifty-four years what is called his illumination began. All his allurgy, and transportation of ships overland, was orbed into this ecstasy. He ceased to publish any rescientific books, withdrew from his practical labours, devoted himself to the writing and publication of voluminous theological works, which were printed is own expense, or at that of the Duke of Brunswick, other prince, at Dresden, Leipsic, London, or Amster-Later, he resigned his office of Assessor; the my attached to this office continued to be paid to him ing his life. His duties had brought him into intite acquaintance with King Charles XII., by whom . was much consulted and honoured. The like favour continued to him by his successor. At the Diet of r, Count Hopken says, the most solid memorials on nce were from his pen. In Sweden, he appears to e attracted a marked regard. His rare science and ctical skill, and the added fame of second sight and raordinary religious knowledge and gifts, drew to queens, nobles, clergy, shipmasters, and people about ports through which he was wont to pass in his many ages. The clergy interfered a little with the imtation and publication of his religious works; but seems to have kept the friendship of men in power. was never married. He had great modesty and tleness of bearing. His habits were simple; he d on bread, milk, and vegetables; he lived in a se situated in a large garden: he went several times England, where he does not seem to have attracted wattention whatever from the learned or the eminent; died at London, March 29, 1772, of apoplexy, in eighty-fifth year. He is described, when in London, a man of a quiet, clerical habit, not averse to tea and iee, and kind to children. He wore a sword when in velvet dress, and whenever he walked out carried a delegation of the delegation of the delegation portrait of him in antique coat and wig, but the face has a wandering vacant air.

The genius which was to penetrate the science of age with a far more subtle science; to pass the bou of space and time; venture into the dim spirit-rea and attempt to establish a new religion in the world began its lessons in quarries and forges, in the smelt pot and crucible, in shipyards and dissecting-roo No one man is perhaps able to judge of the merits of works on so many subjects. One is glad to learn t his books on mines and metals are held in the high esteem by those who understand these matters. seems that he anticipated much science of the ninetee century; anticipated, in astronomy, the discovery the seventh planet,-but, unhappily, not also of eighth; anticipated the views of modern astrono in regard to the generation of earths by the sun; magnetism, some important experiments and consions of later students; in chemistry, the atomic then in anatomy, the discoveries of Schlichting, Monro, Wilson; and first demonstrated the office of the lun His excellent English editor magnanimously lays no st on his discoveries, since he was too great to care to original; and we are to judge, by what he can spare what remains.

A colossal soul, he lies vast abroad on his times, comprehended by them, and requires a long focal tance to be seen; suggests, as Aristotle, Bacon, Seld Humboldt, that a certain vastness of learning, or que omnipresence of the human soul in nature, is possil His superb speculation, as from a tower, over nature a arts, without ever losing sight of the texture and sequen of things, almost realizes his own picture, in the "Pr cipia," of the original integrity of man. Over and about the merit of his particular discoveries, is the capital me of his self-equality. A drop of water has the propert of the sea, but cannot exhibit a storm. There is beau of a concert, as well as of a flute; strength of a host, well as of a hero; and, in Swedenborg, those who are be acquainted with modern books will most admire the mer CGO Hangamwodi Math Collections Digitized by a Gangottistodons rature, he is not to be measured by whole colleges of inary scholars. His stalwart presence would flutter gowns of an university. Our books are false by being mentary: their sentences are bon mots, and not part natural discourse; childish expressions of surprise pleasure in nature: or, worse, owing a brief notoriety heir petulance, or aversion from the order of nature,some curiosity or oddity, designedly not in har-y with nature, and purposely framed to excite prise, as jugglers do by concealing their means. But edenborg is systematic, and respective of the world in ry sentence: all the means are orderly given; his telties work with astronomic punctuality, and this mirable writing is pure from all pertness or egotism. Swedenborg was born into an atmosphere of great as. 'Tis hard to say what was his own, yet his life s dignified by noblest pictures of the universe. bust Aristotelian method, with its breadth and adeateness, shaming our sterile and linear logic by its tial radiation, conversant with series and degree, h effects and ends, skilful to discriminate power from m, essence from accident, and opening, by its termingy and definition, high roads into nature, had trained ace of athletic philosophers. Harvey had shown the culation of the blood: Gilbert had shown that the th was a magnet: Descartes, taught by Gilbert's gnet, with its vortex, spiral, and polarity, had filled rope with the leading thought of vortical motion, as e secret of nature. Newton, in the year in which edenborg was born, published the "Principia," and ablished the universal gravity. Malpighi, following e high doctrines of Hippocrates, Leucippus, and cretius, had given emphasis to the dogma that nature rks in leasts-" tota in minimis existit natura." Unalled dissectors, Swammerdam, Leeuwenhoek, Winw, Eustachius, Heister, Vesalius, Boerhaave, had left thing for scalpel or microscope to reveal in human or mparative anatomy; Linnæus, his contemporary, was irming, in his beautiful science, that "Nature is alys like herself: " and, lastly, the nobility of method, e largest application of Mathematics, had street by Krasucci

by Leibnitz and Christian Wolff, in cosmology; whit Locke and Grotius had drawn the moral argument. What was left for a genius of the largest calibre, but go over their grounds, and verify and unite? It is eat to see, in these minds, the origin of Swedenborg's studie and the suggestion of his problems. He had a capact to entertain and vivify these volumes of thought. It the proximity of these geniuses, one or other of who had introduced all his leading ideas, makes Swedenborg another example of the difficulty, even in a highly fertigenius, of proving originality, the first birth and annual

ciation of one of the laws of nature.

He named his favourite views, the doctrine of Form the doctrine of Series and Degrees, the doctrine of Influ the doctrine of Correspondence. His statement of the doctrines deserves to be studied in his books. Not eve man can read them, but they will reward him who can His theologic works are valuable to illustrate these. writings would be a sufficient library to a lonely a athletic student; and the "Economy of the Anim Kingdom" is one of those books which, by the sustain dignity of thinking, is an honour to the human ra He had studied spars and metals to some purpose. I varied and solid knowledge makes his style lustrous w points and shooting spicula of thought, and resembli one of those winter mornings when the air sparkles w crystals. The grandeur of the topics makes the grande of the style. He was apt for cosmology, because of the native perception of identity which made mere size no account to him. In the atom of magnetic iron, saw the quality which would generate the spiral moti of sun and planet.

The thoughts in which he lived were, the universali of each law in nature; the Platonic doctrine of the scor degrees; the version or conversion of each into othe and so the correspondence of all the parts; the fine secret that little explains large, and large, little; the centrality of man in nature, and the connection the subsists throughout all things: he saw that the humb body was strictly universal, or an instrument throughout all things the whole which the subside a landing the large the whole to matter

that he held, in exact antagonism to the sceptics, that he wiser a man is, the more will he be a worshipper of Deity." In short, he was a believer in the Identity-losophy, which he held not idly, as the dreamers of losophy but which he experimented with and blished through years of labour, with the heart and losophy to be the losophy but to be the lo

It to battle.
This theory dates from the oldest philosophers, and ives perhaps its best illustration from the newest. this: that nature iterates her means perpetually on cessive planes. In the old aphorism, nature is always similar. In the plant, the eye or germinative point ens to a leaf, then to another leaf, with a power of Insforming the leaf into radicle, stamen, pistil, petal, ect, sepal, or seed. The whole art of the plant is still to eat leaf on leaf without end, the more or less of heat, ht, moisture, and food, determining the form it shall sume. In the animal, nature makes a vertebra, or a spine vertebræ, and helps herself still by a new spine, with limited power of modifying its form-spine on spine, the end of the world. A poetic anatomist, in our own w, teaches that a snake, being a horizontal line, and an, being an erect line, constitute a right angle; and, tween the lines of this mystical quadrant, all animated ings find their place : and he assumes the hair-worm, e span-worm, or the snake, as the type or prediction of e spine. Manifestly, at the end of the spine, nature its out smaller spines, as arms; at the end of the arms, w spines, as hands; at the other end, she repeats the rocess, as legs and feet. At the top of the column, she ats out another spine, which doubles or loops itself rer, as a span-worm, into a ball, and forms the skull. ith extremities again: the hands being now the upper w, the feet the lower jaw, the fingers and toes being presented this time by upper and lower teeth. This w spine is destined to high uses. It is a new man on e shoulders of the last. It can almost shed its trunk, nd manage to live alone, according to the Platonic idea the Timæus. Within it, on a higher plane, all that as done in the regumbare pratscitsed ion. Nature drock Gas objet lesson once more in a higher mood. The mind is a fue body, and resumes its functions of feeding, digesting, sorbing, excluding, and generating in a new and ether element. Here, in the brain, is all the process of mentation repeated, in the acquiring, comparing, dige ing, and assimilating of experience. Here again is t mystery of generation repeated. In the brain are me and female faculties: here is marriage, here is frui And there is no limit to this ascending scale, but sen on series. Everything, at the end of one use, is talk up into the next, each series punctually repeating eve organ and process of the last. We are adapted to infinit We are hard to please, and love nothing which end and in nature is no end; but everything, at the end one use, is lifted into a superior, and the ascent of the things climbs into dæmonic and celestial natures. Cra tive force, like a musical composer, goes on unwearied repeating a simple air or theme, now high, now low, solo, in chorus, ten thousand times reverberated, till fills earth and heaven with the chant.

Gravitation, as explained by Newton, is good, b grander, when we find chemistry only an extension the law of masses into particles, and that the atom theory shows the action of chemistry to be mechanic also. Metaphysics shows us a sort of gravitation operative also in the mental phenomena; and the terni tabulation of the French statists brings every piece whim and humour to be reducible also to exact numeric ratios. If one man in twenty thousand, or in thir thousand, eats shoes, or marries his grandmother, the in every twenty thousand, or thirty thousand, is four one man who eats shoes, or marries his grandmothe What we call gravitation, and fancy ultimate, is one for of a mightier stream, for which we have yet no nam Astronomy is excellent; but it must come up into l to have its full value, and not remain there in globes at spaces. The globule of blood gyrates around its on axis in the human veins, as the planet in the sky; at the circles of intellect relate to those of the heaven Each law of nature has the like universality; eating sis, vortical motion, which is seen in eggs as in planets. ese grand rhymes or returns in nature—the dear, bestown face startling us at every turn, under a mask so expected that we think it the face of a stranger, and, tying up the semblance into divine forms—delighted prophetic eye of Swedenborg; and he must be woned a leader in that revolution, which, by giving science an idea, has given to an aimless accumulation experiments, guidance and form, and a beating heart. own, with some regret, that his printed works amount about fifty stout octavos, his scientific works being jut half of the whole number; and it appears that a ss of manuscript still unedited remains in the royal ary at Stockholm. The scientific works have just been translated into English, in an excellent edition. wedenborg printed these scientific books in the ten is from 1734 to 1744, and they remained from that ne neglected: and now, after their century is comte, he has at last found a pupil in Mr. Wilkinson, in adon, a philosophic critic, with a co-equal vigour of derstanding and imagination comparable only to d Bacon's, who has produced his master's buried oks to the day, and transferred them, with every rantage, from their forgotten Latin into English, go round the world in our commercial and conquering gue. This startling reappearance of Swedenborg, er a hundred years, in his pupil, is not the least rerkable fact in his history. Aided, it is said, by the mificence of Mr. Clissold, and also by his literary skill, s piece of poetic justice is done. The admirable preinary discourses with which Mr. Wilkinson has enriched se volumes, throw all the contemporary philosophy England into shade, and leave me nothing to say on eir proper grounds.

The "Animal Kingdom" is a book of wonderful merits. was written with the highest end—to put science and soul, long estranged from each other, at one again. was an anatomist's account of the human body, in the sest style of poetry. Nothing can exceed the bold brilliant treatment of a subject usually so dry and pulsive. The savar matting workering through an every

lasting spiral, with wheels that never dry, on axes the never creak," and sometimes sought "to uncover the secret recesses where nature is sitting at the fires in the depths of her laboratory;" whilst the picture correcommended by the hard fidelity with which it based on practical anatomy. It is remarkable that it sublime genius decides, peremptorily for the analysagainst the synthetic method; and, in a book wingenius is a daring poetic synthesis, claims to confi

himself to a rigid experience.

He knows, if he only, the flowing of nature, and he wise was that old answer of Amasis to him who bade drink up the sea—"Yes, willingly, if you will stop rivers that flow in." Few knew as much about natural and her subtle manners, or expressed more subtly goings. He thought as large a demand is made one faith by nature, as by miracles. "He noted that in proceeding from first principles through her seek subordinations, there was no state through which did not pass, as if her path lay through all things." "I as often as she betakes herself upward from visiphenomena, or, in other words, withdraws herself ward, she instantly, as it were, disappears, while no knows what has become of her, or whither she is go so that it is necessary to take science as a guide pursuing her steps."

The pursuing the inquiry under the light of an end final cause, gives wonderful animation, a sort of persality to the whole writing. This book announces favourite dogmas. The ancient doctrine of Hip crates, that the brain is a gland; and of Leucippus, it the atom may be known by the mass; or, in Plato, macrocosm by the microcosm; and, in the verses

Lucretius-

Ossa videlicet e pauxillis atque minutis
Ossibus sic et de pauxillis atque minutis
Visceribus viscus gigni, sanguenque creari
Sanguinis inter se multis coeuntibus guttis;
Ex aurique putat micis consistere posse
Aurum, et de terris terram concrescere parvis;
Ignibus ex igneis, humorem punitare ibus essection

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"The principle of all things entrails made Of smallest entrails; bone, of smallest bone; Blood, of small sanguine drops reduced to one; Gold, of small grains; earth, of small sands contracted; Small drops to water, sparks to fire contracted."

which Malpighi had summed in his maxim, that ture exists entire in leasts,"—is a favourite thought wedenborg. "It is a constant law of the organic that large, compound, or visible forms exist and ist, from smaller, simpler, and ultimately from inle forms, which act similarly to the larger ones, but perfectly and more universally; and the least forms effectly and universally, as to involve an idea repretive of their entire universe." The unities of each are so many little organs, homogeneous with their pound: the unities of the tongue are little tongues; e of the stomach, little stomachs; those of the tare little hearts. This fruitful idea furnishes a key very secret. What was too small for the eye to dewas read by the aggregates; what was too large, by units. There is no end to his application of the ight. "Hunger is an aggregate of very many little zers, or losses of blood by the little veins all over the y." It is a key to his theology, also. "Man is a of very minute heaven, corresponding to the world pirits and to heaven. Every particular idea of man, every affection, yea, every smallest part of his ction, is an image and effigy of him. A spirit may be wn from only a single thought. God is the grand ,"

he hardihood and thoroughness of his study of nature ired a theory of forms also. "Forms ascend in from the lowest to the highest. The lowest form ngular, or the terrestrial and corporeal. The second next higher form is the circular, which is also called the betual-angular, because the circumference of a circle perpetual angle. The form above this is the spiral, nt and measure of circular forms: its diameters are rectilinear, but variously circular, and have a erical surface for centre; therefore it is called the petual-612-611 Hangarii Wadi Wath Collection i Digitizade by 68 angotri OL. I.

or perpetual-spiral: next, the perpetual-vortical celestial: last, the perpetual-celestial, or spritual."

Was it strange that a genius so bold should take last step also—conceive that he might attain the science of all sciences, to unlock the meaning of the world? the first volume of the "Animal Kingdom," he broad

the subject in a remarkable note :-

"In our doctrine of Representations and Corresp dences, we shall treat of both these symbolical and type resemblances, and of the astonishing things which on I will not say, in the living body only, but through nature, and which correspond so entirely to supreme spiritual things, that one would swear that the phys world was purely symbolical of the spiritual wo insomuch, that if we choose to express any natural to in physical and definite vocal terms, and to convert to terms only into the corresponding and spiritual ter we shall by this means elicit a spiritual truth, or t logical dogma, in place of the physical truth or prec although no mortal would have predicted that anything of the kind could possibly arise by bare literal tr position; inasmuch as the one precept, consider separately from the other, appears to have absolutely relation to it. I intend, hereafter, to communical number of examples of such correspondences, toget with a vocabulary containing the terms of spiri things as well as of the physical things for which they to be substituted. This symbolism pervades the liv body."

The fact, thus explicitly stated, is implied in all poein allegory, in fable, in the use of emblems, and in structure of language. Plato knew of it, as is evid from his twice bisected line, in the sixth book of Republic. Lord Bacon had found that truth a nature differed only as seal and print; and he instansome physical propositions, with their translation is a moral or political sense. Behmen, and all myst imply this law, in their dark riddle-writing. The poin as far as they are poets, use it; but it is known to the only, as the magnet was known for ages, as a to converge that the control of the co

rific statement, because it was habitually present m, and never not seen. It was involved, as we exned already, in the doctrine of identity and iteration, ause the mental series exactly tallies with the material . It required an insight that could rank things in and series; or, rather, it required such rightness osition, that the poles of the eye should coincide with axis of the world. The earth had fed its mankind ugh five or six millenniums, and they had sciences, nons, philosophies; and yet had failed to see the spondence of meaning between every part and every part. And, down to this hour, literature has no in which the symbolism of things is scientifically ned. One would say, that, as soon as men had the hint that every sensible object—animal, rock, river, -nay, space and time, subsists not for itself, nor by to a material end, but as a picture-language to another story of beings and duties, other science would put by, and a science of such grand presage would prb all faculties: that each man would ask of all ets what they mean: Why does the horizon hold fast, with my joy and grief, in this centre? I the same sense from countless differing voices, read one never quite expressed fact in endless ure-language? Yet, whether it be that these things not be intellectually learned, or, that many centuries st elaborate and compose so rare and opulent a soule is no comet, rock-stratum, fossil, fish, quadruped, ler, or fungus, that, for itself, does not interest more dars and classifiers than the meaning and upshot of frame of things.

of the world. In his fifty-fourth year these thoughts him fast, and his profound mind admitted the lous opinion, too frequent in religious history, that was an abnormal person, to whom was granted the rilege of conversing with angels and spirits; and this asy connected itself with just this office of explainthe moral import of the sensible world. To a right eption, at once broad and minute, of the order of the headletantamount pathentismoof District the preparation of the leader of the l

in their widest social aspects; but whatever he through some excessive determination to form, in constitution, he saw not abstractly, but in picture heard it in dialogues, constructed it in events. W he attempted to announce the law most sanely, he

forced to couch it in parable.

Modern psychology offers no similar example of deranged balance. The principal powers continued maintain a healthy action; and, to a reader who make due allowance in the report for the report peculiarities, the results are still instructive, and a m striking testimony to the sublime laws he announ than any that balanced dulness could afford. attempts to give some account of the modus of the state, affirming that, "his presence in the spiritual wa is attended with a certain separation, but only as to intellectual part of his mind, not as to the will part and he affirms that "he sees, with the internal sight, things that are in another life, more clearly than he

the things which are here in the world."

Having adopted the belief that certain books of Old and New Testaments were exact allegories, or write in the angelic and ecstatic mode, he employed his rem ing years in extricating from the literal, the unive sense. He had borrowed from Plato the fine fable of most ancient people, men better than we, and dwell nigher to the gods;" and Swedenborg added, that the used the earth symbolically; that these, when they terrestrial objects, did not think at all about them, only about those which they signified. The corresponding ence between thoughts and things henceforward occup him. "The very organic form resembles the end scribed on it." A man is in general, and in particular an organized justice or injustice, selfishness or grant tude. And the cause of this harmony he assigned in Arcana: "The reason why all and single things, in heavens and on earth, are representative, is because t exist from an influx of the Lord, through heave This design of exhibiting such correspondences, whi if adequately executed, would be the poem of the wor

was narrowed and defeated by the exclusively logic direction which his inquiries took. His peron of nature is not human and universal, but is tical and Hebraic. He fastens each natural object theologic notion;—a horse signifies carnal underding; a tree, perception; the moon, faith; a cat s this; an ostrich, that; an artichoke, this other; poorly tethers every symbol to a several ecclesiastic e. The slippery Proteus is not so easily caught. re, each individual symbol plays innumerable parts, ch particle of matter circulates in turn through every em. The central identity enables any one symbol xpress successively all the qualities and shades of being. In the transmission of the heavenly waters, y hose fits every hydrant. Nature avenges herself dily on the hard pedantry that would chain her es. She is no literalist. Everything must be taken ally, and we must be at the top of our condition to erstand anything rightly.

is theological bias thus fatally narrowed his interation of nature, and the dictionary of symbols is yet be written. But the interpreter, whom mankind it still expect, will find no predecessor who has

roached so near to the true problem.

wedenborg styles himself, in the title-page of his ks, "Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and by e of intellect, and in effect, he is the last Father in Church, and is not likely to have a successor. No der that his depth of ethical wisdom should give influence as a teacher. To the withered traditional rch, yielding dry catechisms, he let in nature again, the worshipper, escaping from the vestry of verbs texts, is surprised to find himself a party to the whole his religion. His religion thinks for him, and is of versal application. He turns it on every side; it every part of life, interprets and dignifies every umstance. Instead of a religion which visited him omatically three or four times,—when he was born, in he married, when he fell sick, and when he died, if or the rest never interfered with him—here was a thing which accompanied him all day, accompanied

him even into sleep and dreams; into his thinking, a showed him through what a long ancestry his though descend; into society, and showed by what affinithe was girt to his equals and his counterparts; in natural objects, and showed their origin and meaniwhat are friendly, and what are hurtful; and opened future world, by indicating the continuity of the salaws. His disciples allege that their intellect is invited.

ated by the study of his books.

There is no such problem for criticism as his the logical writings, their merits are so commanding; such grave deductions must be made. Their imme and sandy diffuseness is like the prairie or the des and their incongruities are like the last deliration. is superfluously explanatory, and his feeling of ignorance of men strangely exaggerated. Men t assertions; he is a rich discoverer, and of things wh most import us to know. His thought dwells in es tial resemblances, like the resemblance of a house to man who built it. He saw things in their law, in liness of function, not of structure. There is an invariant method and order in his delivery of his truth, habitual proceeding of the mind from inmost to outm What earnestness and weightiness, -his eye never row without one swell of vanity, or one look to self, in common form of literary pride! a theoretic or spe lative man, but whom no practical man in the universe could affect to scorn. Plato is a gownsman: his ment, though of purple, and almost sky-woven, is academic robe, and hinders action within its volumin folds. But this mystic is awful to Cæsar. Lycur himself would bow.

The moral insight of Swedenborg, the correction popular errors, the announcement of ethical laws, thim out of comparison with any other modern with and entitle him to a place, vacant for some ages, and the lawgivers of mankind. That slow but command influence which he has acquired, like that of other ligious geniuses, must be excessive also, and have its tide before it subsides into a permanent amount. Of course

is real and universal cannot be confined to the of those who sympathize strictly with his genius, will pass forth into the common stock of wise and thinking. The world has a sure chemistry, by which stracts what is excellent in its children, and lets the infirmities and limitations of the grandest

hat metempsychosis which is familiar in the old mythy of the Greeks, collected in Ovid, and in the Indian a more philosophic character. It is subjective, or really takes a more philosophic character. It is subjective, or ends entirely upon the thought of the person. All gs in the universe arrange themselves to each person w, according to his ruling love. Man is such as his ction and thought are. Man is man by virtue of ing, not by virtue of knowledge and understanding. he is, so he sees. The marriages of the world are ken up. Interiors associate all in the spiritual world. atever the angels looked upon was to them celestial. h Satan appears to himself a man; to those as bad ne, a comely man; to the purified, a heap of carrion. thing can resist states: everything gravitates: like to like: what we call poetic justice takes effect on spot. We have come into a world which is a living m. Everything is as I am. Bird and beast is not and beast, but emanation and effluvia of the minds wills of men there present. Every one makes his house and state. The ghosts are tormented with fear of death, and cannot remember that they have d. They who are in evil and falsehood are afraid of others. Such as have deprived themselves of charity, nder and flee: the societies which they approach cover their quality and drive them away. The retous seem to themselves to be abiding in cells where ir money is deposited, and these to be infested with e. They who place merit in good works seem to mselves to cut wood. "I asked such, if they were wearied? They replied, that they have not yet be work enough to merit heaven."
He delivers golden sayings, which express with singular beauty the ethical laws; as when he uttered that fa sentence, that, " in heaven the angels are advancing tinually to the spring-time of their youth, so that theolangel appears the youngest:" "The more angels, more room:" "The perfection of man is the lovuse:" "Man, in his perfect form, is heaven:" "W is from Him, is Him:" "Ends always ascend as na descends:" And the truly poetic account of writing in the inmost heaven, which, as it consist inflexions according to the form of heaven, can be: without instruction. He almost justifies his claim preternatural vision, by strange insights of the struct of the human body and mind. "It is never permi to any one, in heaven, to stand behind another and at the back of his head: for then the influx which from the Lord is disturbed." "The angels, from sound of the voice, know a man's love; from the art lation of the sound, his wisdom; and from the sens his words, his science."

In the "Conjugal Love," he has unfolded the sciof marriage. Of this book, one would say, that, the highest elements, it has failed of success. It c near to be the Hymn of Love, which Plato attemp in the "Banquet;" the love, which, Dante s Casella sang among the angels in Paradise; and wh as rightly celebrated, in its genesis, fruition, and eff might well entrance the souls, as it would lay open genesis of all institutions, customs, and manners. book had been grand, if the Hebraism had been omit and the law stated without Gothicism, as ethics, with that scope for ascension of state which the na of things requires. It is a fine Platonic development the science of marriage; teaching that sex is univer and not local; virility in the male qualifying er organ, act and thought; and the feminine in wom Therefore, in the real or spiritual world, the nuptial un is not momentary, but incessant and total; and chast not a local, but a universal virtue; unchastity be discovered as muchin the trading, or planting, or speaking or philosophizing, as in generation; and that, thou

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re incomparably more beautiful, and went on in-

asing in beauty evermore.

Yet Swedenborg, after his mode, pinned his theory to temporary form. He exaggerates the circumstance of arriage; and, though he finds false marriages on earth, cies a wiser choice in heaven. But of progressive ols, all loves and friendships are momentary. Do you me? means, Do you see the same truth? If you do, are happy with the same happiness: but presently of us passes into the perception of new truth;—we e divorced, and no tension in nature can hold us to ch other. I know how delicious is this cup of loveexisting for you, you existing for me; but it is a child's nging to his toy; an attempt to eternize the fireside d nuptial chamber; to keep the picture-alphabet rough which our first lessons are prettily conveyed. e Eden of God is bare and grand; like the out-door adscape, remembered from the evening fireside, it seems ld and desolate, whilst you cower over the coals; but, ce abroad again, we pity those who can forego the agnificence of nature for candle-light and cards. Perps the true subject of the "Conjugal Love" is Consation, whose laws are profoundly eliminated. se, if literally applied to marriage. For God is the ide or bridegroom of the soul. Heaven is not the iring of two, but the communion of all souls. We et, and dwell an instant under the temple of one ought, and part as though we parted not, to join another ought in other fellowships of joy. So far from there ing anything divine in the low and proprietary sense Do you love me? it is only when you leave and lose e, by casting yourself on a sentiment which is higher an both of us, that I draw near, and find myself at our side; and I am repelled if you fix your eye on me ad demand love. In fact, in the spiritual world, we ange sexes every moment. You love the worth in e; then I am your husband: but it is not me, it the worth, that fixes the love; and that worth a drop of the ocean of worth that is beyond me. eantime. I adore the greater worth in another, id so become worth Marie also less the market worth in another spirit, and is wife or receiver of the

Whether a self-inquisitorial habit that he grew in from jealousy of the sins to which men of thought liable, he has acquired, in disentangling and demonstring that particular form of moral disease, an acum which no conscience can resist. I refer to his feeling the profanation of thinking to what is good "from scitifies." "To reason about faith, is to doubt and demonstring the was painfully alive to the difference between known and doing, and this sensibility is incessantly express Philosophers are, therefore, vipers, cockatrices, as hemorrhoids, presters, and flying serpents; literary in

are conjurors and charlatans.

But this topic suggests a sad afterthought, that I we find the seat of his own pain. Possibly Swedent paid the penalty of introverted faculties. Success, fortunate genius, seems to depend on a happy adju ment of heart and brain; on a due proportion, hard hit, of moral and mental power, which, perhaps, ob the law of those chemical ratios which make a proport in volumes necessary to combination, as when gases combine in certain fixed rates, but not at any rate. is hard to carry a full cup: and this man, profus endowed in heart and mind, early fell into danger discord with himself. In his "Animal Kingdom," surprised us by declaring that he loved analysis, and synthesis; and now, after his fiftieth year, he falls in jealousy of his intellect; and, though aware that to is not solitary, nor is goodness solitary, but both mi ever mix and marry, he makes war on his mind, tal the part of the conscience against it, and, on all occasion traduces and blasphemes it. The violence is instant avenged. Beauty is disgraced, love is unlovely, wh truth, the half part of heaven, is denied, as much when a bitterness in men of talent leads to satire, a destroys the judgment. He is wise, but wise in his or despite. There is an air of infinite grief, and the some of wailing, all over and through this lurid universe. omy appetite to the images of pain. Indeed, a bird s not more readily weave its nest, or a mole bore into ground, than this seer of the souls substructs a whell and pit, each more abominable than the last, and every new crew of offenders. He was let down rough a column that seemed of brass, but it was formed angelic spirits, that he might descend safely amongst unhappy, and witness the vastation of souls; and ard there, for a long continuance, their lamentations; saw their tormentors, who increase and strain pangs infinity; he saw the hell of the jugglers, the hell of the assins, the hell of the lascivious; the hell of robbers, o kill and boil men; the infernal tun of the deceitful; excrementitious hells; the hell of the revengeful, ose faces resembled a round, broad cake, and their ms rotate like a wheel. Except Rabelais and an Swift, nobody ever had such science of filth d corruption.

These books should be used with caution. It is ngerous to sculpture these evanescing images of bught. True in transition, they become false if fixed. requires, for his just apprehension, almost a genius all to his own. But when his visions become the reotyped language of multitudes of persons, of all grees of age and capacity, they are perverted. e people of the Greek race were accustomed to lead most intelligent and virtuous young men, as part their education, through the Eleusinian mysteries, erein, with much pomp and graduation, the highest ths known to ancient wisdom were taught. An dent and contemplative young man, at eighteen or enty years, might read once these books of Swedenrg, these mysteries of love and conscience, and then row them aside for ever. Genius is ever haunted by milar dreams, when the hells and the heavens are ened to it. But these pictures are to be held as estical, that is, as a quite arbitrary and accidental ture of the truth-not as the truth. Any other mbol would be as good: then this is safely seen.

CC-0. Jangamwadi Math Collection. Digitized by eGangotri Swedenborg's system of the world wants central spon-

taneity; it is dynamic, not vital, and lacks power generate life. There is no individual in it. The unive is a gigantic crystal, all whose atoms and laminælie in interrupted order, and with unbroken unity, but cold still. What seems an individual and a will, is none. The is an immense chain of intermediation, extending ir centre to extremes, which bereaves every agency of freedom and character. The universe, in his poem, suff under a magnetic sleep, and only reflects the mind of magnetizer. Every thought comes into each mind influence from a society of spirits that surround it, a into these from a higher society, and so on. All his ty mean the same few things. All his figures speakone spea All his interlocutors Swedenborgize. Be they who the may, to this complexion must they come at last. I Charon ferries them all over in his boat; kings, counsello cavaliers, doctors, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloa King George II., Mahomet, or whosoever, and all gath one grimness of hue and style. Only when Cicero com by, our gentle seer sticks a little at saying he talked w Cicero, and, with a touch of human relenting, remar "one whom it was given me to believe was Cicero;" a when the soi disant Roman opens his mouth, Rome a eloquence have ebbed away-it is plain theologic Swed borg, like therest. His heavens and hells are dull; fault want of individualism. The thousandfold relation of m is not there. The interest that attaches in nature to ea man, because he is right by his wrong, and wrong by right, because he deifies all dogmatizing, and classification so many allowances, and contingencies, and futurit are to be taken into account, strong by his vices, of paralyzed by his virtues-sinks into entire sympat with his society. This want reacts to the centre the system. Though the agency of "the Lord" is every line referred to by name, it never becomes alive There is no lustre in that eye which gazes from the cent and which should vivify the immense dependency

The vice of Swedenborg's mind is its theologic determination. Nothing with him has the liberality of unconstance and the liberality of unconstance. The constance of the constan

brew muse which taught the lore of right and wrong men, had the same excess of influence for him it has for the nations. The mode, as well as the essence, sacred. Palestine is ever the more valuable as a repter in universal history, and ever the less an avail-element in education. The genius of Swedenborg, set of all modern souls in this department of thought, sted itself in the endeavour to reanimate and conthe great secular Providence, was retiring from its minence, before western modes of thought and spression. Swedenborg and Behmen both failed by taching themselves to the Christian symbol, instead of the moral sentiment, which carries innumerable intensities become ristianities, humanities, divinities, in its bosom.

The excess of influence shows itself in the incongruous

portation of a foreign rhetoric. "What have I to asks the impatient reader, "with jasper and sar-nyx, beryl and chalcedony; what with arks and passers, ephans and ephods; what with lepers and emerods; at with heave-offerings and unleavened bread; priots of fire, dragons crowned and horned, behemoth d unicorn? Good for orientals, these are nothing to . The more learning you bring to explain them, the re glaring the impertinence. The more coherent and borate the system, the less I like it. I say, with the artan, 'Why do you speak so much to the purpose, that which is nothing to the purpose?' My learning such as God gave me in my birth and habit, in the light and study of my eyes, and not of another man's. all absurdities, this of some foreigner, proposing to ke away my rhetoric, and substitute his own, and use me with pelican and stork, instead of thrush and bin; palm-trees and shittim wood, instead of sassafras

d hickory—seems the most needless."

Locke said, "God, when he makes the prophet, does tunmake the man." Swedenborg's history points e remark. The parish disputes, in the Swedish church, tween the friends and foes of Luther and Melancthon, ncerning "faith alone," and "works alone," intrude emselves international and "works alone," intrude the universe, and of the celestial societies. The Luther bishop's son, for whom the heavens are opened, so the he sees with eyes, and in the richest symbolic forms, t awful truth of things, and utters again, in his books, under a heavenly mandate, the indisputable secrets moral nature,-with all these grandeurs resting up him, remains the Lutheran bishop's son; his judgmen are those of a Swedish polemic, and his vast enlarge ments purchased by adamantine limitations. He carr his controversial memory with him in his visits to souls. He is like Michael Angelo, who, in his fresco put the cardinal who had offended him, to roast under mountain of devils; or, like Dante, who avenged, vindictive melodies, all his private wrongs; or, perha still more like Montaigne's parish priest, who, if a ha storm passes over the village, thinks the day of door come, and the cannibals already have got the p Swedenborg confounds us not less with the pains Melancthon, and Luther, and Wolfius, and his o books, which he advertises among the angels.

Under the same theologic cramp, many of his dognare bound. His cardinal position in morals is, that exshould be shunned as sins. But he does not know whevil is, or what good is, who thinks any ground remato be occupied, after saying that evil is to be shunned evil. I doubt not he was led by the desire to insert element of personality of Deity. But nothing is add One man, you say, dreads erysipelas—show him this dread is evil: or, one dreads hell—show him the dread is evil. He who loves goodness, harbours and reveres reverence, and lives with God. The less we have do with our sins the better. No man can afford waste his moments in compunctions. "That is actiduty," say the Hindoos, "which is not for our bondae that is knowledge, which is for our liberation: all others.

duty is good only unto weariness."

Another dogma, growing out of this pernicious the logic limitation, is this Inferno. Swedenborg has devi Evil, according to old philosophers, is good in the making That pure malignity can exist is the extreme proposition of many and the language of the content of the logic limitation of this pernicious the logic limitation of this pernicious the logic limitation, is the logic limitation of the logic limitation. Swedenborg has deviced by the logic limitation of the logic limitation, is this Inferno. Swedenborg has deviced limitation, is the logic limitation of the logic limitation of

ional agent; it is atheism; it is the last profanation. ripides rightly said,—

Goodness and being in the gods are one; He who imputes ill to them makes them none.

To what a painful perversion had Gothic theology ived, that Swedenborg admitted no conversion for spirits! But the Divine effort is never relaxed; carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and vers; and man, though in brothels, or jails, or on bets, is on his way to all that is good and true. Burns; he the wild humour of his apostrophe to "poor old kie Ben,"

O wad ye tak a thought, and mend!

s the advantage of the vindictive theologian. Everyng is superficial, and perishes, but love and truth only.
I largest is always the truest sentiment, and we feel
more generous spirit of the Indian Vishnu;—"I am
same to all mankind. There is not one who is
rthy of my love or hatred. They who serve me with
oration,—I am in them, and they in me. If one whose
ys are altogether evil, serve me alone, he is as respectle as the just man; he is altogether well employed;
soon becometh of a virtuous spirit; and obtaineth

For the anomalous pretension of Revelations of the her world,—only his probity and genius can entitle it any serious regard. His revelations destroy their edit by running into detail. If a man say that the by Ghost has informed him that the last Judgment the last of the judgments) took place in 1757, or at the Dutch; in the other world, live in a heaven by emselves, and the English in a heaven by themselves; and the Spirit which is holy, is reserved, tacim, and deals in laws. The rumours of ghosts and obgoblins gossip and tell fortunes. The teachings of the high Spirit are abstemious, and, in regard to partials, negative. Socrates' Genius did not advise him act or to find, but if he purposed to do somewhat not divantageous, it dissuaded him. "What God is," he wid, "I Corowargathwaw Mathibalisation to piditiken we can gother

Hindoos have denominated the Supreme Being "Internal Check." The illuminated Quakers explait their Light, not as somewhat which leads to any act but it appears as an obstruction to anything unfit. the right examples are private experiences, which absolutely at one on this point. Strictly speak Swedenborg's revelation is a confounding of plane a capital offence in so learned a categorist. This is carry the law of surface into the plane of substance carry individualism and its fopperies into the realnessences and generals, which is dislocation and chao

The secret of heaven is kept from age to age. No prudent, no sociable angel ever dropt an early syll to answer the longings of saints, the fears of more We should have listened on our knees to any favour who, by stricter obedience, had brought his thoughts parallelism with the celestial currents, and could l to human ears the scenery and circumstance of the ne parted soul. But it is certain that it must tally what is best in nature. It must not be inferior in t to the already known works of the artist who sculpti the globes of the firmament, and writes the moral l It must be fresher than rainbows, stabler than mounta agreeing with flowers, with tides, and the rising setting of autumnal stars. Melodious poets shall hoarse as street ballads, when once the penetrating k note of nature and spirit is sounded, the earth-be sea-beat, heart-beat, which makes the tune to which sun rolls, and the globule of blood, and the sap of tre

In this mood, we hear the rumour that the seer arrived, and his tale is told. But there is no beauty, heaven, for angels, goblins. The sad muse loves not and death, and the pit. His Inferno is mesmeric. It is spiritual world bears the same relation to the generatives and joys of truth, of which human souls have already made us cognizant, as a man's bad dreams be to his ideal life. It is indeed very like, in its endless power of lurid pictures, to the phenomena of dreaming, which is ideal life. It is indeed very like, in its endless power of lurid pictures, to the phenomena of dreaming, which is described that the distribution of the company and honest gentleman, benevolen but dyspeptic, into a wretch, skulking like a dog about the company and the company a

unts into the heaven, I do not hear its language. A should not tell me that he has walked among the cels; his proof is, that his eloquence makes me one. the archangels be less majestic and sweet than the that have actually walked the earth? These als that Swedenborg paints give us no very high idea their discipline and culture: they are all country sons: their heaven is a *fête champêtre*, an evangelical ic, or French distribution of prizes to virtuous sants. Strange, scholastic, didactic, passionless, odless man, who denotes classes of souls as a botanist oses of a carex, and visits doleful hells as a stratum chalk or hornblende! He has no sympathy. He s up and down the world of men, a modern Rhadanthus in gold-headed cane and peruke, and with chalance, and the air of a referee, distributes souls. warm, many-weathered, passionate-peopled world o him a grammar of hieroglyphs, or an emblematic masons' procession. How different is Jacob Beh-1! he is tremulous with emotion, and listens aweock, with the gentlest humanity, to the Teacher ose lessons he conveys; and when he asserts that, some sort, love is greater than God," his heart beats high that the thumping against his leathern coat is lible across the centuries. 'Tis a great difference. men is healthily and beautifully wise, notwithstandthe mystical narrowness and incommunicableness. edenborg is disagreeably wise, and, with all his umulated gifts, paralyzes and repels.

it is the best sign of a great nature, that it opens a eground, and, like the breath of morning landscapes, ites us onward. Swedenborg is retrospective, nor we divest him of his mattock and shroud. Some ads are for ever restrained from descending into ture; others are for ever prevented from ascending t of it. With a force of many men, he could never ak the umbilical cord which held him to nature, and

did not rise to the platform of pure genius.

It is remarkable that this man, who, by his perception symbols, saw the poetic construction of things, and primary Pelarban we the Math & Heatiger, Picitizande a Grangety VOL. I.

2 E

devoid of the whole apparatus of poetic express which that perception creates. He knew the gramm and rudiments of the Mother-Tongue-how could her read off one strain into music? Was he like Saadi, w in his vision, designed to fill his lap with the celes flowers, as presents for his friends; but the fragra of the roses so intoxicated him, that the skirt drop from his hands? or, is reporting a breach of the mann of that heavenly society? or, was it that he saw vision intellectually, and hence that chiding of the tellectual that pervades his books? Be it as it me his books have no melody, no emotion, no humour, relief to the dead prosaic level. In his profuse a accurate imagery is no pleasure, for there is no beau We wander forlorn in a lack-lustre landscape. No h ever sang in all these gardens of the dead. The ent want of poetry in so transcendent a mind betokens disease, and, like a hoarse voice in a beautiful pers is a kind of warning. I think, sometimes, he will not read longer. His great name will turn a sentence. I books have become a monument. His laurel so large mixed with cypress, a charnel-breath so mingles with temple incense, that boys and maids will shun the spo

Yet, in this immolation of genius and fame at t shrine of conscience, is a merit sublime beyond prair He lived to purpose: he gave a verdict. He elect goodness as the clue to which the soul must cling in this labyrinth of nature. Many opinions conflict as the true centre. In the shipwreck, some cling to running rigging, some to cask and barrel, some to spars, some mast; the pilot chooses with science,-I plant my here; all will sink before this; "he comes to land we sails with me." Do not rely on heavenly favour, or compassion to folly, or on prudence, on common sens the old usage and main chance of men: nothing ca keep you-not fate, nor health, nor admirable intellect none can keep you, but rectitude only, rectitude for ever and ever !- and, with a tenacity that never swerved i all his studies, inventions, dreams, he adheres to this brave choice. I think of him as of some transmigrating OcotatanoaniwatiaMale collection Distinct Byte Gardolfibe dos, of ial, or pismire, in the last rudiments of nature, under at integument or ferocity, I cleave to right, as the sure der that leads up to man and to God."

wedenborg has rendered a double service to mankind, wh is now only beginning to be known. By the nace of experiment and use he made his first steps: observed and published the laws of nature; and, anding by just degrees, from events to their summits causes, he was fired with piety at the harmonies he and abandoned himself to his joy and worship.
s was his first service. If the glory was too bright his eyes to bear, if he staggered under the trance of ght, the more excellent is the spectacle he saw; the ities of being which beam and blaze through him, which no infirmities of the prophet are suffered to cure; and he renders a second passive service to men, less than the first—perhaps, in the great circle of ag, and in the retributions of spiritual nature, not less rious or less beautiful to himself.

ord gill to Him skiller of martin of its end to control
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IV.—MONTAIGNE; OR, THE SCEPTIC.

VERY fact is related on one side to sensation, on the other, to morals. The game of though on the appearance of one of these two sides, to find other: given the upper, to find the under side. Not so thin, but has these two faces; and, when the observation has seen the obverse, he turns it over to see the reve Life is a pitching of this penny—heads or tails. never tire of this game, because there is still a sl shudder of astonishment at the exhibition of the o face, at the contrast of the two faces. A man is flus with success, and bethinks himself what this good l signifies. He drives his bargain in the street; bu occurs, that he also is bought and sold. He sees beauty of a human face, and searches the cause of beauty, which must be more beautiful. He builds fortunes, maintains the laws, cherishes his children but he asks himself, why? and whereto? This I and this tail are called, in the language of philosop Infinite and Finite; Relative and Absolute; Appar and Real; and many fine names beside.

Each man is born with a predisposition to one or other of these sides of nature; and it will easily hap that men will be found devoted to one or the other. Class has the perception of difference, and is convers with facts and surfaces; cities and persons; and bringing certain things to pass;—the men of tal and action. Another class have the perception identity, and are men of faith and philosophy, men

genius.

Each of these riders drives too fast. Plotinus lieves only in philosophers; Fenelon, in saints: Pine and Byron, in poets. Read the haughty language which Plato and the Platonists speak of all men who not devoted to their own shining abstractions: of men are rats and mice. The literary class is usual proud and exclusive. The correspondence of Pope at Swift describes manning around them as monster.

that of Goethe and Schiller, in our own time, is

rely more kind.

tis easy to see how this arrogance comes. The genius genius by the first look he casts on any object. Is eye creative ? Does he not rest in angles and colours, beholds the design-he will presently undervalue actual object. In powerful moments, his thought dissolved the works of art and nature into their ses, so that the works appear heavy and faulty. He a conception of beauty which the sculptor cannot ody. Picture; statue, temple, railroad, steamine, existed first in an artist's mind, without flaw, take, or friction, which impair the executed models. did the church, the state, college, court, social circle, all the institutions. It is not strange that these n, remembering what they have seen and hoped of s, should affirm disdainfully the superiority of ideas. lying at some time seen that the happy soul will carry the arts in power, they say, Why cumber ourselves superfluous realizations? and, like dreaming begs, they assume to speak and act as if these values

re already substantiated.

In the other part, the men of toil and trade and luxury he animal world, including the animal in the philosoand poet also—and the practical world, including painful drudgeries which are never excused to philosoor poet any more than to the rest-weigh heavily the other side. The trade in our streets believes in metaphysical causes, thinks nothing of the force ich necessitated traders and a trading planet to exist: ; but sticks to cotton, sugar, wool, and salt. rd meetings, on election days, are not softened by any sgiving of the value of these ballotings. eaming in a single direction. To the men of this rld, to the animal strength and spirits, to the men of ctical power, whilst immersed in it, the man of ideas pears out of his reason. They alone have reason.

Things always bring their own philosophy with them. t is, prudence. No man acquires property without wiring with it a little arithmetic, also In England, richest country that ever existed, property stands for more, compared with personal ability, than in other. After dinner, a man believes less, denies mo verities have lost some charm. After dinner, arithm is the only science: ideas are disturbing, incendifollies of young men, repudiated by the solid portion society; and a man comes to be valued by his ath and animal qualities. Spence relates, that Mr. P was with Sir Godfrey Kneller, one day, when his nepl a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godf "you have the honour of seing the two greatest me the world." "I don't know how great men you may said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks have often bought a man much better than both of all muscles and bones, for ten guineas." Thus, the of the senses revenge themselves on the professors; repay scorn for scorn. The first had leaped to clusions not yet ripe, and say more than is true; others make themselves merry with the philosopher, weigh man by the pound. They believe that must bites the tongue, that pepper is hot, friction-matches incendiary, revolvers to be avoided, and suspenders l up pantaloons: that there is much sentiment in a c of tea; and a man will be eloquent, if you give himg wine. Are you tender and scrupulous-you must more mince-pie. They hold that Luther had milk him, when he said,

"Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang, Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang;"

and when he advised a young scholar, perplexed we fore-ordination and free-will, to get well drunk. "I nerves," says Cabanis, "they are the man." My net bour, a jolly farmer, in the tavern bar-room, thinks the use of money is sure and speedy spending. "I his part," he says, "he puts his down his neck, a gets the good of it."

The inconvenience of this way of thinking is, that runs into indifferentism, and then into disgust. Life eating us up. We shall be fables presently. Keep coordinately will be all one a hundred years bence Life's we enough; but we shall be glad to get out of it, and the

all be glad to have us. Why should we fret and dge? Our meat will taste to-morrow as it did yester, and we may at last have had enough of it. "Ah," a my languid gentleman at Oxford, "there's nothing

or true-and no matter."

With a little more bitterness, the cynic moans: our is like an ass led to market by a bundle of hay being ried before him: he sees nothing but the bundle of the common into the rid," said Lord Bolingbroke, "and so much more, as a meanness, in going out of it, that 'tis hardly the while to be here at all." I knew a philosopher of kidney, who was accustomed briefly to sum up his perience of human nature in saying, "Mankind is a mned rascal:" and the natural corollary is pretty to follow—"The world lives by humbug, and so it I."

The abstractionist and the materialist thus mutually asperating each other, and the scoffer expressing the rst of materialism, there arises a third party to occupy middle ground between these two, the sceptic, mely. He finds both wrong by being in extremes. labours to plant his feet, to be the beam of the lance. He will not go beyond his card. He sees the e-sidedness of these men of the street; he will not be Gibeonite; he stands for the intellectual faculties, a ol head, and whatever serves to keep it cool: no univised industry, no unrewarded self-devotion, no loss the brains in toil. Am I an ox, or a dray ?- You are th in extremes, he says. You that will have all solid, d a world of pig-lead, deceive yourselves grossly.

on believe yourselves rooted and grounded on adaant; and yet, if we uncover the last facts of our knowilge, you are spinning like bubbles in a river, you know pt whither or whence, and you are bottomed and capped d wrapped in delusions.

Neither will he be betrayed to a book, and wrapped in gown. The studious class are their own victims: ey are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are it, the night is without sleep, the day a fear of interption—pallor, squared, Main agercand Legionshy, engaged.

come near them, and see what conceits they entertain they are abstractionists, and spend their days and nigin dreaming some dream; in expecting the homage society to some precious scheme built on a truth, destitute of proportion in its presentment, of justness its application, and of all energy of will in the scheme

to embody and vitalize it. But I see plainly, he says, that I cannot see. I kn that human strength is not in extremes, but in avoid extremes. I, at least, will shun the weakness of pl osophizing beyond my depth. What is the use of tending to powers we have not? What is the use pretending to assurances we have not, respecting other life? Why exaggerate the power of virtue? W be an angel before your time? These strings, wound too high, will snap. If there is a wish for immortal and no evidence, why not say just that? If there conflicting evidences, why not state them? If there not ground for a candid thinker to make up his mind, or nay-why not suspend the judgment? I weary these dogmatizers. I tire of these hacks of routine, deny the dogmas. I neither affirm nor deny. I sta here to try the case. I am here to consider, okentur, consider how it is. I will try to keep the balance tr Of what use to take the chair, and glibly rattle off theor of society, religion, and nature, when I know that practice cal objections lie in the way, insurmountable by mea by my mates? Why so talkative in public when ea of my neighbours can pin me to my seat by argument cannot refute? Why pretend that life is so simple game, when we know how subtle and elusive the Prote Why think to shut up all things in your name coop, when we know there are not one or two only, h ten, twenty, a thousand things, and unlike? W fancy that you have all the truth in your keeping There is much to say on all sides.

Who shall forbid a wise scepticism, seeing that there no practical question on which anything more than approximate solution can be had? Is not marriage a open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning the word, and Mather asset to the the charge much beginning.

t, and such as are out wish to get in? And the reply Socrates, to him who asked whether he should choose rife, still remains reasonable, "that, whether he should oose one or not, he would repent it." Is not the state question? All society is divided in opinion on the bject of the state. Nobody loves it; great numbers tike it, and suffer conscientious scruples to allegiance:
the only defence set up, is, the fear of doing worse in organizing. Is it otherwise with the church? Or, put any of the questions which touch mankind nearest shall the young man aim at a leading part in law, in litics, in trade? It will not be pretended that a sucss in either of these kinds is quite coincident with at is best and inmost in his mind. Shall he, then, tting the stays that hold him fast to the social state, t out to sea with no guidance but his genius? There much to say on both sides. Remember the open quesn between the present order of "competition," and friends of "attractive and associated labour." The merous minds embrace the proposition of labour shared from the poor man's hut alone, that strength and tue come: and yet, on the other side, it is alleged that bour impairs the form, and breaks the spirit of man, d the labourers cry unanimously, "We have no oughts." Culture, how indispensable! I cannot rgive you the want of accomplishments; and yet, lture will instantly destroy that chiefest beauty of ontaneousness. Excellent is culture for a savage; at once let him read in the book, and he is no longer ble not to think of Plutarch's heroes. In short, since me fortitude of understanding consists "in not letting hat we know be embarrassed by what we do not know," e ought to secure those advantages which we can comand, and not risk them by clutching after the airy and nattainable. Come, no chimeras! Let us go abroad; t us mix in affairs; let us learn, and get, and have, ad climb. "Men are a sort of moving plants, and, like ees, receive a great part of their nourishment from the r. If they keep too much at home, they pine." Let have a robust, anaway in the reflection by what we know, for certain; what we have, let it be solid, and seasonal and our own. A world in the hand is worth two in= bush. Let us have to do with real men and women,

not with skipping ghosts.

This, then, is the right ground of the sceptic-thisconsideration, of self-containing; not at all of unbelinot at all of universal denying, nor of universal doubt -doubting even that he doubts; least of all, of scoff and profligate jeering at all that is stable and good These are no more his moods than are those of religi and philosophy. He is the considerer, the prude taking in sail, counting stock, husbanding his mean believing that a man has too many enemies, than the he can afford to be his own; that we cannot give on selves too many advantages, in this unequal conflic with powers so vast and unweariable ranged on one sid and this little, conceited, vulnerable popinjay that man is, bobbing up and down into every danger, on t other. It is a position taken up for better defence, of more safety, and one that can be maintained; a it is one of more opportunity and range; as, when build a house, the rule is, to set it not too high north low, under the wind, but out of the dirt.

The philosophy we want is one of fluxions and mobility The Spartan and Stoic schemes are too stark and st for our occasion. A theory of Saint John, and of no resistance, seems, on the other hand, too thin and aen We want some coat woven of elastic steel, stout as it first, and limber as the second. We want a ship i these billows we inhabit. An angular, dogmatic house would be rent to chips and splinters, in this storm many elements. No, it must be tight, and fit to the for of man, to live at all; as a shell is the architecture a house founded on the sea. The soul of man must be the type of our scheme, just as the body of man is the type after which a dwelling-house is built. Adaptivenes is the peculiarity of human nature. We are golde averages, volitant stabilities, compensated or periodi errors, houses founded on the sea. The wise scepti wishes to have a near view of the best game, and the Chiefprayers, di Wata Celladistri Diditiz ed ance Garactiand nature excellent in mankind—a form of grace, an arm of n, lips of persuasion, a brain of resources, every one siful to play and win—he will see and judge.

The terms of admission to this spectacle, are, that he we a certain solid and intelligible way of living of his some method of answering the inevitable needs of man life; proof that he has played with skill and cess; that he has evinced the temper, stoutness, and range of qualities which, among his contemporaries d countrymen, entitle him to fellowship and trust. ir, the secrets of life are not shown except to sympathy d likeness. Men do not confide themselves to boys, coxcombs, or pedants, but to their peers. Some wise mitation, as the modern phrase is; some condition beeen the extremes, and having itself a positive quality; me stark and sufficient man, who is not salt or sugar, at sufficiently related to the world to do justice to Paris London, and, at the same time, a vigorous and original inker, whom cities cannot overawe, but who uses them, the fit person to occupy this ground of speculation.

These qualities meet in the character of Montaigne. ad yet, since the personal regard which I entertain for ontaigne may be unduly great, I will, under the shield this prince of egotists, offer, as an apology for electing m as the representative of scepticism, a word or two to plain how my love began and grew for this admirable

ssip.

A single odd volume of Cotton's translation of the says remained to me from my father's library, when boy. It lay long neglected, until, after many years, en I was newly escaped from college, I read the book, d procured the remaining volumes. I remember the light and wonder in which I lived with it. It seemed me as if I had myself written the book, in some former so sincerely it spoke to my thought and experience. happened, when in Paris, in 1833, that, in the cemetery Père la Chaise, I came to a tomb of Auguste Collignon, o died in 1830, aged sixty-eight years, and who, said monument, "lived to do right, and had formed him-to virtue on the Essays of Montaigne." Some years later, I became acquainted with an accomplished Englished poet, John Sterling; and, in prosecuting my correspon dence, I found that, from a love of Montaigne, he ha made a pilgrimage to his château, still standing nea Castellan, in Perigord, and, after two hundred and fife years, had copied from the walls of his library the in scriptions which Montaigne had written there. The Journal of Mr. Sterling's, published in the Westminster Review, Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted in the Prolegomen to his edition of the Essays. I heard with pleasure the one of the newly discovered autographs of Willia Shakespeare was in a copy of Florio's translation Montaigne. It is the only book which we certain know to have been in the poet's library. And, odd enough, the duplicate copy of Florio, which the Britis Museum purchased, with a view of protecting t Shakespeare autograph (as I was informed in the Museum) turned out to have the autograph of Ben Jons in the fly-leaf. Leigh Hunt relates of Lord Byron, th Montaigne was the only great writer of past times who he read with avowed satisfaction. Other coincidence not needful to be mentioned here, concurred to ma this old Gascon still new and immortal for me.

In 1571, on the death of his father, Montaigne, th thirty-eight years old, retired from the practice of la at Bordeaux, and settled himself on his estate. Thou he had been a man of pleasure, and sometimes a courtie his studious habits now grew on him, and he loved t compass, staidness, and independence of the count gentleman's life. He took up his economy in go earnest, and made his farms yield the most. Downrig and plain-dealing, and abhorring to be deceived or deceive, he was esteemed in the country for his sen and probity. In the civil wars of the League, whi converted every house into a fort, Montaigne kept ! gates open, and his house without defence. All parti freely came and went, his courage and honour being universally esteemed. The neighbouring lords ar gentry brought jewels and papers to him for safe kee ing. Gibbon reckons, in these bigoted times, but two chem are the control of the Intaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers. French freedom runs into grossness; but he has impated all censure by the bounty of his own consions. In his times, books were written to one sex y, and almost all were written in Latin; so that, in lumorist, a certain nakedness of statement was perted, which our manners, of a literature addressed ally to both sexes, do not allow. But, though a lical plainness, coupled with a most uncanonical levity, y shut his pages to many sensitive readers, yet the nce is superficial. He parades it : he makes the most it: nobody can think or say worse of him than he s. He pretends to most of the vices; and, if there be virtue in him, he says, it got in by stealth. There is man, in his opinion, who has not deserved hanging or six times; and he pretends no exception in his behalf. "Five or six as ridiculous stories," too, says, "can be told of me, as of any man living." t with all this really superfluous frankness, the nion of an invincible probity grows into every reader's nd.

When I the most strictly and religiously confess self, I find that the best virtue I have has in it some cture of vice; and I am afraid that Plato, in his rest virtue (I, who am as sincere and perfect a lover of the of that stamp as any other whatever), if he had tened, and laid his ear close to himself, would have and some jarring sound of human mixture; but faint d remote, and only to be perceived by himself."

Here is an impatience and fastidiousness at colour pretence of any kind. He has been in courts so long to have conceived a furious disgust at appearances; will indulge himself with a little cursing and swearing; will talk with sailors and gipsies, use flash and street will to the open air, though it rain bullets. He has en too much of gentlemen of the long robe, until he shes for cannibals; and is so nervous, by factitious that he thinks, the more barbarous man is, the better is. He likes his saddle. You may read theology, a grammar, and metaphysics eigewhere whatever

you get here, shall smack of the earth and of real l sweet, or smart, or stinging. He makes no hesitat to entertain you with the records of his disease; a his journey to Italy is quite full of that matter. took and kept this position of equilibrium. Over name, he drew an emblematic pair of scales, and wr Que sçais je? under it. As I look at his effigy oppos the title-page, I seem to hear him say, "You may pl old Poz, if you will; you may rail and exaggerate I stand here for truth, and will not, for all the stai and churches, and revenues, and personal reputation of Europe, overstate the dry fact, as I see it; I r rather mumble and prose about what I certainly kno -my house and barns; my father, my wife, and n tenants; my old lean bald pate; my knives and for what meats I eat, and what drinks I prefer; and hundred straws just as ridiculous,-than I will will with a fine crow-quill, a fine romance. I like gray day and autumn and winter weather. I am gray a autumnal myself, and think an undress, and old she that do not pinch my feet, and old friends who do n constrain me, and plain topics where I do not need strain myself and pump my brains, the most suital Our condition as men is risky and ticklish enough. 0 cannot be sure of himself and his fortune an hour, but may be whisked off into some pitiable or ridiculous plight Why should I vapour and play the philosopher, insteads ballasting, the best I can, this dancing balloon? So, least, I live within compass, keep myself ready for action and can shoot the gulf, at last, with decency. If there anything farcical in such a life, the blame is not minlet it lie at fate's and nature's door."

The Essays, therefore, are an entertaining solilogy on every random topic that comes into his head; treating everything without ceremony, yet with masculing sense. There have been men with deeper insight; but, one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts: he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for.

The sincerity and marrow of the man reaches to his sentences my 4 Most releasing the book that seems

s written. It is the language of conversation transred to a book. Cut these words, and they would bleed; ey are vascular and alive. One has the same pleasure it that we have in listening to the necessary speech of en about their work, when any unusual circumstance res momentary importance to the dialogue. acksmiths and teamsters do not trip in their speech; is a shower of bullets. It is Cambridge men who rrect themselves, and begin again at every half senace, and, moreover, will pun, and refine too much, d swerve from the matter to the expression. Mongne talks with shrewdness, knows the world, and books, d himself, and uses the positive degree: never shrieks protests, or prays: no weakness, no convulsion, no perlative; does not wish to jump out of his skin, or y any antics, or annihilate space or time; but is stout d solid; tastes every moment of the day; likes pain, cause it makes him feel himself, and realize things; we pinch ourselves to know that we are awake. He eps the plain; he rarely mounts or sinks; likes to feel id ground, and the stones underneath. His writing s no enthusiasms, no aspiration; contented, selfspecting, and keeping the middle of the road. There is t one exception,—in his love for Socrates. In speakof him, for once his cheek flushes, and his style rises passion.

Montaigne died of a quinsy, at the age of sixty, in 192. When he came to die, he caused the mass to be debrated in his chamber. At the age of thirty-three, thad been married. "But," he says, "might I have all my own will, I would not have married Wisdom uself, if she would have had me: but 'tis to much purse to evade it, the common custom and use of life will ave it so. Most of my actions are guided by example, the choice." In the hour of death, he gave the same right to custom. Que sçais je? What do I know?

This book of Montaigne the world has endorsed, by unslating it into all tongues, and printing seventy-five itions of it in Europe: and that, too, a circulation mewhat chosen, namely, among courtiers, soldiers, inces, there of the world, and offen of wighted generosity.

Shall we say that Montaigne has spoken wisely, a given the right and permanent expression of the hummind, on the conduct of life?

We are natural believers. Truth, or the connecti between cause and effect, alone interests us. We: persuaded that a thread runs through all things: worlds are strung on it, as beads: and men, and even and life, come to us, only because of that threa they pass and repass, only that we may know the direction tion and continuity of that line. A book or statement which goes to show that there is no line, but random a chaos, a calamity out of nothing, a prosperity and account of it, a hero born from a fool, a fool from a h -dispirits us. Seen or unseen, we believe the tic exist Talent makes counterfeit ties; genius finds the real on We hearken to the man of science, because we anticipa the sequence in natural phenomena which he uncover We love whatever affirms, connects, preserves; a dislike what scatters or pulls down. One man appear whose nature is to all men's eyes conserving and or structive: his presence supposes a well-ordered socie agriculture, trade, large institutions, and empire. these did not exist, they would begin to exist throu his endeavours. Therefore, he cheers and comfor men, who feel all this in him very readily. The nonco formist and the rebel say all manner of unansweral things against the existing republic, but discover to o sense no plan of house or state of their own. Therefor though the town, and state, and way of living, which of counsellor contemplated, might be a very modest musty prosperity, yet men rightly go for him, and reje the reformer, so long as he comes only with axe ar

But though we are natural conservers and causation ists, and reject a sour, dumpish unbelief, the sceptic class, which Montaigne represents, have reason, and every man, at some time, belongs to it. Every superior mind will pass through this domain of equilibration. I should rather say, will know how to avail himself of the checks and balances in nature, as a natural weapon

inst the exaggeration and formalism of bigots and

kheads. Repticism is the attitude assumed by the student in ation to the particulars which society adores, but ich he sees to be reverend only in their tendency and rit. The ground occupied by the sceptic is the vestiof the temple. Society does not like to have any ath of question blown on the existing order. But interrogation of custom at all points is an inevitable e in the growth of every superior mind, and is the dence of its perception of the flowing power which

nains itself in all changes.

The superior mind will find itself equally at odds with evils of society, and with the projects that are offered relieve them. The wise sceptic is a bad citizen; no servative; he sees the selfishness of property, and drowsiness of institutions. But neither is he fit to rk with any democratic party that ever was constied; for parties wish every one committed, and he etrates the popular patriotism. His politics are se of the "Soul's Errand" of Sir Walter Raleigh; or Krishna, in the Bhagavat, "There is none who is rthy of my love or hatred;" whilst he sentences , physic, divinity, commerce, and custom. He is a ormer: yet he is no better member of the philanopic association. It turns out that he is not the chamn of the operative, the pauper, the prisoner, the slave. stands in his mind, that our life in this world is not quite so easy interpretation as churches and schooloks say. He does not wish to take ground against se benevolences, to play the part of devil's attorney, d blazon every doubt and sneer that darkens the sun him. But he says, There are doubts.

I mean to use the occasion, and celebrate the calendary of our Saint Michel de Montaigne, by counting and scribing these doubts or negations. I wish to ferret em out of their holes, and sun them a little. We must with them as the police do with old rogues, who are own up to the public at the Marshal's office. They never be so formidable, when once they have been ntified Gad regregored! MBh & all antean Albitized by b Garbetti —that justice shall be done to their terrors. I shall take Sunday objections, made up on purpose to be down. I shall take the worst I can find, whether I can find the can be considered as a second control of the can be considered as a second control of the can be considered as a second control of the can be considered as a second control of the can be considered as a second control of the can be control of the can

dispose of them, or they of me.

I do not press the scepticism of the materialist. know the quadruped opinion will not prevail. 'The no importance what bats and oxen think. The fi dangerous symptom I report, is, the levity of inteller as if it were fatal to earnestness to know much. Km ledge is the knowing that we cannot know. The pray; the geniuses are light mockers. How respect able is earnestness on every platform! but intellect it. Nay, San Carlo, my subtle and admirable fries one of the most penetrating of men, finds that all dire ascension, even of lofty piety, leads to this ghastly sight, and sends back the votary orphaned. My astonic ing San Carlo thought the lawgivers and saints infects They found the ark empty; saw, and would not to and tried to choke off their approaching followers, saying, "Action, action, my dear fellows, is for you! Bad as was to me this detection by San Carlo, this for in July, this blow from a bride, there was still a wor namely, the cloy or satiety of the saints. In the mou of vision, ere they have yet risen from their knees, the say, "We discover that this our homage and beatitude is partial and deformed: we must fly for relief to the suspected and reviled Intellect, to the Understanding the Mephistopheles, to the gymnastics of talent."

This is hobgoblin the first; and, though it has been the subject of much elegy, in our nineteenth century from Byron, Goethe, and other poets of less fame, it to mention many distinguished private observers—confess it is not very affecting to my imagination; for it seems to concern the shattering of baby-houses are crockery-shops. What flutters the church of Rome or of England, or of Geneva, or of Boston, may yet wery far from touching any principle of faith. I think that the intellect and moral sentiment are unanimous and that, though philosophy extirpates bugbears, we it supplies the natural checks of vice, and polarity to the Goul. Janganing that the wifeer a man by the more stupen-

us he finds the natural and moral economy, and lifts

uself to a more absolute reliance. There is the power of moods, each setting at naught all it its own tissue of facts and beliefs. There is the wer of complexions, obviously modifying the dissitions and sentiments. The beliefs and unbeliefs pear to be structural; and, as soon as each man ains the poise and vivacity which allow the whole chinery to play, he will not need extreme examples, will rapidly alternate all opinions in his own life. rlife is March weather, savage and serene in one hour. go forth austere, dedicated, believing in the iron s of Destiny, and will not turn on our heel to save our but a book, or a bust, or only the sound of a name, ots a spark through the nerves, and we suddenly eve in will: my finger-ring shall be the seal of omon: fate is for imbeciles: all is possible to the olved mind. Presently, a new experience gives a w turn to our thoughts: common sense resumes its anny: we say, "Well, the army, after all, is the gate fame, manners, and poetry: and, look you—on the ole, selfishness plants best, prunes best, makes the t commerce, and the best citizen." Are the opinions a man on right and wrong, on fate and causation, at mercy of a broken sleep or an indigestion? Is his lef in God and Duty no deeper than a stomach dence? And what guaranty for the permanence his opinions? I like not the French celerity—a new rch and state once a week.—This is the second ation; and I shall let it pass for what it will. As as it asserts rotation of states of mind, I suppose suggests its own remedy, namely, in the record of ger periods. What is the mean of many states; of the states? Does the general voice of ages affirm principle, or is no community of sentiment discoverin distant times and places? And when it shows power of self-interest, I accept that as part of the ine law, and must reconcile it with aspiration the best an.

the word Fate, or Destiny expresses the sense of the world do not

always befriend, but often hurt and crush us. Fain the shape of *Kinde* or nature, grows over us like we will be paint Time with a scythe; Love and Fortubind; and Destiny, deaf. We have too little power resistance against this ferocity which champs us what front can we make against these unavoidation victorious, maleficent forces? What can I do against hereditary and constitutional habits, against hereditary and constitutional habits, against hereditary and constitutional habits, against climate, against high properties high prope

But the main resistance which the affirmative imput finds, and one including all others, is in the doctrine the Illusionists. There is a painful rumour in circu tion, that we have been practised upon in all the principal performances of life, and free agency is the emptiname. We have been sopped and drugged with the with food, with women, with children, with science with events, which leave us exactly where they for us. The mathematics, 'tis complained, leave the mi where they find it: so do all sciences; and so do: events and actions. I find a man who has passed through all the sciences, the churl he was; and, through all offices, learned, civil, and social, can detect the chi We are not the less necessitated to dedicate life to the In fact, we may come to accept it as the fixed rule a theory of our state of education, that God is a substan and his method is illusion. The eastern sages own the goddess Yoganidra, the great illusory energy Vishnu, by whom, as utter ignorance, the whole work

Or shall I state it thus?—The astonishment of life the absence of any appearance of reconciliation betwee the theory and practice of life. Reason, the prince reality, the Law, is apprehended, now and then, for serene and profound moment, amidst the hubbub of care and works which have no directly bearing on the lost, and again found, for an interest. For months or years, and again found, for an interest.

I to be lost again. If we compute it in time, we may, fifty years, have half a dozen reasonable hours. at are these cares and works the better? A method the world we do not see, but this parallelism of great d little, which never react on each other, nor discover smallest tendency to converge. Experiences, fornes, governings, readings, writings, are nothing to the mose; as when a man comes into the room, it does appear whether he has been fed on yams or buffalo, has contrived to get so much bone and fibre as he nts, out of rice or out of snow. So vast is the disportion between the sky of law and the pismire of formance under it, that, whether he is a man of worth a sot, is not so great a matter as we say. Shall I add, one juggle of this enchantment, the stunning nonercourse law which makes co-operation impossible? e young spirit pants to enter society. But all the ys of culture and greatness lead to solitary imprisonent. He has been often baulked. He did not expect sympathy with his thought from the village, but he at with it to the chosen and intelligent, and found entertainment for it, but mere misapprehension, diste, and scoffing. Men are strangely mistimed and sapplied; and the excellence of each is an inflamed ividualism which separates him more.

There are these, and more than these diseases of tught, which our ordinary teachers do not attempt remove. Now shall we, because a good nature lines us to virtue's side, say, There are no doubts,—I lie for the right? Is life to be led in a brave or in a rardly manner? and is not the satisfaction of the bts essential to all manliness? Is the name of virtue be a barrier to that which is virtue? Can you not eve that a man of earnest and burly habit may find all good in tea, essays, and catechism, and want a sher instruction, want men, labour, trade, farming, hunger, plenty, love, hatred, doubt, and terror, to be things plain to him; and has he not a right to at on being convinced in his own way? When he is vinced, he will be worth the pains.

soul; unbelief, in denying them. Some minds incapable of scepticism. The doubts they profesentertain are rather a civility or accommodation to common discourse of their company. They may give themselves leave to speculate, for they are secure a return. Once admitted to the heaven of thought, see no relapse into night, but infinite invitation on other side. Heaven is within heaven, and sky over and they are encompassed with divinities. Other there are, to whom the heaven is brass, and it she down to the surface of the earth. It is a question temperament, or of more or less immersion in nate The last class must needs have a reflex or parasite fair not a sight of realities, but an instinctive reliance on seers and believers of realities. The manners and though of believers astonish them, and convince them the these have seen something which is hid from themselve But their sensual habit would fix the believer to his la position, whilst he as inevitably advances; and preently the unbeliever, for love of belief, burns the believe

Great believers are always reckoned infidels, imprari cable, fantastic, atheistic, and really men of no account The spiritualist finds himself driven to express his fait by a series of scepticisms. Charitable souls come with their projects, and ask his co-operation. How can't hesitate? It is the rule of mere comity and courts to agree where you can, and to turn your sentence with something auspicious, and not freezing and sinistra But he is forced to say, "O, these things will be as the must be: what can you do? These particular grid and crimes are the foliage and fruit of such trees as ra see growing. It is vain to complain of the leaf or the berry: cut it off; it will bear another just as bad. You must begin your cure lower down." The generosits of the day prove an intractable element for him. The people's questions are not his; their methods are not his; and, against all the dictates of good nature, he's driven to say, he has no pleasure in them.

Even the doctrines dear to the hope of man, of the divine Providence, and of the immortality of the sort, this neighbours dain of perioth beginned by the shall be sh

irm it. But he denies out of more faith, and not less, a denies out of honesty. He had rather stand charged the the imbecility of scepticism, than with untruth. I dieve, he says, in the moral design of the universe; it asts hospitably for the weal of souls; but your dogmas am to me caricatures: why should I make-believe am? Will any say, this is cold and infidel? The se and magnanimous will not say so. They will exult his far-sighted good-will, that can abandon to the wersary all the ground of tradition and common belief, ithout losing a jot of strength. It sees to the end of I transgression. George Fox saw "that there was an ean of darkness and death; but withal, an infinite can of light and love which flowed over that of rkness."

The final solution in which scepticism is lost, is, in the oral sentiment, which never forfeits its supremacy. All oods may be safely tried, and their weight allowed to objections: the moral sentiment as easily outweighs and all, as any one. This is the drop which balances are sea. I play with the miscellany of facts, and take use superficial views which we call scepticism; but I now that they will presently appear to me in that order hich makes scepticism impossible. A man of thought ust feel the thought that is parent of the universe: that a masses of nature do undulate and flow.

This faith avails to the whole emergency of life and jects. The world is saturated with deity and with w. He is content with just and unjust, with sots and lis, with the triumph of folly and fraud. He can hold with screnity the yawning gulf between the bition of man and his power of performance, between demand and supply of power, which makes the gedy of all souls.

Tharles Fourier announced that "the attractions of a are proportioned to his destinies;" in other words, tevery desire predicts its own satisfaction. Yet, all erience exhibits the reverse of this; the incompetency ower is the universal grief of young and ardent minds. Access the divine providence of a certain parsiny. Across the divine providence of a certain parsiny. Across the divine providence of a certain parsiny.

child, and filled him with a desire for the whole; desire raging, infinite; a hunger, as of space to be filled with planets; a cry of famine, as of devils for soul Then for the satisfaction,—to each man is administered a single drop, a bead of dew of vital power, per day,cup as large as space, and one drop of the water of life it. Each man woke in the morning, with an appeti that could eat the solar system like a cake; a spirit f action and passion without bounds; he could lay h hand on the morning star: he could try conclusion with gravitation or chemistry; but, on the first motion to prove his strength,—hands, feet, senses, gave wa and would not serve him. He was an emperor deserte by his states, and left to whistle by himself, or thru into a mob of emperors, all whistling: and still the sirens sang, "The attractions are proportioned to the destinies." In every house, in the heart of each maidand of each boy, in the soul of the soaring saint, th chasm is found,-between the largest promise of ide

power, and the shabby experience. The expansive nature of truth comes to our succou elastic, not to be surrounded. Man helps himself h larger generalizations. The lesson of life is practical to generalize; to believe what the years and the ce turies say against the hours; to resist the usurpation of particulars; to penetrate to their catholic sens Things seem to say one thing, and say the reverse. The appearance is immoral; the result is moral. Thing seem to tend downward, to justify despondency, promote rogues, to defeat the just; and, by knave as by martyrs, the just cause is carried forward. A though knaves win in every political struggle, although society seems to be delivered over from the hands of one set of criminals, into the hands of another set of criminals, as fast as the government is changed, and the march of civilization is a train of felonies, yet, general ends are somehow answered. We see, now, event forced on, which seem to retard or retrograde the civility of ages. But the world-spirit is a good swimmer, and storms and waves cannot drown him. He snaps his finger and Mark Mark and So, throughout history, heaven ms to affect low and poor means. Through the years d the centuries, through evil agents, through toys and oms, a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly

Let a man learn to look for the permanent in the table and fleeting; let him learn to bear the dispearance of things he was wont to reverence, without ing his reverence; let him learn that he is here, not to rk, but to be worked upon; and that, though abyss en under abyss, and opinion displace opinion, all are last contained in the Eternal Cause.—

"If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

the saw of the distriction is also been a delivery and the land of the land of

remains a reconstruction built product on the public bet

counts, loss of owners, by the affects and massaired his contemporaries. He stands when all the countries of most cone was and that hands of countries to

V.—SHAKESPEARE; OR, THE POET.

REAT men are more distinguished by range at extent, than by originality. If we require to originality which consists in weaving, like a spider, the web from their own bowels; in finding clay, and making bricks, and building the house; no great mare original. Nor does valuable originality consist unlikeness to other men. The hero is in the press knights, and the thick of events; and, seeing what me want, and sharing their desire, he adds the needful leng of sight and of arm, to come at the desired point. It greatest genius is the most indebted man. A poet no rattlebrain, saying what comes uppermost, and, it cause he says everything, saying, at last, something good but a heart in unison with his time and country. The is nothing whimsical and fantastic in his production but sweet and sad earnest, freighted with the weightic convictions, and pointed with the most determined at

which any man or class knows of in his times.

The Genius of our life is jealous of individuals, and w not have any individual great, except through t general. There is no choice to genius. A great ma does not wake up on some fine morning, and say, "I a full of life, I will go to sea, and find an Antarctic continen to-day I will square the circle: I will ransack botan and find a new food for man: I have a new architectu in my mind; I foresee a new mechanic power:" 1 but he finds himself in the river of the thoughts an events, forced onward by the ideas and necessities his contemporaries. He stands where all the eyes men look one way, and their hands all point in the direction in which he should go. The church has reare him amidst rites and pomps, and he carries out the ad vice which her music gave him, and builds a cathedra needed by her chants and processions. He finds a wa raging: it educates him, by trumpet, in barracks, an he betters the instruction. He finds two counties Gropinggtowhadingatoodollectioflobigitized fixle Gargotrithe place production to the place of consumption, and he hits a railroad. Every master has found his materials ollected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his cople, and in his love of the materials he wrought in. What an economy of power! and what a compensation or the shortness of life! All is done to his hand. The orld has brought him thus far on his way. The human are has gone out before him, sunk the hills, filled the ollows, and bridged the rivers. Men, nations, poets, risans, women, all have worked for him, and he enters to their labours. Choose any other thing, out of the ne of tendency, out of the national feeling and history, nd he would have all to do for himself; his powers ould be expended in the first preparations. Great nial power, one would almost say, consists in not ing original at all; in being altogether receptive; in tting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the

our to pass unobstructed through the mind.

Shakespeare's youth fell in a time when the English cople were importunate for dramatic entertainments. he court took offence easily at political allusions, and tempted to suppress them. The Puritans, a growing ad energetic party, and the religious among the Anglin church, would suppress them. But the people anted them. Inn-yards, houses without roofs, and temporaneous enclosures at country fairs, were the ady theatres of strolling players. The people had sted this new joy; and, as we could not hope to supress newspapers now,—no, not by the strongest party, neither then could king, prelate, or puritan, alone or nited, suppress an organ, which was ballad, epic, newsaper, caucus, lecture, punch, and library, at the same ine. Probably king, prelate, and puritan, all found eir own account in it. It had become, by all causes, national interest,—by no means conspicuous, so that me great scholar would have thought of treating it in English history,—but not a whit less considerable, cause it was cheap, and of no account, like a baker's op. The best proof of its vitality is the crowd of iters which suddenly broke into this field Kyd, arlowe, Greene, Jonson, Chapman, Bekker, Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Peele, Ford, Massinger, Beaumon

The secure possession, by the stage, of the public mind, is of the first importance to the poet who works He loses no time in idle experiments. Here audience and expectation prepared. In the case -Shakespeare there is much more. At the time when left Stratford, and went up to London, a great body. stage-plays, of all dates and writers, existed in man script, and were in turn produced on the boards. He is the Tale of Troy, which the audience will bear hearing some part of, every week; the Death of Julius Casa and other stories out of Plutarch, which they never ti of; a shelf full of English history, from the chronicles Brut and Arthur, down to the royal Henries, which me hear eagerly; and a string of doleful tragedies, men Italian tales, and Spanish voyages, which all the London prentices know. All the mass has been treated, wi more or less skill, by every playwright, and the prompt has the soiled and tattered manuscripts. It is now I longer possible to say who wrote them first. They have been the property of the Theatre so long, and so man rising geniuses have enlarged or altered them, inserting speech, or a whole scene, or adding a song, that no ma can any longer claim copyright in this work of number Happily, no man wishes to. They are not yet desire in that way. We have few readers, many spectator and hearers. They had best lie where they are.

Shakespeare, in common with his comrades, esteeme the mass of old plays, waste stock, in which any experiment could be freely tried. Had the prestige which hedges about a modern tragedy existed, nothing could have been done. The rude warm blood of the living England circulated in the play, as in street-ballads, and gave body which he wanted to his airy and majest fancy. The poet needs a ground in popular tradition on which he may work, and which, again, may restrain his art within the due temperance. It holds him to the people, supplies a foundation for his edifice; and, if furnishing so much work done to his hand, leaves him the delegation of his hand.

ingination. In short, the poet owes to his legend what plyture owed to the temple. Sculpture in Egypt, and Greece, grew up in subordination to architecture. It the ornament of the temple wall: at first, a rude rief carved on pediments, then the relief became bolder, ad a head or arm was projected from the wall, the groups sing still arranged with reference to the building, which twes also as a frame to hold the figures; and when, at t, the greatest freedom of style and treatment was ached, the prevailing genius of architecture still ensoon as the statue was begun for itself, and with no ference to the temple or palace, the art began to de-ine: freak, extravagance, and exhibition, took the place the old temperance. This balance-wheel, which the sulptor found in architecture, the perilous irritability poetic talent found in the accumulated dramatic laterials to which the people were already wonted, and which had a certain excellence which no single mius, however extraordinary, could hope to create. In point of fact, it appears that Shakespeare did owe bts in all directions, and was able to use whatever he und; and the amount of indebtedness may be inferred om Malone's laborious computations in regard to the irst, Second, and Third parts of Henry VI., in which, out of 6043 lines, 1771 were written by some author receding Shakespeare; 2373 by him, on the foundation id by his predecessors; and 1899 were entirely his own." nd the proceeding investigation hardly leaves a single rama of his absolute invention. Malone's sentence is important piece of external history. In Henry VIII., think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock which his own finer stratum was laid. The first play as written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a icious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their adence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene ith Cromwell, where, -instead of the metre of Shakepeare, whose secret is, that the thought constructs the ine, so that reading for the sense will best bring out the nythm,—here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse langeword Mate Colephn pilotogues and students. the play contains, through all its length, unmistakable traits of Shakespeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs. What is odd, the compliment to Queen Elizabeth is in the base

rhythm. Shakespeare knew that tradition supplies a better fable than any invention can. If he lost any credit of design, he augmented his resources; and, at that day our petulant demand for originality was not so much pressed. There was no literature for the million. The universal reading, the cheap press, were unknown. great poet, who appears in illiterate times, absorbs in his sphere all the light which is anywhere radiating Every intellectual jewel, every flower of sentiment, it his fine office to bring to his people; and he comes value his memory equally with his invention. He therefore little solicitous whence his thoughts have been derived; whether through translation, whether through tradition, whether by travel in distant countries, wheth by inspiration; from whatever source, they are equal welcome to his uncritical audience. Nay, he borrow very near home. Other men say wise things as well: he; only they say a good many foolish things, and o not know when they have spoken wisely. He knows if sparkle of the true stone, and puts it in high place wherever he finds it. Such is the happy position Homer, perhaps; of Chaucer, of Saadi. They felt the all wit was their wit. And they are librarians and historiographers, as well as poets. Each romancer was heir and dispenser of all the hundred tales of the world,

"Presenting Thebes' and Pelops' line
And the tale of Troy divine."

The influence of Chaucer is conspicuous in all our earliterature; and, more recently, not only Pope an Dryden have been beholden to him, but, in the who society of English writers, a large unacknowledged delis easily traced. One is charmed with the opulence which feeds so many pensioners. But Chaucer is a hug borrower. Chaucer is a hug borrower. Chaucer is a hug borrower.

rigate and Caxton, from Guido di Colonna, whose tin romance of the Trojan war was in turn a compilan from Dares Phrygius, Ovid, and Statius. Then etrarch, Boccaccio, and the Provencal poets are his enefactors; the Romaunt of the Rose is only judicious anslation from William of Lorris and John of Meun; wilus and Creseide, from Lollius of Urbino: The Cock d the Fox, from the Lais of Marie: The House of Fame, om the French or Italian: and poor Gower he uses as he were only a brick-kiln or stone-quarry, out of hich to build his house. He steals by this apologyat what he takes has no worth where he finds it, and greatest where he leaves it. It has come to be actically a sort of rule in literature, that a man, having ace shown himself capable of original writing, is eniled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others discretion. Thought is the property of him who can stertain it; and of him who can adequately place it. certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed oughts; but, as soon as we have learned what to do th them, they become our own.

Thus, all originality is relative. Every thinker is trospective. The learned member of the legislature, Westminster or at Washington, speaks and votes for ousands. Show us the constituency, and the now visible channels by which the senator is made aware their wishes, the crowd of practical and knowing men, ho, by correspondence or conversation, are feeding im with evidence, anecdotes, and estimates, and it Il bereave his fine attitude and resistance of something their impressiveness. As Sir Robert Peel and Mr. lebster vote, so Locke and Rousseau think for thouands; and so there were fountains all around Homer, lenu, Saadi, or Milton, from which they drew; friends, wers, books, traditions, proverbs-all perished-which, seen, would go to reduce the wonder. Did the bard peak with authority? Did he feel himself overmatched y any companion? The appeal is to the consciousess of the writer. Is there at last in his breast a Delphi hereof to ask concerning any thought or thing, whether be verily so, yea of nay? and to have answer, and to rely on that? All the debts which such a man concontract to other wit, would never disturb his consciouness of originality: for the ministrations of books, and of other minds, are a whiff of smoke to that most private

reality with which he has conversed.

It is easy to see that what is best written or done b genius, in the world, was no man's work, but came t wide social labour, when a thousand wrought like on sharing the same impulse. Our English Bible is a wo derful specimen of the strength and music of the English language. But it was not made by one man, or at or time; but centuries and churches brought it to pe fection. There never was a time when there was m some translation existing. The Liturgy, admired for energy and pathos, is an anthology of the piety of ag and nations, a translation of the prayers and forms the Catholic church—these collected, too, in long period from the prayers and meditations of every saint as sacred writer all over the world. Grotius makes t like remark in respect to the Lord's Prayer, that the single clauses of which it is composed were already use, in the time of Christ, in the rabbinical forms. I picked out the grains of gold. The nervous language the Common Law, the impressive forms of our court and the precision and substantial truth of the legal di tinctions, are the contribution of all the sharp-sighter strong-minded men who have lived in the countries where these laws govern. The translation of Plutare gets its excellence by being translation on translation There never was a time when there was none. All the truly idiomatic and national phrases are kept, and a others successively picked out, and thrown away. Some thing like the same process had gone on, long before, with the originals of these books. The world takes libertie with world-books. Vedas, Æsop's Fables, Pilpay Arabian Nights, Cid, Iliad, Robin Hood, Scottish Min strelsy, are not the work of single men. In the com position of such works, the time thinks, the market thinks, the mason, the carpenter, the merchant, the farmer, the fop, all think for us. Every book supplies citso tiangamidadi biath golddiomodthitizechter Gangnicipal law ery trade, every folly of the day, and the generic ginality to the originality of all, stands with the next

as the recorder and embodiment of his own.

We have to thank the researches of antiquaries, and Shakespeare Society, for ascertaining the steps of English drama, from the Mysteries celebrated in urches and by churchmen, and the final detachment m the church, and the completion of secular plays, m Ferrex and Porrex, and Gammer Gurton's Needle, wn to the possession of the stage by the very pieces ich Shakespeare altered, remodelled, and finally made own. Elated with success, and piqued by the growinterest of the problem, they have left no book-stall searched, no chest in a garret unopened, no file of old low accounts to decompose in damp and worms, so en was the hope to discover whether the boy Shakeeare poached or not, whether he held horses at the atre door, whether he kept school, and why he left in his only his second-best bed to Ann Hathaway, his wife. There is somewhat touching in the madness with which passing age mischooses the object on which all pales shine, and all eyes are turned; the care with ich it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth, i King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs, Buckinghams; and lets pass without a single value note the founder of another dynasty, which alone cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered—the n who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiran which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the forest people of the world are now for some ages to be urished, and minds to receive this and not another s. A popular player-nobody suspected he was the at of the human race; and the secret was kept as thfully from poets and intellectual men, as from rtiers and frivolous people. Bacon, who took the entory of the human understanding for his times, rer mentioned his name. Ben Jonson, though we re strained his few words of regard and panegyric, no suspicion of the clastic fems whose first existering he was attempting. He no doubt thought the TOL. I.

praise he has conceded to him generous, and estee himself, out of all question, the better poet of the tw

If it need wit to know wit, according to the prov Shakespeare's time should be capable of recognizing Sir Henry Wotton was born four years after Sh speare, and died twenty-three years after him; an find, among his correspondents and acquaintances, following persons: Theodore Beza, Isaac Casau Sir Philip Sidney, Earl of Essex, Lord Bacon, Sir Wa Raleigh, John Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Izaak Wal Dr. Donne, Abraham Cowley, Bellarmine, Cha Cotton, John Pym, John Hales, Kepler, Vieta, Alber Gentilis, Paul Sarpi, Arminius; with all of whom ex some token of his having communicated, with enumerating many others, whom doubtless he say Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Massin two Herberts, Marlowe, Chapman, and the rest. Si the constellation of great men who appeared in Gre in the time of Pericles, there was never any such socie -yet their genius failed them to find out the best h in the universe. Our poet's mask was impenetral You cannot see the mountain near. It took a center to make it suspected; and not until two centuries h passed, after his death, did any criticism which we thi adequate begin to appear. It was not possible to wr the history of Shakespeare till now; for he is the fath of German literature: it was on the introduction Shakespeare into German, by Lessing, and the trans lation of his works by Wieland and Schlegel, that i rapid burst of German literature was most intimate connected. It was not until the nineteenth centur whose speculative genius is a sort of living Hamlet, the the tragedy of Hamlet could find such wondering reader Now, literature, philosophy, and thought are Shake spearized. His mind is the horizon beyond which, present, we do not see. Our ears are educated to must by his rhythm. Coleridge and Goethe are the only critics who have expressed our convictions with an adequate fidelity: but there is in all cultivated mind a silent appreciation of his superlative power and beauty The Shakespeare Society have inquired in all direcns, advertised the missing facts, offered money for y information that will lead to proof; and with what sult? Beside some important illustration of the estory of the English stage, to which I have adverted, by have gleaned a few facts touching the property, ad dealings in regard to property, of the poet. It pears that, from year to year, he owned a larger share the Blackfriars Theatre: its wardrobe and other purtenances were his; that he bought an estate in his village, with his earnings, as writer and shareder; that he lived in the best house in Stratford; intrusted by his neighbours with their commissions London, as of borrowing money, and the like; that was a veritable farmer. About the time when he was iting Macbeth, he sues Philip Rogers, in the boroughart of Stratford, for thirty-five shillings, ten pence, corn delivered to him at different times; and, in all spects, appears as a good husband, with no reputation eccentricity or excess. He was a good-natured sort man, an actor and shareholder in the theatre, not in w striking manner distinguished from other actors imanagers. I admit the importance of this informan. It was well worth the pains that have been taken procure it.

But whatever scraps of information concerning his dition these researches may have rescued, they can do no light upon that infinite invention which is the realed magnet of his attraction for us. We are very msy writers of history. We tell the chronicle of centage, birth, birthplace, schooling, schoolmates, ning of money, marriage, publication of books, ebrity, death; and when we have come to an end of s gossip, no ray of relation appears between it and the dess-born; and it seems as if, had we dipped at dom into the "Modern Plutarch," and read any other there, it would have fitted the poems as well. It is essence of poetry to spring, like the rainbow daughter Wonder, from the invisible, to abolish the past, and see all history, Malone Warburton, Dyze, and Collier wasted their oil. The lamed theatres, Covent Gar-

den, Drury Lane, the Park, and Tremont, have vair assisted. Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, a Macready dedicate their lives to this genius; him the crown, elucidate, obey, and express. The genius knot them not. The recitation begins; one golden word lead out immortal from all this painted pedantry, and sweetorments us with invitations to its own inaccessi homes. I remember, I went once to see the Hamlet of famed performer, the pride of the English stage; and I then heard, and all I now remember, of the tragedian was that in which the tragedian had no part; simp Hamlet's question to the ghost—

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

That imagination which dilates the closet he writes in the world's dimension, crowds it with agents in rank a order, as quickly reduces the big reality to be the glimp of the moon. These tricks of his magic spoil for us illusions of the green-room. Can any biography si light on the localities into which the Midsummer Nigh Dream admits me? Did Shakespeare confide to a notary or parish recorder, sacristan or surrogate, in Str ford, the genesis of that delicate creation? The for of Arden, the nimble air of Scone Castle, the moonlight Portia's villa, "the antres vast and desarts idle," Othello's captivity-where is the third cousin, or gran nephew, the chancellor's file of accounts, or private lett that has kept one word of those transcendent secrets? fine, in this drama, as in all great works of art-in Cyclopæan architecture of Egypt and India; in the Ph ian sculpture; the Gothic minsters; the Italian painting the Ballads of Spain and Scotland-the Genius draws the ladder after him, when the creative age goes up heaven, and gives way to a new, which sees the worl and asks in vain for a history.

Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespear and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakespear in us; that is, to our most apprehensive and sympather Choulang Hoved Math Gold to Portion Point Shakespear in us; that is, to our most apprehensive and sympather Choulang Hoved Math Gold to Point Shakespear in us; that is, to our most apprehensive and sympather choulang Hoved Mathematical Shakespear in us; that is, to our most apprehensive and sympather contains the contains the

pecdotes of his inspirations. Read the antique doculents extricated, analyzed, and compared by the siduous Dyce and Collier; and now read one of these tyey sentences—aërolites—which seem to have fallen at of heaven, and which, not your experience, but the an within the breast, has accepted as words of fate; and tell me if they match; if the former account in any anner for the latter; or, which gives the most historical

sight into the man. Hence, though our external history is so meagre, yet, ith Shakespeare for biographer, instead of Aubrey and owe, we have really the information which is material, at which describes character and fortune, that which, we were about to meet the man and deal with him, ould most import us to know. We have his recorded invictions on those questions which knock for answer every heart-on life and death, on love, on wealth ad poverty, on the prizes of life, and the ways whereby e come at them; on the characters of men, and the fluences, occult and open, which affect their fortunes; d on those mysterious and demoniacal powers which fy our science, and which yet interweave their malice d their gift in our brightest hours. Who ever read e volume of the Sonnets, without finding that the poet d there revealed, under masks that are no masks to e intelligent, the lore of friendship and of love; the infusion of sentiments in the most susceptible, and, at e same time, the most intellectual of men? What ait of his private mind has he hidden in his dramas? he can discern, in his ample pictures of the gentleman d the king, what forms and humanities pleased him; s delight in troops of friends, in large hospitality, in eerful giving. Let Timon, let Warwick, let Antonio e merchant, answer for his great heart. So far from akespeare's being the least known, he is the one pern, in all modern history, known to us. What point morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of ligion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not tiled? What mystery has he not signified his knowlge of ? What office or function or district of man's rk, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What lever has he not outloved? What sage has not outseen? What gentleman has he not instruc

in the rudeness of his behaviour?

Some able and appreciating critics think no critic on Shakespeare valuable, that does not rest purely the dramatic merit; that he is falsely judged as poet philosopher. I think as highly as these critics of dramatic merit, but still think it secondary. He wa full man, who liked to talk; a brain exhaling thoug and images, which, seeking vent, found the drama n at hand. Had he been less, we should have had to c sider how well he filled his place, how good a drama he was-and he is the best in the world. But it tu out, that what he has to say is of that weight, as to wi draw some attention from the vehicle; and he is ! some saint whose history is to be rendered into languages, into verse and prose, into songs and picture and cut up into proverbs; so that the occasion wh gave the saint's meaning the form of a conversation, of a prayer, or of a code of laws, is immaterial, co pared with the universality of its application. So fares with the wise Shakespeare and his book of li He wrote the airs for all our modern music: he wrote text of modern life; the text of manners: he drew t man of England and Europe; the father of the man America: he drew the man, and described the day, a what is done in it: he read the hearts of men and women their probity, and their second thought, and wile the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by whi virtues and vices slide into their contraries; he con divide the mother's part from the father's part in i face of the child, or draw the fine demarcations of fre dom and of fate; he knew the laws of repression whi make the police of nature: and all the sweets and all the terrors of human lot lay in his mind as truly but as soft as the landscape lies on the eye. And the importance this wisdom of life sinks the form, as of Drama or Epi out of notice 'Tis like making a question concerning the paper on which a king's message is written. Shakespeare is as much out of the category of eminent athors, as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably ise; the others, conceivably. A good reader can, in a tert, nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; jut not into Shakespeare's. We are still out of doors. executive faculty, for creation, Shakespeare is thest reach of subtlety compatible with an individual the subtilest of authors, and only just within the assibility of authorship. With this wisdom of life, is e equal endowment of imaginative and of lyric power. clothed the creatures of his legend with form and entiments, as if they were people who had lived under his of; and few real men have left such distinct characers as these fictions. And they spoke in language as weet as it was fit. Yet his talents never seduced him hto an ostentation, nor did he harp on one string. An mnipresent humanity co-ordinates all his faculties. live a man of talents a story to tell, and his partiality ill presently appear. He has certain observations, pinions, topics, which have some accidental promience, and which he disposes all to exhibit. He crams his part, and starves that other part, consulting not the tness of the thing, but his fitness and strength. But hakespeare has no peculiarity, no importunate topic; ut all is duly given; no veins, no curiosities: no cowainter, no bird-fancier, no mannerist is he: he has no iscoverable egotism: the great he tells greatly; the mall, subordinately. He is wise without emphasis or ssertion; he is strong, as nature is strong, who lifts he land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the ame rule as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other. This makes that equality power in farce, tragedy, narrative, and love-songs; merit so incessant, that each reader is incredulous of he perception of other readers.

This power of expression, or of transferring the immost ruth of things into music and verse, makes him the ype of the poet, and has added a new problem to metahysics. Colhisaisaillean which of the globe, and as anistory, as a main production of the globe, and as an-

nouncing new eras and ameliorations. Things we mirrored in his poetry without loss or blur: he compaint the fine with precision, the great with compathe tragic and the comic indifferently, and without a distortion or favour. He carried his powerful exetion into minute details, to a hair point; finishes an elash or a dimple as firmly as he draws a mountain; a yet these, like nature's, will bear the scrutiny of

solar microscope.

In short, he is the chief example to prove that more less of production, more or fewer pictures, is a thindifferent. He had the power to make one picture Daguerre learned how to let one flower etch its image his plate of iodine; and then proceeds at leisure to a million. There are always objects; but there we never representation. Here is perfect representation, last; and now let the world of figures sit for their paraits. No recipe can be given for the making of Shakespeare; but the possibility of the translation things into song is demonstrated.

His lyric power lies in the genius of the piece. T sonnets, though their excellence is lost in the splendo of the dramas, are as inimitable as they: and it is not merit of lines, but a total merit of the piece; like t tone of voice of some incomparable person, so is this speech of poetic beings, and any clause as unproducit

now as a whole poem.

Though the speeches in the plays, and single lines, has a beauty which tempts the ear, to pause on them their euphuism, yet the sentence is so loaded with meaning, and so linked with its foregoers and followers, the logician is satisfied. His means are as admirable as his ends: every subordinate invention, by which helps himself to connect some irreconcilable opposite is a poem too. He is not reduced to dismount and wall because his horses are running off with him in som distant direction: he always rides.

The finest poetry was first experience: but the though has suffered a transformation since it was an experience Cultivated men often attain a good degree of skill in Wirking Cerses, Matherslesses to read, through their poems ever personal history: any one acquainted with parties dan name every figure: this is Andrew, and that is cachel. The sense thus remains prosaic. It is a cateryllar with wings, and not yet a butterfly. In the poet's spind, the fact has gone quite over into the new element of thought, and has lost all that is exuvial. This generality abides with Shakespeare. We say, from the truth condition of the pictures, that he knows the lesson wheat. Yet there is not a trace of egotism.

y heart. Yet there is not a trace of egotism.
One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I sean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a pet—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its abligation, but for its grace: he delights in the world, it man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from seem. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds wer the universe. Epicurus relates, that poetry hath each charms that a lover might forsake his mistress to partake of them. And the true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunhine; Chaucer is glad and erect; and Saadi says, "It as rumoured abroad that I was penitent; but what had to do with repentance?" Not less sovereign and cheerful—much more sovereign and cheerful, is the tone of shakespeare. His name suggests joy and emancipation to the heart of men. If he should appear in any company of human souls, who would not march in his roop? He touches nothing that does not borrow realth and longevity from his festal style.

And now, how stands the account of man with this ard and benefactor, when in solitude, shutting our ars to the reverberations of his fame, we seek to strike he balance? Solitude has austere lessons; it can each us to spare both heroes and poets; and it weighs shakespeare also, and finds him to share the halfness and imperfection of humanity.

Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Chaucer, saw the splenour of meaning that plays over the visible world; knew hat a tree had another use than for apples, and corn nother than for meal, and the ball of the earth, than or tillage and roads; that these things boy a second

and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of i thoughts, and conveying in all their natural history certain mute commentary on human life. Shakespea employed them as colours to compose his picture. I rested in their beauty; and never took the step which seemed inevitable to such genius, namely, to explore the virtue which resides in these symbols, and imparts th power-what is that which they themselves say? I converted the elements, which waited on his comman into entertainments. He was master of the revels mankind. Is it not as if one should have, through majestic powers of science, the comets given into h hand, or the planets and their moons, and should dra them from their orbits to glare with the municipal fir works on a holiday night, and advertise in all town "very superior pyrotechny this evening!" Are that agents of nature, and the power to understand the worth no more than a street serenade, or the breath a cigar? One remembers again the trumpet-text the Koran-" The heavens and the earth, and all the is between them, think ye we have created them in jest? As long as the question is of talent and mental power the world of men has not his equal to show. But whe the question is to life, and its materials, and its auxi iaries, how does he profit me? What does it signify It is but a Twelfth Night, or Midsummer Night Dream, or a Winter Evening's Tale: what signific another picture more or less? The Egyptian verdic of the Shakespeare Societies comes to mind, that he wa a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this far to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives i some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man in wide contrast. Had he been less, had he reache only the common measure of great authors, of Bacor Milton, Tasso, Cervantes, we might leave the fact in th twilight of human fate: but, that this man of men, h who gave to the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed, and planted the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into Chaos-that h should not be wise for himself—it must even go interfer world swinishory, other interference by the state of the world swinishory, other interference by the state of the stat nd profane life, using his genius for the public musement.

Well, other men, priest and prophet, Israelite, German, and Swede, beheld the same objects: they also saw brough them that which was contained. And to what purpose? The beauty straightway vanished; they ad commandments, all-excluding mountainous duty; n obligation, a sadness, as of piled mountains, fell on bem, and life became ghastly, joyless, a pilgrim's proress, a probation, beleaguered round with doleful istories of Adam's fall and curse, behind us; with comsdays and purgatorial and penal fires before us; nd the heart of the seer and the heart of the listener ank in them.

It must be conceded that these are half-views of halfnen. The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakespeare the player, nor hall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner; ut who shall see, speak, and act, with equal inspiration. or knowledge will brighten the sunshine; right is more eautiful than private affection; and love is compatible with universal wisdom.

or tage this is the craye, wheth taben is some entered

more that worldship ben family to light a wood of subsethat the and the state of the state of the state of to the workers would offermine a beautiful and The surrout store is solded also entracture, hald see

of of erical il." with I set med the a community of the last in the manufacture of the convey of the mind to be most as an end to said off - ; some of Acid him several sil si molenny. Hale bue var ribri to sere teriors. The institute of active, many ablances, the terior of the printed on Nage

VI.—NAPOLEON; OR, THE MAN OF THE WORL

MONG the eminent persons of the nineteenth century, Bonaparte is far the best known, and to most powerful; and owes his predominance to the fidelity with which he expresses the tone of thought and belief, the aims of the masses of active and cultivate men. It is Swedenborg's theory, that every organ made up of homogeneous particles; or, as it is some times expressed, every whole is made of similars; the is, the lungs are composed of infinitely small lung the liver, of infinitely small livers; the kidney, of litt kidneys, &c. Following this analogy, if any man found to carry with him the power and affections of vanumbers, if Napoleon is France, if Napoleon is Europe, is because the people whom he sways are little Napoleon

In our society, there is a standing antagonism between the conservative and the democratic classes; between those who have made their fortunes, and the young a the poor who have fortunes to make; between t interests of dead labour-that is, the labour of han long ago still in the grave, which labour is now entomb in money stocks or in land and buildings owned by id capitalists-and the interests of living labour, which seeks to possess itself of land, and buildings, and more stocks. The first class is timid, selfish, illiberal, hatir innovation, and continually losing numbers by deat The second class is selfish also, encroaching, bold, sel relying, always outnumbering the other, and recruitir its numbers every hour by births. It desires to kee open every avenue to the competition of all, and t multiply avenues ;-the class of business men in America in England, in France, and throughout Europe; the class of industry and skill. Napoleon is its represen tative. The instinct of active, brave, able men, through out the middle class everywhere, has pointed out Napo leon as the incarnate Democrat. He had their virtue and their wises Mark Lowe cally brothed their appirit or ain That tendency is material, pointing at a sensual success

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ad employing the richest and most various means to hat end; conversant with mechanical powers, highly atellectual, widely and accurately learned and skilful, at subordinating all intellectual and spiritual forces into peans to a material success. To be the rich man, is the ad. "God has granted," says the Koran, "to every cople a prophet in its own tongue." Paris, and Lonon, and New York, the spirit of commerce, of money. and material power, were also to have their prophet; and Bonaparte was qualified and sent.

Every one of the million readers of anecdotes, or emoirs, or lives of Napoleon, delights in the page, ecause he studies in it his own history. Napoleon is toroughly modern, and, at the highest point of his formes, has the very spirit of the newspapers. He is no sint,—to use his own word, "no capuchin," and he is to hero, in the high sense. The man in the street finds inhim the qualities and powers of other men in the street. He finds him, like himself, by birth a citizen, who, by ery intelligible merits, arrived at such a commanding osition, that he could indulge all those tastes which the ommon man possesses, but is obliged to conceal and eny: good society, good books, fast travelling, dress, inners, servants without number, personal weight, the xecution of his ideas, the standing in the attitude of a enefactor to all persons about him, the refined enjoynents of pictures, statues, music, palaces, and conentional honours,-precisely what is agreeable to the eart of every man in the nineteenth century,-this owerful man possessed.

It is true that a man of Napoleon's truth of adaptation the mind of the masses around him, becomes not nerely representative, but actually a monopolizer and surper of other minds. Thus Mirabeau plagiarized very good thought, every good word, that was spoken a France. Dumont relates, that he sat in the gallery f the Convention, and heard Mirabeau make a speech. t struck Dumont that he could fit it with a peroration, which he wrote in pencil immediately, and showed it Lord Elgin, who sat by him. Lord Elgin approved it, ad Dumont, in the evening, showed it to Mirabeau.

Mirabeau read it, pronounced it admirable, and declared he would incorporate it into his harangue, to-morrow to the Assembly. "It is impossible," said Dumont, "as unfortunately, I have shown it to Lord Elgin." "I you have shown it to Lord Elgin, and to fifty person beside, I shall still speak it to-morrow:" and he die speak it, with much effect, at the next day's session For Mirabeau, with his overpowering personality, fel that these things, which his presence inspired, were a much his own, as if he had said them, and that his adop tion of them gave them their weight. Much mor absolute and centralizing was the successor to Mirabeau popularity, and to much more than his predominance i France. Indeed, a man of Napoleon's stamp almos ceases to have a private speech and opinion. He is s largely receptive, and is so placed, that he comes to b a bureau for all the intelligence, wit, and power, of the age and country. He gains the battle; he makes the code: he makes the system of weights and measures he levels the Alps; he builds the road. All distinguishe engineers, savans, statists, report to him: so, likewise do all good heads in every kind: he adopts the bes measures, sets his stamp on them, and not these alone but on every happy and memorable expression. Ever sentence spoken by Napoleon, and every line of his writing, deserves reading, as it is the sense of France

Bonaparte was the idol of common men, because had in transcendent degree the qualities and powers of common men. There is a certain satisfaction in coming down to the lowest ground of politics, for we get rid of cant and hypocrisy. Bonaparte wrought, in common with that great class he represented, for power and wealth,—but Bonaparte, specially, without any scruple as to the means. All the sentiments which embarrass men's pursuit of these objects, he set aside. The sentiments were for women and children. Fontanes, in 1804, expressed Napoleon's own sense, when, in behalf of the Senate, he addressed him,—"Sire, the desire of perfection is the worst disease that ever afflicted the human mind." The advocates of liberty, and of progress, large many articles of the sentence of t

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his mouth ;-" Necker is an ideologist : " " Lafayette

an ideologist." An Italian proverb, too well known, declares that, if you would succeed, you must not be too good." san advantage, within certain limits, to have renounced te dominion of the sentiments of piety, gratitude, and nerosity; since, what was an impassable bar to us, and il is to others, becomes a convenient weapon for our poses; just as the river which was a formidable Napoleon renounced, once for all, sentiments and rections, and would help himself with his hands and is head. With him is no miracle, and no magic. He a worker in brass, in iron, in wood, in earth, in roads, buildings, in money, and in troops, and a very constent and wise master-workman. He is never weak ad literary, but acts with the solidity and the precision natural agents. He has not lost his native sense and mpathy with things. Men give way before such a an, as before natural events. To be sure there are men hough who are immersed in things, as farmers, smiths, ilors, and mechanics generally; and we know how real ad solid such men appear in the presence of scholars and rammarians; but these men ordinarily lack the power arrangement, and are like hands without a head. ut Bonaparte superadded to this mineral and animal rce, insight and generalization, so that men saw in him ombined the natural and the intellectual power, as if he sea and land had taken flesh and begun to cipher. herefore the land and sea seem to presuppose him. ame unto his own, and they received him. This cipherag operative knows what he is working with, and what the product. He knew the properties of gold and iron, wheels and ships, of troops and diplomatists, and required that each should do after its kind.

The art of war was the game in which he exerted his rithmetic. It consisted, according to him, in having ways more forces than the enemy, on the point where he enemy is attacked, or where he attacks: and his hole talent is strained by enclose manageuvre and evolu-on, to march always on the enemy at an angle, and destroy his forces in detail. It is obvious that a vesmall force, skilfully and rapidly manœuvring, so always to bring two men against one at the point engagement, will be an overmatch for the much large

body of men.

The times, his constitution, and his early circustances, combined to develop this pattern democration. He had the virtues of his class, and the conditions their activity. That common sense, which no soor respects any end, than it finds the means to effect the delight in the use of means; in the choice, simplication, and combining of means; the directness at thoroughness of his work; the prudence with which was seen, and the energy with which all was done, making the natural organ and head of what I may almost

call, from its extent, the modern party.

Nature must have far the greatest share in every su cess, and so in his. Such a man was wanted, and such man was born; a man of stone and iron, capable of sitti on horseback sixteen or seventeen hours, of going man days together without rest or food, except by snatche and with the speed and spring of a tiger in action; man not embarrassed by any scruples; compact, instan selfish, prudent, and of a perception which did not suffe itself to be baulked or misled by any pretences of other or any superstition, or any heat or haste of his own "My hand of iron," he said, "was not at the extremit of my arm, it was immediately connected with my head. He respected the power of nature and fortune, and ascribed to it his superiority, instead of valuing himself like inferior men, on his opinionativeness, and waging war with nature. His favourite rhetoric lay in allusion to his star; and he pleased himself, as well as the people when he styled himself the "Child of Destiny." "They charge me," he said, "with the commission of great crimes: men of my stamp do not commit crimes. Nothing has been more simple than my elevation; 'tis in vain to ascribe it to intrigue or crime: it was owing to the peculiarity of the times, and to my reputation of having fought well against the enemies of my country and made Mally against the enemies of my NAPOLEON: THE MAN OF THE WORLD. 481

Yeat masses, and with events. Of what use, then, bould crimes be to me?" Again he said, speaking of is son, "My son cannot replace me; I could not replace rayself. I am the creature of circumstances."

He had a directness of action never before combined ith so much comprehension. He is a realist, terrific all talkers, and confused truth-obscuring persons. We sees where the matter hinges, throws himself on the recise point of resistance, and slights all other conderations. He is strong in the right manner, namely, y insight. He never blundered into victory, but won s battles in his head, before he won them on the field. is principal means are in himself. He asks counsel of other. In 1796, he writes to the Directory; "I have onducted the campaign without consulting any one. should have done no good, if I had been under the ecessity of conforming to the notions of another person. have gained some advantages over superior forces, and then totally destitute of everything, because, in the ersuasion that your confidence was reposed in me, my

ctions were as prompt as my thoughts." History is full, down to this day, of the imbecility of

ings and governors. They are a class of persons much be pitied, for they know not what they should do. The weavers strike for bread; and the king and his ninisters, not knowing what to do, meet them with ayonets. But Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who, in each moment and emergency, new what to do next. It is an immense comfort and efreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of itizens. Few men have any next; they live from and to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he aspires confidence and vigour by the extraordinary mity of his action. He is firm, sure, self-denying, selfostponing, sacrificing everything to his aim,-money, roops, generals, and his own safety also, to his aim; ot misled like common adventurers by the splendour if his own means. Incidents ought not to govern

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policy," he said, "but policy, incidents." "To b hurried away by every event, is to have no political system at all." His victories were only so many doors and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. H knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history of the price at which he bought his successes; but h must not therefore be set down as cruel; but only as on who knew no impediment to his will; not bloodthirsty not cruel,-but woe to what thing or person stood in hi way! Not bloodthirsty, but not sparing of bloodand pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstact must give way. "Sire, General Clarke cannot com bine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of th Austrian battery."—"Let him carry the battery."-"Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy a tillery is sacrificed: Sire, what orders?"-" Forward forward!" Seruzier, a colonel of artillery, gives i his Military Memoirs, the following sketch of a scen after the battle of Austerlitz :- "At the moment is which the Russian army was making its retreat, pain fully, but in good order, on the ice of the lake, the Emperor Napoleon came riding at full speed toward the artillery. "You are losing time," he cried, "fire upon those masses; they must be engulfed: fire upon the ice!" The order remained unexecuted for ter minutes. In vain several officers and myself were placed on the slope of a hill to produce the effect: their balls and mine rolled upon the ice, without breaking it up. Seeing that, I tried a simple method of elevating light howitzers The almost perpendicular fall of the heavy projectiles produced the desired effect. My method was immediately followed by the adjoining batteries, and in less than no time we buried" some * "thousands of Russians and Austrians under the waters of the lake."

In the plenitude of his resources, every obstacle seemed

CC-लेश्र अत्वासकार्यको अञ्चल दे आस्त्रीत्मा केल्लाम्बर्ध क्राय्वादक कुल्लाम्बर्धः, I dare not adopt the high figure I find.

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vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he lilt his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their expest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as y town in France. He laid his bones to, and wrought his crown. Having decided what was to be done, he I that with might and main. He put out all his rength. He risked everything, and spared nothing, ither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, r himself.

We like to see everything do its office after its kind, nether it be a milch-cow or a rattle-snake; and, if thing be the best mode of adjusting national differces (as large majorities of men seem to agree), cerinly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough. The grand principle of war," he said, "was, that an my ought always to be ready, by day and by night, ad at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable making." He never economized his ammunition, at, on a hostile position, rained a torrent of iron,ells, balls, grape-shot,—to annihilate all defence. On y point of resistance he concentrated squadron on uadron in overwhelming numbers, until it was swept it of existence. To a regiment of horse-chasseurs at benstein, two days before the battle of Jena, Napoleon id, "My lads, you must not fear death; when soldiers ave death, they drive him into the enemy's ranks." the fury of assault, he no more spared himself. He ent to the edge of his possibility. It is plain that in aly he did what he could, and all that he could. He ame, several times, within an inch of ruin; and his own erson was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at rcola. The Austrians were between him and his oops, in the melée, and he was brought off with deserate efforts. At Lonato, and at other places, he was n the point of being taken prisoner. He fought sixty attles. He had never enough. Each victory was a ew weapon. "My power would fall, were I not to ipport it by new achievements. Conquest has made e what I am, and conquest must maintain me." He lt, with every ny ise analyth bate as much life is needed or conservation, as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destrution, and only to be saved by invention and courage.

This vigour was guarded and tempered by the colderudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attache was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. He very attack was never the inspiration of courage, bethe result of calculation. His idea of the best defenconsists in being still the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature. In one of his conversations with Las Casas, he remarked "As to moral courage, I have rarely met with the two o'clock-in-the-morning-kind: I mean unprepared courage that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion; an which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves furfreedom of judgment and decision:" and he did not he he was himself eminently endowed with this "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage and that he had met with few persons equal to himself.

in this respect."

Everything depended on the nicety of his combina tions, and the stars were not more punctual than hi arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello, I ordered Keller mann to attack with eight hundred horse, and wit these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grena diers, before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I hav observed, that it is always these quarters of an hou that decide the fate of a battle." "Before he fought battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should d in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune." The same prudence and good sense mark all his behaviour. His instruction to his secretary at the Tuileries are worth remembering "During the night, enter my chamber as seldom a possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate: with that there is no hurry But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, to then there is not a moment to be lost of the year a whim sical economy of the same kind which dictated his practice len general in Italy, in regard to his burdensome prespondence. He directed Bourrienne to leave all staters unopened for three weeks, and then observed this satisfaction how large a part of the correspondence and thus disposed of itself, and no longer required an abover. His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of man. There have the many working kings, from Ulysses to William of ange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's prormance.

To these gifts of nature, Napoleon added the advan-ge of having been born to a private and humble fortune. his later days, he had the weakness of wishing to add his crowns and badges the prescription of aristocracy; it he knew his debt to his austere education, and made secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for the hereditary asses," as he coarsely styled the Bour-ons. He said that, "in their exile, they had learned pthing, and forgot nothing." Bonaparte had passed trough all the degrees of military service, but also was tizen before he was emperor, and so has the key to tizenship. His remarks and estimates discover the formation and justness of measurement of the middle ass. Those who had to deal with him, found that he as not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as other man. This appears in all parts of his Memoirs, ctated at St. Helena. When the expenses of the apress, of his household, of his palaces, had accumuted great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the editors himself, detected overcharges and errors, and duced the claims by considerable sums.

His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he

His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he rected, he owed to the representative character which when the him. He interests us as he stands for France of for Europe; and he exists as captain and king, only far as the Revolution, or the interest of the industrious asses, found an organ and a leader in him. In the cial interests, he knew the meaning and value of four, and threw himself naturally on that side. I like incident mentioned by one of his biographers at Stillena. When walking with Mrs. Balcombe, some

servants, carrying heavy boxes, passed by on the road and Mrs. Balcombe desired them, in rather an angry ton to keep back. Napoleon interfered, saying, Respec the burden, Madam.' " In the time of the empire, I directed attention to the improvement and embellis ment of the markets of the capital. "The market-place he said, "is the Louvre of the common people." The principal works that have survived him are his magni cent roads. He filled the troops with his spirit, and sort of freedom and companionship grew up between hi and them, which the forms of his court never permitte between the officers and himself. They performe under his eye, that which no others could do. The be document of his relation to his troops is the order of t day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in whi Napoleon promises the troops that he will keep his pers out of reach of fire. This declaration, which is t reverse of that ordinarily made by generals and sov eigns on the eve of a battle, sufficiently explains t

devotion of the army to their leader.

But though there is in particulars this identity between Napoleon and the mass of the people, his real streng lay in their conviction that he was their representati in his genius and aims, not only when he courted, h when he controlled and even when he decimated the by his conscriptions. He knew, as well as any Jacob in France, how to philosophize on liberty and equalit and, when allusion was made to the precious blood centuries, which was spilled by the killing of the D d'Enghien, he suggested, "Neither is my blood dite water." The people felt that no longer the throne w occupied, and the land sucked of its nourishment, by small class of legitimates, secluded from all commun with the children of the soil, and holding the ideas a superstitions of a long-forgotten state of society. stead of that vampyre, a man of themselves held, in Tuileries, knowledge and ideas like their own, opening of course, to them and their children, all places of pow and trust. The day of sleepy, selfish policy, ever narro cing the means and opportunities of coming men, we ended, and a day of expansion and demand was con market for all the powers and productions of man was pened; brilliant prizes glittered in the eyes of youth and talent. The old, iron-bound, feudal France was hanged into a young Ohio or New York; and those who marted under the immediate rigours of the new monrch, pardoned them, as the necessary severities of the allitary system which had driven out the oppressor. Indeven when the majority of the people had begun to sk whether they had really gained anything under the whausting levies of men and money of the new master, the whole talent of the country, in every rank and indred, took his part, and defended him as its natural atron. In 1814, when advised to rely on the higher lasses, Napoleon said to those around him, "Gentlenen, in the situation in which I stand, my only nobility the rabble of the Faubourgs."

sity of his position required a hospitality to every sort of talent, and its appointment to trusts; and his feeling vent along with this policy. Like every superior peron, he undoubtedly felt a desire for men and compeers, and a wish to measure his power with other masters, and impatience of fools and underlings. In Italy, he "Good God!" he ought for men, and found none. maid, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions In Italy, and I have with difficulty found two,-Danlolo and Melzi." In later years, with larger experience, his respect for mankind was not increased. In a moment bitterness, he said, to one of his oldest friends, "Men leserve the contempt with which they inspire me. I shave only to put some gold lace on the coat of my virations republicans, and they immediately become just what I wish them." This impatience at levity was, however, an oblique tribute of respect to those able persons who commanded his regard, not only when he blound them friends and coadjutors, but also when they resisted his will. He could not confound Fox and Pitt, Carnot, Lafayette, and Bernadotte, with the danglers

of his court; and, in spite of the detraction which his systematic egotism dictated toward the great captains who conquered with and for him, arrippe by considered.

ments are made by him to Lannes, Duroc, Kleber Dessaix, Massena, Murat, Ney, and Augereau. If h felt himself their patron, and the founder of their for tunes, as when he said, "I made my generals out mud," he could not hide his satisfaction in receiving from them a seconding and support commensurate with the grandeur of his enterprise. In the Russian campaign he was so much impressed by the courage and resource of Marshal Ney, that he said, "I have two hundred mi lions in my coffers, and I would give them all for Ney. The characters which he has drawn of several of hi marshals are discriminating, and, though they did no content the insatiable vanity of French officers, are, n doubt, substantially just. And, in fact, every species of merit was sought and advanced under his government. "I know," he said, "the depth and draught water of every one of my generals." Natural power was sure to be well received at his court. Seventeen mer in his time, were raised from common soldiers to the ran of king, marshal, duke, or general; and the crosses of his Legion of Honour were given to personal valour, an not to family connexion. "When soldiers have been baptized in the fire of a battle-field, they have all on

When a natural king becomes a titular king, everybod is pleased and satisfied. The Revolution entitled th strong populace of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and ever horse-boy and powder-monkey in the army, to look of Napoleon, as flesh of his flesh, and the creature of hi party: but there is something in the success of grand talent which enlists an universal sympathy. For, in the prevalence of sense and spirit over stupidity and mal versation, all reasonable men have an interest; and, a intellectual beings, we feel the air purified by the electrishock, when material force is overthrown by intellectua energies. As soon as we are removed out of the reach of local and accidental partialities, man feels that Napoleon fights for him; these are honest victories; this strong steam-engine does our work. Whatever appeals to the imagination, by transcending the ordinary limits of free transcending the ordinary limits of transcending transcending the ordinary limits of transcending transcend

This capacious head, revolving and disposing sovereignly rains of affairs, and animating such multitudes of agents; his eye, which looked through Europe; this prompt nvention; this inexhaustible resource; -what events! that romantic pictures! what strange situations!then spying the Alps, by a sunset in the Sicilian sea; rawing up his army for battle, in sight of the Pyramids. and saying to his troops, "From the tops of those pyrapids, forty centuries look down on you;" fording the Red Sea; wading in the gulf of the Isthmus of Suez. In the shore of Ptolemais, gigantic projects agitated him. Had Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the orld." His army, on the night of the battle of Austeritz, which was the anniversary of his inauguration as Emperor, presented him with a bouquet of forty standrds taken in the fight. Perhaps it is a little puerile the pleasure he took in making these contrasts glaring, as when he pleased himself with making kings wait in is antechambers, at Tilsit, at Paris, and at Erfurt.

We cannot, in the universal imbecility, indecision, and ndolence of men, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on his strong and ready actor, who took occasion by the beard, and showed us how much may be accomplished by the mere force of such virtues as all men possess in ess degrees; namely, by punctuality, by personal attention, by courage, and thoroughness. "The Austrims," he said, "do not know the value of time." I should ite him, in his earlier years, as a model of prudence. His power does not consist in any wild or extravagant lorce; in any enthusiasm, like Mahomet's; or singular power of persuasion; but in the exercise of common sense on each emergency, instead of abiding by rules and customs. The lesson he teaches is that which vigour always teaches—that there is always room for it. what heaps of cowardly doubts is not that man's life an answer. When he appeared, it was the belief of all military men that there could be nothing new in war; as it is the belief of men to-day that nothing new can be undertaken in politics, or in church, or in letters, or in trade, or in farming, or in our social manners and cus-toms; and as it is, at all times, the belief of society that

the world is used up. But Bonaparte knew better than society; and, moreover, knew that he knew better. I think all men know better than they do; know that the institutions we so volubly commend are go-carts and baubles; but they dare not trust their presentiments, Bonaparte relied on his own sense, and did not care a bean for other people's. The world treated his novelties just as it treats everybody's novelties-made infinite objection; mustered all the impediments: but he snapped his finger at their objections. "What creates great difficulty," he remarks, "in the profession of the land-commander, is the necessity of feeding so many men and animals. If he allows himself to be guided by the commissaries, he will never stir, and all his expeditions will fail." An example of his common sense is what he says of the passage of the Alps in winter which all writers, one repeating after the other, had described as impracticable. "The winter," says Napo leon, "is not the most unfavourable season for the passage of lofty mountains. The snow is then firm, the weather settled, and there is nothing to fear from avalanches, the real and only danger to be apprehended in the Alps. On those high mountains, there are often very fine days in December, of a dry cold, with extreme calmness in the air." Read his account, too, of the way in which battles are gained. "In all battles, a moment occurs, when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel inclined to run. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretence, to restore confidence to them. The art is to give rise to the opportunity, and to invent the pretence. At Arcola, I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I seized that moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet, and gained the day with this handful. You see that two armies are two bodies which meet, and endeavour to frighten each other: a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage. When a man has been present in many actions, he distinguishes that mementanyathout Mafficultation ibigrized space argumeting up

This deputy of the nineteenth century added to his ifts a capacity for speculation on general topics. He elighted in running through the range of practical, f literary, and of abstract questions. His opinion is Iways original, and to the purpose. On the voyage to gypt, he liked, after dinner, to fix on three or four ersons to support a proposition, and as many to oppose . He gave a subject, and the discussions turned on uestions of religion, the different kinds of government, nd the art of war. One day, he asked whether the lanets were inhabited? On another, what was the ge of the world? Then he proposed to consider the robability of the destruction of the globe, either by rater or by fire: at another time, the truth or fallacy f presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. as very fond of talking of religion. In 1806, he con-tersed with Fournier, bishop of Montpellier, on matters of theology. There were two points on which they could ot agree, viz., that of hell, and that of salvation out of he pale of the church. The Emperor told Josephine, hat he disputed like a devil on these two points, on which the bishop was inexorable. To the philosophers e readily yielded all that was proved against religion as he work of men and time; but he would not hear of naterialism. One fine night, on deck, amid a clatter of naterialism, Bonaparte pointed to the stars, and said, You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" He delighted in the conversation f men of science, particularly of Monge and Berthollet; ut the men of letters he slighted; "they were manuacturers of phrases." Of medicine, too, he was fond of alking, and with those of its practitioners whom he post esteemed-with Corvisart at Paris, and with Intonomarchi at St. Helena. "Believe me," he said o the last, "we had better leave off all these remedies: fe is a fortress which neither you nor I know anything bout. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defence? ts own means are superior to all the apparatus of your boratories. Corvisart candidly agreed with me, that Il your ceth vanjatwas are consolor postive by Madisine a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful tmankind. Water, air, and cleanliness, are the chie

articles in my pharmacopœia."

His memoirs, dictated to Count Montholon and General Gourgaud, at St. Helena, have great value, after all the deduction that, it seems, is to be made from them, or account of his known disingenuousness. He has the good-nature of strength and conscious superiority. I admire his simple, clear narrative of his battles;—good as Cæsar's; his good-natured and sufficiently respectful account of Marshal Wurmser and his other antagonists, and his own equality as a writer to his varying subject. The most agreeable portion is the Campaign in Egypt.

He had hours of thought and wisdom. In intervals of leisure, either in the camp or the palace, Napoleon appears as a man of genius, directing on abstract questions the native appetite for truth, and the impatience of words, he was wont to show in war. He could enjoy every play of invention, a romance, a bon mot, as well as a stratagem in a campaign. He delighted to fascinate Josephine and her ladies, in a dim-lighted apartment, by the terrors of a fiction, to which his voice and dramatic

power lent every addition.

I call Napoleon the agent or attorney of the middle class of modern society; of the throng who fill the markets, shops, counting-houses, manufactories, ships, of the modern world, aiming to be rich. He was the agitator, the destroyer of prescription, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical, the inventor of means, the opener of doors and markets, the subverter of monopoly and abuse. Of course, the rich and aristocratic did not like him. England, the centre of capital, and Rome and Austria, centres of tradition and genealogy, opposed him. The consternation of the dull and conservative classes, the terror of the foolish old men and old women of the Roman conclave—who in their despair took hold of anything, and would cling to red-hot iron—the vain attempts of statists to amuse and deceive him, of the emperor of Austria to bribe him; and the instinct of the young ardent, and active men everywhere, which pointed him out as the grant of the middle class, make

his history bright and commanding. He had the virtues of the masses of his constituents: he had also their vices. Iam sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse. But that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuit of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments: and it is inevitable that we should find the same fact in the history of this champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career, without any stipulation or scruple con-

erning the means.

Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sen-The highest-placed individual in the most ultivated age and population of the world—he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic, and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellermann, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne. He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his "Moniteurs," and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and worse—he sat, in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts, and dates, and characters, and giving to history a theatrical éclat. Like all Frenchmen, he has a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. "I must lazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power could not last three days." To make a reat noise is his favourite design. " A great reputation s a great noise: the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, ill fall; but the noise continues, and resounds in after ges." His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. "There are His theory of influence is not flattering. wo levers for moving men-interest and fear. Love is silly infatuation, depend upon it. Friendship is but a ame. CD lovenyabodyi MatridochedieweDidovecny drathers: erhaps Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is

my elder; and Duroc, I love him too; but why?-because his character pleases me: he is stern and resolute, and, I believe, the fellow never shed a tear-For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women: but men should be firm in heart and purpose. or they should have nothing to do with war and government." He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity; but mere vulgar hatred: he was intensely selfish: he was perfidious: he cheated at cards: he was a prodigious gossip, and opened letters; and delighted in his infamous police: and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that "he knew every thing; " and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and the compliments of the street, incognito. His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears, and pinching their cheeks, when he was in good humour, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horse-play with them, to his last days. It does not appear that he listened at keyholes, or, at least, that he was caught at In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendour, you were not dealing with a gentleman, at last; but with an impostor and a rogue and he fully deserves the epithet of *Iupiter Scapin*, or a sort of Scamp Jupiter.

In describing the two parties into which modern society divides itself,—the democrat and the conservative,—I said, Bonaparte represents the democrat, of the party of men of business, against the stationary of conservative party. I omitted then to say, what is material to the statement, namely, that these two parties differ only as young and old. The democrat is a young conservative; and the conservative is an old democrat. The arrest while Charles and Source to seed,—

ecause both parties stand on the one ground of the apreme value of property, which one endeavours to set, and the other to keep. Bonaparte may be said to represent the whole history of this party, its youth and is age; yes, and with poetic justice, its fate, in his own. The counter-revolution, the counter-party, still waits for sorgan and representative, in a lover and a man of ruly public and universal aims.

Here was an experiment, under the most favourable onditions, of the powers of intellect without conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed, and so weaponed; ever leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power, of these mmense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, of this demoralized Europe? It came to no result. All passed away, like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He left France smaller, poorer, feebler, than he found it; and the whole contest or freedom was to be begun again. The attempt was, n principle, suicidal. France served him with life, and imb, and estate, as long as it could identify its interest with him; but when men saw that after victory was mother war; after the destruction of armies, new concriptions; and they who had toiled so desperately were never nearer to the reward,—they could not spend what hey had earned, nor repose on their down-beds, nor strut n their chateaux,—they deserted him. Men found that his absorbing egotism was deadly to all other men. It resembled the torpedo, which inflicts a succession of shocks on any one who takes hold of it, producing spasms which contract the muscles of the hand, so that the man cannot open his fingers; and the animal inflicts new and more violent shocks, until he paralyzes and kills his

Sonaparte.
It was not Bonaparte's fault. He did all that in him ay, to live and thinke without morabonized be Gardonas he nature of things, the eternal law of man and of the

victim. So, this exorbitant egotist narrowed, impovershed, and absorbed the power and existence of those who served him; and the universal cry of France and of Europe, in 1814, was, "enough of him;" assez de world, which baulked and ruined him; and the result in a million experiments, will be the same. Ever experiment, by multitudes or by individuals, that has sensual and selfish aim, will fail. The pacific Fourie will be as inefficient as the pernicious Napoleon. A long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth. Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open and which serves all men.

VII.—GOETHE: OR, THE WRITER.

FIND a provision, in the constitution of the world, for the writer or secretary, who is to report the doings the miraculous spirit of life that everywhere throbs His office is a reception of the facts into he mind, and then a selection of the eminent and

haracteristic experiences.

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in riting their history. The planet, the pebble, goes itended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its cratches on the mountain; the river, its channel in the oil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and eaf, their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone. Not a foot steps nto the snow, or along the ground, but prints, in characers more or less lasting, a map of its march. Every ct of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his ellows, and in his own manners and face. ill of sounds; the sky, of tokens; the ground is all nemoranda and signatures; and every object covered ver with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

In nature, this self-registration is incessant, and the arrative is the print of the seal. It neither exceeds nor omes short of the fact. But nature strives upward; nd, in man, the report is something more than print the seal. It is a new and finer form of the original. he record is alive, as that which it recorded is alive. n man, the memory is a kind of looking-glass, which, aving received the images of surrounding objects, is puched with life, and disposes them in a new order. he facts which transpired do not lie in it inert; but ome subside, and others shine; so that soon we have a ew picture, composed of the eminent experiences. an co-operates. He loves to communicate; and that hich is for him to say lies as a load on his heart until it delivered. But, besides the universal joy of conversaon, some men are born with exalted powers for this cond creation. Wen are born to write. The gardener VOL. I.

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saves every slip, and seed, and peach-stone : his vocatiois to be a planter of plants. Not less does the write attend his affair. Whatever he beholds or experience comes to him as a model, and sits for its picture. H counts it all nonsense that they say, that some thing are undescribable. He believes that all that can be thought can be written, first or last; and he woul report the Holy Ghost, or attempt it. Nothing sbroad, so subtle, or so dear, but comes therefore com mended to his pen,-and he will write. In his eyes, man is the faculty of reporting, and the universe is the possibility of being reported. In conversation, in calamity, he finds new materials; as our German poe said, "some god gave me the power to paint what suffer." He draws his rents from rage and pain. By acting rashly, he buys the power of talking wisely Vexations, and a tempest of passion, only fill his sail as the good Luther writes, "When I am angry, I capray well, and preach well;" and, if we knew the genesic of fine strokes of eloquence, they might recall the com plaisance of Sultan Amurath, who struck off some Persian heads, that his physician, Vesalius, might see the spasms in the muscles of the neck. His failures are the preparation of his victories. A new thought, or a crisis of passion, apprizes him that all that he has ye learned and written is exoteric, -is not the fact, but some rumour of the fact. What then? Does he throw away the pen? No; he begins again to describe in the new light, which has shined on him,-if, by some means, he may yet save some true word. Nature conspires. Whatever can be thought can be spoken, and still rises for utterance, though to rude and stammering organs. If they cannot compass it, it waits and works, until, at last, it moulds them to its perfect will, and is articulated

This striving after imitative expression, which one meets everywhere, is significant of the aim of nature, but is mere stenography. There are higher degrees, and nature has more splendid endowments for those whom she elects to a superior office; for the class of scholars or writers, who see connection where the multitude see fragments and who care impelied to verify the facts

n order, and so to supply the axis on which the frame of things turns. Nature has dearly at heart the formaion of the speculative man, or scholar. It is an end never lost sight of, and is prepared in the original casting of things. He is no permissive or accidental appearance. but an organic agent, one of the estates of the realm. rovided and prepared, from of old and from everlasting. a the knitting and contexture of things. Presentiments, mpulses, cheer him. There is a certain heat in the reast, which attends the perception of a primary truth, thich is the shining of the spiritual sun down into the haft of the mine. Every thought which dawns on the nind, in the moment of its emergence announces its own ank,-whether it is some whimsy, or whether it is a

ower.

If he have his incitements, there is, on the other side, invitation and need enough of his gift. Society has, at all times, the same want, namely, of one sane man with adequate powers of expression to hold up each object of monomania in its right relations. The ambitious and mercenary bring their last new mumbo-jumbo, whether ariff, Texas, railroad, Romanism, mesmerism, California; and, by detaching the object from its relations, easily succeed in making it seen in a glare; and a multitude go mad about it, and they are not to be reproved or cured by the opposite multitude, who are kept from this particular insanity by an equal frenzy on mother crotchet. But let one man have the comprehensive eye that can replace this isolated prodigy n its right neighbourhood and bearings-the illusion vanishes, and the returning reason of the community thanks the reason of the monitor.

The scholar is the man of the ages, but he must also wish with other men to stand well with his contemporaries. But there is a certain ridicule, among supericial people, thrown on the scholars or clerisy, which is of no import, unless the scholar heed it. In this country, the emphasis of conversation, and of public opinion, commends the practical man; and the solid portion of he community is named with significant respect in every circle. Our people are of Bollaparte samplifion concerning ideologists. Ideas are subversive of social order and comfort, and at last make a fool of the possessor. It is believed, the ordering a cargo of goods from New York to Smyrna; or, the running up and down to procure a company of subscribers to set agoing five or ten thousand spindles; or, the negotiations of a caucus, and the practising on the prejudices and facility of country-people, to secure their votes in November—

is practical and commendable.

If I were to compare action of a much higher strain with a life of contemplation, I should not venture to pronounce with much confidence in favour of the former. Mankind have such a deep stake in inward illumination that there is much to be said by the hermit or monk in defence of his life of thought and prayer. A certain partiality, a headiness, and loss of balance, is the tax which all action must pay. Act, if you like-but you do it at your peril. Men's actions are too strong for them. Show me a man who has acted, and who has no been the victim and slave of his action. What they have done commits and enforces them to do the same again. The first act, which was to be an experiment becomes a sacrament. The fiery reformer embodies his aspiration in some rite or covenant, and he and his friends cleave to the form, and lose the aspiration. The Quaker has established Quakerism, the Shaker has estab lished his monastery and his dance; and, although each prates of spirit, there is no spirit, but repetition, which is anti-spiritual. But where are his new things of to day? In actions of enthusiasm, this drawback appears but in those lower activities, which have no higher ain than to make us more comfortable and more cowardly in actions of cunning, actions that steal and lie, action that divorce the speculative from the practical faculty and put a ban on reason and sentiment, there is nothing else but drawback and negation. The Hindoos write in their sacred books, "Children only, and not the learned speak of the speculative and the practical faculties as two They are but one, for both obtain the selfsame end, and the place which is gained by the followers of the one, i who seeth that the speculative and the practical doctrines are one." For great action must draw on the spiritual nature. The measure of action is the sentiment from which it proceeds. The greatest action may easily be

one of the most private circumstance.

This disparagement will not come from the leaders, put from inferior persons. The robust gentlemen who and at the head of the practical class, share the ideas of he time, and have too much sympathy with the speculaive class. It is not from men excellent in any kind, that isparagement of any other is to be looked for. With uch, Talleyrand's question is ever the main one; ot, is he rich? is he committed? is he well-meaning? as he this or that faculty? is he of the movement? is e of the establishment ?-but, Is he anybody? does he tand for something? He must be good of his kind. That is all that Talleyrand, all that State Street, all that the common sense of mankind asks. Be real and admirable, not as we know, but as you know. men do not care in what kind a man is able, so only that he is able. A master likes a master, and does not stipuate whether it be orator, artist, craftsman, or king.

Society has really no graver interest than the wellbeing of the literary class. And it is not to be denied that men are cordial in their recognition and welcome of ntellectual accomplishments. Still the writer does not stand with us on any commanding ground. I think his to be his own fault. A pound passes for a pound. There have been times when he was a sacred person: he wrote Bibles; the first hymns; the codes; the epics; tragic songs; Sibylline verses; Chaldean oracles; Laconian sentences, inscribed on temple walls. Every word was true, and woke the nations to new life. He wrote without levity, and without choice. Every word was carved before his eyes, into the earth and the sky; and the sun and stars were only letters of the same purport, and of no more necessity. But how can he be onoured, when he does not honour himself; when he oses himself in the crowd; when he is no longer the awgiver cout lather was out that the chief is the chief is the chief ago did y opinion of a reckless public; when he must sustain with

shameless advocacy some bad government, or musbark, all the year round, in opposition; or write conventional criticism, or profligate novels; or, at any rate write without thought, and without recurrence, by day and by night, to the sources of inspiration.

Some reply to these questions may be furnished by looking over the list of men of literary genius in our age. Among these, no more instructive name occurs than that of Goethe, to represent the powers and duties

of the scholar or writer.

I described Bonaparte as a representative of the popular external life and aims of the nineteenth century. Its other half, its poet, is Goethe, a man quite domesticated in the century, breathing its air, enjoying its fruits, impossible at any earlier time, and taking away, by his colossal parts, the reproach of weakness, which, but for him, would lie on the intellectual works of the period He appears at a time when a general culture has spread itself, and has smoothed down all sharp individual traits; when, in the absence of heroic characters, a social comfort and co-operation have come in. There is no poet, but scores of poetic writers; no Columbus, but hundreds of post-captains, with transit-telescope, barometer, and concentrated soup and pemmican; no Demosthenes, no Chatham, but any number of clever parliamentary and forensic debaters; no prophet or saint, but colleges of divinity; no learned man, but learned societies, a cheap press, reading-rooms, and book-clubs, without number. There was never such a miscellany of facts. The world extends itself like American trade. We conceive Greek or Roman lifelife in the middle ages-to be a simple and comprehensible affair; but modern life to respect a multitude of things, which is distracting.

Goethe was the philosopher of this multiplicity; hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with this rolling miscellany of facts and sciences, and, by his own versatility, to dispose of them with ease; a manly mind, unembarrassed by the variety of coats of convention with which regulated soft in the convention with the convention of the convention of the convention with the convention of the

from nature, with which he lived in full communion. What is strange, too, he lived in a small town, in a petty state, in a defeated state, and in a time when fermany played no such leading part in the world's affairs as to swell the bosom of her sons with any metropolitan pride, such as might have cheered a French, or inglish, or once, a Roman or Attic genius. Yet there is no trace of provincial limitation in his muse. He is ot a debtor to his position, but was born with a free and

ontrolling genius.

The Helena, or the second part of Faust, is a philosophy f literature set in poetry; the work of one who found imself the master of histories, mythologies, philosophies, ciences, and national literatures, in the encyclopædical nanner in which modern erudition, with its international intercourse of the whole earth's population, researches into Indian, Etruscan, and all Cyclopæan arts, geology, themistry, astronomy; and every one of these kingdoms assuming a certain aërial and poetic character, by reason of the multitude. One looks at a king with reverence; but if one should chance to be at a congress of kings, the eye would take liberties with the peculiarities of each. These are not wild miraculous songs, but laborate forms, to which the poet has confided the esults of eighty years of observation. This reflective and critical wisdom makes the poem more truly the lower of this time. It dates itself. Still he is a poet poet of a prouder laurel than any contemporary, and, under this plague of microscopes (for he seems to see out of every pore of his skin), strikes the harp with a hero's strength and grace.

The wonder of the book is its superior intelligence. In the menstruum of this man's wit, the past and the present ages, and their religions, politics, and modes of thinking, are dissolved into archetypes and ideas. What new mythologies sail through his head! The Greeks said, that Alexander went as far as Chaos; Goethe went, only the other day, as far; and one step farther

he hazarded, and brought himself safe back.

Therecis-th Jacquit was disting Chilection Digitihis special gion. The immense horizon which journeys with us lends its

majesty to trifles, and to matters of convenience and necessity, as to solemn and festal performances. He was the soul of his century. If that was learned, and had become, by population, compact organization, and drill of parts, one great Exploring Expedition, accumulating a glut of facts and fruits too fast for any hitherto existing savans to classify, this man's mind had ample chambers for the distribution of all. He had a power to unite the detached atoms again by their own law. He has clothed our modern existence with poetry. Amid littleness and detail, he detected the Genius of life, the old cunning Proteus, nestling close beside us, and showed that the dulness and prose we ascribe to the age was only another of his masks:—

" His very flight is presence in disguise:"

that he had put off a gay uniform for a fatigue dress, and was not a whit less vivacious or rich in Liverpool or the Hague, than once in Rome or Antioch. He sought him in public squares and main streets, in boulevards and hotels: and, in the solidest kingdom of routine and the senses, he showed the lurking dæmonic power, that in actions of routine, a thread of mythology and fable spins itself: and this, by tracing the pedigree of every usage and practice, every institution, utensil, and means, home to its origin in the structure of man. He had an extreme impatience of conjecture and of rhetoric. "I have guesses enough of my own; if a man write a book, let him set down only what he knows." He writes in the plainest and lowest tone, omitting a great deal more than he writes, and putting ever a thing for a word. He has explained the distinction between the antique and the modern spirit and art. He has defined art, its scope and laws. He has said the best things about nature that ever were said. He treats nature as the old philosophers, as the seven wise masters did-and, with whatever loss of French tabulation and dissection, poetry and humanity remain to us; and they have some doctoral skill. Eyes are better, on the whole, than telescopes or microscopes. He has contributed a grey and Math & plants of interest, through the rare

turn for unity and simplicity in his mind. Thus Goethe uggested the leading idea of modern botany, that a leaf, It the eye of a leaf, is the unit of botany, and that every part of the plant is only a transformed leaf to meet a new ondition; and, by varying the conditions, a leaf may be onverted into any other organ, and any other organ into leaf. In like manner, in osteology, he assumed that one ertebra of the spine might be considered the unit of the keleton: the head was only the uppermost vertebra transormed. "The plant goes from knot to knot, closing, at ist, with the flower and the seed. So the tape-worm, the aterpillar, goes from knot to knot, and closes with the ead. Man and the higher animals are built up through he vertebræ, the powers being concentrated in the head." n optics, again, he rejected the artificial theory of seven olours, and considered that every colour was the mixture I light and darkness in new proportions. It is really of very little consequence what topic hewrites upon. He sees it every pore, and has a certain gravitation towards truth. He will realize what you say. He hates to be trifled with, ind to be made to say over again some old wife's fable; hat has had possession of men's faith these thousand rears. He may as well see if it is true as another. He ifts it. I am here, he would say, to be the measure and udge of these things. Why should I take them on trust? and, therefore, what he says of religion, of passion, of narriage, of manners, of property, of paper money, of periods of belief, of omens, of luck, or whatever else, efuses to be forgotten.

Take the most remarkable example that could occur of his tendency to verify every term in popular use. The Devil had played an important part in mythology in all imes. Goethe would have no word that does not cover thing. The same measure will still serve: "I have never heard of any crime which I might not have committed." So he flies at the throat of this imp. He shall be real; he shall be modern; he shall be European; he hall dress like a gentleman, and accept the manners, and walk in the streets, and be well initiated in the life of Vienna, and of Heidelberg, in 1820 or he shall not wist. Accordingly, he stripped him of mythologic gear,

of horns, cloven foot, harpoon tail, brimstone, and blue fire, and, instead of looking in books and pictures, looke for him in his own mind, in every shade of coldness selfishness, and unbelief that, in crowds, or in solitude darkens over the human thought—and found that the portrait gained reality and terror by everything he added, and by everything he took away. He found that the essence of this hobgoblin, which had hovered in shadow about the habitations of men, ever since there were men, was pure intellect, applied—a always there is a tendency—to the service of the senses: and he flung into literature, in his Mephistopheles the first organic figure that has been added for some ages, and which will remain as long as the Prometheus.

I have no design to enter into any analysis of his

I have no design to enter into any analysis of hinumerous works. They consist of translations, criticism, dramas, lyric and every other description opposes, literary journals, and portraits of distinguishemen. Yet I cannot omit to specify the Wilhelm Meister

Wilhelm Meister is a novel in every sense, the first of its kind, called by its admirers the only delineation of modern society—as if other novels, those of Scott, fo example, dealt with costume and condition, this with the spirit of life. It is a book over which some veil i still drawn. It is read by very intelligent persons with wonder and delight. It is preferred by some such to Hamlet, as a work of genius. I suppose, no book of thi century can compare with it in its delicious sweetness, se new, so provoking to the mind, gratifying it with so many and so solid thoughts, just insights into life, and manners and characters; so many good hints for the conduct of life, so many unexpected glimpsesinto a higher sphere, and never a trace of rhetoric or dulness. A very provoking book to the curiosity of young men of genius, but a ver-unsatisfactory one. Lovers of light reading, those who look in it for the entertainment they find in a romance are disappointed. On the other hand, those who begin it with the higher hope to read in it a worthy history of genius, and the just award of the laurel to its toils and dessals, Jahrgenewall Math Collection to Dignize plante Gandon; had as English romance here, not long ago, professing to em

body the hope of a new age, and to unfold the political hope of the party called "Young England," in which the mly reward of virtue is a seat in Parliament, and a peer-Goethe's romance has a conclusion as lame and imnoral. George Sand, in Consuelo and its continuation, has ketched a truer and more dignified picture. In the proress of the story, the characters of the hero and heroine xpand at a rate that shivers the porcelain chess-table of ristocratic convention: they quit the society and habits f their rank; they lose their wealth; they become the ervants of great ideas, and of the most generous social nds; until, at last, the hero, who is the centre and puntain of an association for the rendering of the noblest enefits to the human race, no longer answers to his own itled name: it sounds foreign and remote in his ear. "I m only man," he says; "I breathe and work for man," and this in poverty and extreme sacrifices. Goethe's tero, on the contrary, has so many weaknesses and impurities, and keeps such bad company, that the sober English public, when the book was translated, were isgusted. And yet it is so crammed with wisdom, with mowledge of the world, and with knowledge of laws; he persons so truly and subtly drawn, and with such w strokes, and not a word too much, the book remains ver so new and unexhausted, that we must even let it o its way, and be willing to get what good from it we can, ssured that it has only begun its office, and has millions of eaders yet to serve.

The argument is the passage of a democrat to the ristocracy, using both words in their best sense. And his passage is not made in any mean or creeping way, ut through the hall door. Nature and character assist, and the rank is made real by sense and probity in the obles. No generous youth can escape this charm of rality in the book, so that it is highly stimulating to

tellect and courage.

The ardent and holy Novalis characterized the book as thoroughly modern and prosaic; the romantic is cometely levelled in it; so is the poetry of nature; the onder Language Mathe Cartilla Continue of the conder language affairs men: it is a poeticized civic and domestic story. The

wonderful in it is expressly treated as fiction and enthusiastic dreaming: "—and yet, what is also characteristic, Novalis soon returned to this book, and it remained

his favourite reading to the end of his life.

What distinguishes Goethe for French and English readers, is a property which he shares with his nationa habitual reference to interior truth. In England and in America, there is a respect for talent; and, if it is exerted in support of any ascertained or intelligible interest or party, or in regular opposition to any, the public is satisfied. In France, there is even a greater delight in intellectual brilliancy, for its own sake. And, in all these countries, men of talent write from talent. It is enough if the understanding is occupied, the taste propitiatedso many columns, so many hours, filled in a lively and creditable way. The German intellect wants the French sprightliness, the fine practical understanding of the English, and the American adventure; but it has a certain probity, which never rests in a superficial performance, but asks steadily, To what end? A German public asks for a controlling sincerity. Here is activity of thought; but what is it for? What does the man mean? Whence, whence all these thoughts?

Talent alone cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book; a personality which, by birth and quality, is pledged to the doctrines there set forth, and which exists to see and state things so, and not otherwise; holding things because they are things. If he cannot rightly express himself to-day, the same things subsist, and will open themselves to-morrow. There lies the burden on his mind—the burden of truth to be declared—more or less understood; and it constitutes his business and calling in the world, to see those facts through, and to make them known. What signifies that he trips and stammers; that his voice is harsh or hissing; that his method or his tropes are inadequate? That message will find method and imagery, articulation and melody. Though he were dumb, it would speak. If not—if there be no such God's word in the man—what care we how adroit, how fluent how brilliant he is?

It makes a great difference to the construction of the property sentence,

Thether there be a man behind it or no. In the learned ournal, in the influential newspaper, I discern no form; mly some irresponsible shadow; oftener some moneyed outporation, or some dangler, who hopes, in the mask and obes of his paragraph, to pass for somebody. But, hrough every clause and part of speech of a right book, I neet the eyes of the most determined of men: his force and terror inundate every word: the commas and dashes re alive; so that the writing is athletic and nimble—

an go far and live long.

In England and America, one may be an adept in the ritings of a Greek or Latin poet, without any poetic aste or fire. That a man has spent years on Plato and roclus, does not afford a presumption that he holds eroic opinions, or undervalues the fashions of his town. But the German nation have the most ridiculous good aith on these subjects: the student, out of the lectureroom, still broods on the lessons; and the professor cannot divest himself of the fancy, that the truths of philosphy have some application to Berlin and Munich. This arnestness enables them to outsee men of much more alent. Hence, almost all the valuable distinctions which are current in higher conversation, have been erived to us from Germany. But, whilst men distin-uished for wit and learning, in England and France, dopt their study and their side with a certain levity, nd are not understood to be very deeply engaged, from rounds of character, to the topic or the part they espouse -Goethe, the head and body of the German nation, does ot speak from talent, but the truth shines through: he s very wise, though his talent often veils his wisdom. However excellent his sentence is, he has somewhat better n view. It awakens my curiosity. He has the fornidable independence which converse with truth gives: ear you, or forbear, his fact abides; and your interest n the writer is not confined to his story, and he dismissed rom memory, when he has performed his task creditably, s a baker when he has left his loaf; but his work is the east part of him. The old Eternal Genius who built the vorld has confided himself more to this man than to any ther. I dare not say that Goethe ascended to the

highest grounds from which genius has spoken. He has not worshipped the highest unity; he is incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment. There are nobles strains in poetry than any he has sounded. There are writers poorer in talent, whose tone is purer, and more touches the heart. Goethe can never be dear to men His is not even the devotion to pure truth; but to truth for the sake of culture. He has no aims less large that the conquest of universal nature, of universal truth, to be his portion: a man not to be bribed, nor deceived nor overawed; of a stoical self-command and self-denial and having one test for all men—What can you teach me and how the self-denial possessions are valued by him for that only; rank

privileges, health, time, being itself.

He is the type of culture, the amateur of all arts, and sciences and events; artistic, but not artist; spiritual but not spiritualist. There is nothing he had not righ to know: there is no weapon in the armoury of universa genius he did not take into his hand, but with peremptory heed that he should not be for a moment prejudiced by his instruments. He lays a ray of light under every fact and between himself and his dearest property. Fron him nothing was hid, nothing withholden. The lurking dæmons sat to him, and the saint who saw the dæmons and the metaphysical elements took form. "Piety itsel is no aim, but only a means, whereby, through pures inward peace, we may attain to highest culture." And his penetration of every secret of the fine arts will make Goethe still more statuesque. His affections help him like women employed by Cicero to worm out the secre of conspirators. Enmities he has none. Enemy of him you may be-if so, you shall teach him aught which you good-will cannot-were it only what experience wil accrue from your ruin. Enemy and welcome, but enemy on high terms. He cannot hate anybody; his time i worth too much. Temperamental antagonisms mabe suffered, but like feuds of emperors, who fight digni fiedly across kingdoms.

His autobiography, under the title of "Poetry and Truth out of my Life," is the expression of the idea—now familiar to the world through the German mind, bu

Inovelty to England Old and New, when that book appeared—that a man exists for culture; not for what be can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him. The reaction of things on the man is the only contended to the con

This idea reigns in the Dichtung und Wahrheit, and irects the selection of the incidents; and nowise the xternal importance of events, the rank of the personages, the bulk of incomes. Of course, the book affords lender materials for what would be reckoned with us a Life of Goethe; "-few dates; no correspondence; to details of offices or employments; no light on his marmage; and, a period of ten years, that should be the most active in his life, after his settlement at Weimar, is unk in silence. Meantime, certain love-affairs, that came o nothing, as people say, have the strangest importince: he crowds us with details:-certain whimsical pinions, cosmogonies, and religions of his own invenion, and, especially his relations to remarkable minds nd to critical epochs of thought:—these he magnifies. His "Daily and Yearly Journal," his "Italian Travels," is "Campaign in France," and the historical part of his Theory of Colours," have the same interest. In the last, e rapidly notices Kepler, Roger Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Voltaire, &c.; and the charm of this portion of the book onsists in the simplest statement of the relation betwixt hese grandees of European scientific history and himelf; the mere drawing of the lines from Goethe to Kepler, rom Goethe to Bacon, from Goethe to Newton. The rawing of the line is for the time and person, a solution If the formidable problem, and gives pleasure when Iphienia and Faust do not, without any cost of invention omparable to that of Iphigenia and Faust.

This lawgiver of art is not an artist. Was it that he mew too much, that his sight was microscopic, and interested with the past perspective, the seeing of the whole?

He is fragmentary; a writer of occasional poems, and of an encyclopædia of sentences. When he sits down to write a drama or a tale, he collects and sorts his observations from a hundred sides, and combines them into the body as fitly as he can. A great deal refuses to incorporate; this he adds loosely, as letters of the parties, leaves from their journals, or the like. A great deal still is left that will not find any place. This the bookbinder alone can give any cohesion to: and hence, notwithstanding the looseness of many of his works, we have volumes of detached paragraphs, aphorisms, xenien, &c.

I suppose the worldly tone of his tales grew out of the calculations of self-culture. It was the infirmity of ar admirable scholar, who loved the world out of gratitude who knew where libraries, galleries, architecture, labora tories, savans, and leisure, were to be had, and who did not quite trust the compensations of poverty and nakedness Socrates loved Athens; Montaigne, Paris; and Madame de Stael said, she was only vulnerable on that side (namely of Paris). It has its favourable aspect. All the geniuses are usually so ill-assorted and sickly, that one is ever wishing them somewhere else. We seldom see anybody who is not uneasy or afraid to live. There is a slight blush of shame on the cheek of good men and aspiring men, and a spice of caricature. But this man was entirely at home and happy in his century and the world. None was so fit to live, or more heartily enjoyed the game. In this aim of culture, which is the genius of his works, is their power. The idea of absolute, eternal truth, without reference to my ownenlargement by it, is higher. The surrender to the torrent of poetic inspiration is higher; but, compared with any motives on which books are written in England and America, this is very truth, and has the power to inspire which belongs to the truth. Thus has he brought back to a book some of its ancient might

Goethe, coming into an over-civilized time and country, when original talent was oppressed under the load of books and mechanical auxiliaries, and the distracting variety of claims, taught men how to dispose of this mountainous miscellany, and make it subservient. I join

Napoleon with him, as being both representatives of the impatience and reaction of nature against the morgue of conventions—two stern realists, who, with their scholars, are severally set the axe at the root of the tree of cant and seeming, for this time, and for all time. This cheerful bourer, with no external popularity or provocation, rawing his motive and his plan from his own breast, sked himself with stints for a giant, and, without laxation or rest, except by alternating his pursuits, orked on for eighty years with the steadiness of his set zeal.

It is the last lesson of modern science, that the highest implicity of structure is produced, not by few elements, it by the highest complexity. Man is the most composite of all creatures; the wheel-insect, volvox globator, at the other extreme. We shall learn to draw rents and revenues from the immense patrimony of the old and the recent ages. Goethe teaches courage, and the quivalence of all times; that the disadvantages of any poch exist only to the faint-hearted. Genius hovers ith his sunshine and music close by the darkest and eafest eras. No mortgage, no attainder, will hold on the nor hours. The world is young: the former great men all to us affectionately. We too must write Bibles, to nite again the heavens and the earthly world. The excret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist for us; to ealize all that we know; in the high refinement of modern fe, in arts, in sciences, in books, in men, to exact good with, reality, and a purpose; and first, last, midst, and ithout end, to honour every truth by use.

1874

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